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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



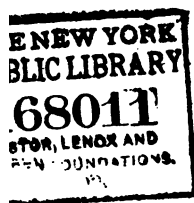
"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLIS, unanimes PATRES."

VOLUME TWENTY-EIGHTH.

NEW HAVEN:
PUBLISHED AT 34 SOUTH MIDDLE COLLEGE.
City Agent, T. H. Pease.

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1863.



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VOL. XXVIII.

NO. I.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"DEUS MEUS GRAVE MIHI, NOMEN INDOLESCIT YALENSIS
CANTABUNT SONORUS, UNANIMIQUE PATRES."

OCTOBER, 1862.

NEW HAVEN:
PUBLISHED AT No. 34 SOUTH MIDDLE.
Care Agent, T. H. Pease.
PRINTED BY TUTTLE, MORRISON & TAYLOR.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII.

OCTOBER, 1862.

No. I.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '63.

E. B. BINGHAM,

S. W. DUFFIELD,

J. H. BUTLER,

C. W. FRANCIS,

J. F. KERNOCHAN.

Ecile.

It has become almost an *established rule* in the literary world, that the productions of a new author should be regarded as worthless until their worth is proven. Now although this, in contrast with civil law, may seem the very essence of injustice, yet experience has fully proved the necessity of such severity. So many would-be authors were springing up on every side, that the world was becoming literally flooded with works, concerning which it is not too much to say, that the greater part had not the least pretensions to merit. The disease was of the most malignant nature, and in addition to this, it was commencing to spread with alarming rapidity, and consequently called for a prompt and efficient remedy. Such it found in the rule just laid down. The rule, however, is of human framing, and therefore it cannot be faultless—it has disadvantages as well as advantages; but the good resulting from a strict enforcement of its dictates, far more than counterbalances the evil, for the good which it brings about is immeasurable, whereas I can think of but two abuses arising from it. In the first place it grants too much to fame; for in the anxiety to keep out interlopers, many works are allowed to pass current, whose only recommendation is, that they are the productions of some one of the elect. This, however, is higher ground than we can touch upon, and

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fortunately it has no direct bearing on the subject. The second abuse is, that many of the finest works are crowded away from public sight, simply because the name of the author is unknown to fame; this, I think, has a peculiar reference to the subject in hand.

"Owen Meredith" was not only a *young* writer, and one entirely unknown in the literary world, but the burden of a former failure proved itself most powerful to crush down "Lucile," his final success. Thus, for a long time, "Lucile" was to the world at large unknown, and of course it was not admired. In this unnoticed manner this beautiful work was gradually dying away, and in a few years its very existence would have been forgotten, had not the means which were taken for its speedy destruction, proved the most powerful agent for its success. Several of the most severe criticisms appeared in the *Magazines*, intended to complete its ruin; but by this very attack, attention was directed to the work, and men commenced to read it, in order to pass judgment for themselves. The mere introduction of the work to notice, was sufficient to insure its success.

It is impossible, in this essay, to enter upon any particular examination, but rather we will give the subjects of criticism a brief survey, and close with a few remarks on the general character of the book.

The general tenor of the objections have been of such a nature, that, although they present a most *annihilating* appearance, yet they evidently have a very slender foundation.

"It does not merit the name of Poem; it is a mere story in verse—the metre is chosen with bad taste—the entire work is too long."

These, then, are the principal charges, and unless some great flaw can be found in their justice, sweeping ones too. There is, however, a great flaw in their justice, and one in their very foundation, which entirely ruins their crushing effect. The poem is one of modern times, and considered as such, the so-called faults form the most prominent beauties. It is true, that if it were designed for a grand old Epic, the nature of the story and the choice of the metre would both be strangely out of taste; but this is by no means the true state of the case. The poetry of real life is a subject which is rarely even touched upon, but poets almost invariably choose some grander theme, which, although well fitted for a splendid composition, can never call forth any sympathetic response from the *heart* of the reader. A very few of the more modern poets have turned away from the old beaten track, but have always met the opposition which originality is sure to call forth. Such is the true nature of the work under consideration, and as such alone, it can be fairly criticised. Giving the subject this impartial judgment,



the whole matter assumes a very different form. The nature of the subject demands this same easy, story-telling style, and consistency has chosen the metre as the one best suited for the words. In regard to the length, the objection is at least a weak one, for although "too much of a good thing is good for nothing," yet it is very seldom that this "too much" is attained. With these few words in regard to the more prominent points of critical attack, let us pass over to a general survey of the work itself.

In the *story* there is nothing of peculiar interest, but it borrows all its charm from the simple beauty of the narration. It is a mere love story of modern times, prettily chosen in incident, indeed, but in no way uncommon or even improbable. The delineation of character is exceedingly fine, and what is still more unusual, true to life.

It is not possible here to enter upon any criticism on this point, for any *brief* remarks on such a subject are most unprofitable. The distinction in nationality is plainly shown in the contrasted characters of Lord Alfred and Eugène. The treatment of the most unimportant characters, their perfect likeness to life itself, shows the touch of a master-hand, and by its truth alone keeps up the interest. The crowning point of the work, however, is "Lucile;" for the author has not fallen into the common, the almost universal fault, of *overdrawing* his favorite. She is represented, not as an angel, but a *woman*—superior, but not beyond the bounds of possibility, in body or in mind—not a mere automaton of the writer's fancy, but a creature of flesh and blood and fault as all of us. In this masterly treatment of a difficult point, lies the great secret of the unbroken interest, for the whole scene of the book is not thrown outside of our own sphere. In the grand old poems, it is true, we find much to admire, much to reverence, but because the subjects are *above* us, we cannot feel sympathy, *love*. Towards Lucile the reader cannot but feel the sympathy of a friend; mourning with her through all her sorrows, rejoicing in her final triumph.

The descriptions, and especially those of scenery, are worthy of the highest praise. Here the subject changes, and with it the style. No more the easy, story-telling verse, but the thoughts and the words are as grand as the mighty scene of which they are the mere exponent—with the human he is human, with the divine he is divine.

There is another marked peculiarity, which, more than anything else, has led men to consider this work as unworthy of the name, *Poem*. There is at every point the keen philosophy of true life, never allowing the story to fall into an over-degree of sadness, but, true to life, ever mingling the sweet and bitter in the same cup, ever linking

together joy and sorrow. Finally, the greatest argument for its success springs from the fact, that it seems to conjure up a friendship between the writer and the one who reads; and this can be easily accounted for. The heart of the author is evidently in the work which he has undertaken; for, throughout the entire work, shining out at times through the merry, easy running song, there is a vein of melancholy, which proves it the production of a man of feeling, not of a machine. It does not seem so much like a written composition, but rather like the conversation of a friend.

Owen Meredith has opened a new and untried field for poetic literature; but, on account of its originality alone, his effort could not, with justice, be defended. If a *new* movement is at the same a *good* one, then alone it is worthy of praise; but originality, by itself, is neither a vice nor a virtue. The only consideration then is, whether this kind of literature can lay claim to any place peculiarly its own; and this, I think, does not require any proof. It is true that we need, *usually*, books for instruction, books that we can admire and reverence; but the mind, like the body, needs relaxation; and in poetry, as in prose, lighter reading is at times absolutely necessary. If this deficiency is granted, the success of the work will be certain—and the world will give the praise of true merit to Owen Meredith and “Lucile.”

J. F. K.

My War Experience.

WHEN one has been to war, and has returned from the conflict, covered with scars, or otherwise, a natural curiosity on the part of his friends, results in an oft-repeated account of his adventures. This principle has not failed to apply to the writer, who has frequently been called upon to narrate to breathless circles, his experience in the trenches at Cincinnati, during the last long vacation. At the request of one of the Editors—overcoming his natural modesty—he has prepared for the Lit. a true and faithful chronicle of those eventful hours,

when, with thousands of others, he gallantly rushed to the defense of his native city.

Actuated by no selfish love of gain—for no pay was received for those hours of work—moved by no vain ambition—for no glory is to be gained by gallantly wielding the pick and shovel—they went forth—impelled by the sense of duty—and the *martial* law. The glory, however, *did* follow, and now, no prouder title can be worn, than that of a "*Hero of the trenches.*"

It was my good fortune to arrive in Cincinnati, two or three days before the "Commencement of hostilities." On Tuesday, September 2d, the city was thrown into intense excitement by the approach of the Rebel Army, and the consequent declaration of "Martial Law." With this came the call for volunteers, for thirty days or the emergency, closing with the laconic sentiment, "Citizens for the trenches—soldiers for the field." Here was a field for patriotic effort, such as no other vacation had ever afforded a student. Thoughts of Hale, Winthrop, and the hosts of Alma Mater's sons, who had nobly served their country in its hours of danger, urged me to embrace the precious opportunity; so, off I hurried, and enrolled myself as a *citizen* in the 14th Ward Company A. Evilily disposed persons have hinted at the Provost Guards, and *not patriotism*, as being the motives for my alacrity, but—let that pass.

Our Company met at 2 P. M. on the above-mentioned day, to organize completely and report for duty. Here we formed a long double line, of a hundred and twenty-five, and stood in the hot sun for an hour. This time we were variously occupied—some swearing at the outrageous heat—others, beneath umbrellas, being more patient—while I found variety in gazing on the fairy form, and beautiful face of a maiden, who, from an upper window, admired *our* exceedingly martial appearance.

At last we were marched off six or seven squares, halted, and by a novel method, formed into a hollow square, when we proceeded to elect our officers.

The election went off well, with the usual anxiety of everybody to fill some office, and at the end, I found myself invested with the responsible duties and honors of Fourth Sergeant. On our return to our original headquarters, we were dismissed for one hour, to re-assemble, with blankets and rations, prepared for our expedition.

While we were forming, after the usual style of raw recruits, there loomed up in the distance the manly form of P—, a Junior at Yale—whom, after a little persuasion, I impressed into our ranks, and thus,

at 6 P. M., we marched off for Kentucky. Our company was composed of rather varied elements. We had four Ministers—an Actor, of good local reputation—two Yale Students—a number of lawyers and merchants—several doctors—three men over seventy years of age—one of these, eighty—a few working-men, and a mixture of clerks, grocery-men, and gentlemen of *leisure*.

Being the first Company off, on our way through the city to the river, we caused no little notice and some enthusiasm, which was all very gratifying. Arrived at the river, our war duties actually commenced; here a guard was placed in charge of four drunken Dutchmen, who had strayed from their own company. And here let me notice one of the facts my military experience has taught me—war is eminently productive of drunken Dutchmen—why this is, I leave more inquiring minds to determine, merely suggesting its possible connection with the old article of "*Dutch courage*."

Safely over the river, we marched into the "Dark and bloody ground," over a road that had been pounded into dust by the continual tramping of mules and cavalry. On to the court-house, to headquarters—where we were permitted to lie around on the pavement for two hours, awaiting orders. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; coming out with the glorious intention of spending the night at hard work for the defense of our homes, we were anxious to be up and doing. At last came our orders to march, not, alas, on to the trenches, but back to the city. Ignorant of the formalities of *War*, our Captain had brought us over without marching orders, and back again he must lead us. The indignation of the Company can be better portrayed by the reader's imagination than my pen. Blood-thirsty heroes disappointed of a battle, never retired with poorer grace than did we, disappointed of a night's work in the trenches.

Over the river—up the hill—another long halt at the general headquarters—off to our own—and we were dismissed for the night at half past ten, to meet at six the next morning, feeling very much like the famous King of France—only a little more so.

One hundred and twenty unhappy individuals were awakened at five the next morning. War is a stern master, and forbids the comfortable morning nap. An early breakfast—and once more to our *rendezvous*. Here again another exasperating delay. Our worthy Captain, claiming the privileges of rank, slept sweetly on—took his breakfast in ease, and appeared on the grounds an hour and a half behind time. Suffice it to say, if one might judge from the language of the profane members of Company A., the popularity of its Captain

was decidedly on the wane. One hour and a half spent in idle standing around, with the ever recurring thought, that you might as well be at home, in bed, or enjoying a good breakfast, is not all conducive to equanimity of temper. The Captain at last came—once more we started—this time with orders, and safely arrived at our old stopping-place, the court-house. Here delay, the ever-present evil genius of our war, detained us another hour, the monotony only being varied by the passing of a veteran regiment. Our march resumed, brought us to a second halt, a mile on. After all, war is but a series of marches and halts—a battle being but the result of an attempt of one side to force a halt upon the other. This time, our tarrying place, the grounds of a Baptist Theological Seminary, was one far preferable to a street pavement, though one bearing sad testimony to the troubles of our unhappy country. The old Slavery question had divided its supporters, and thus enfeebled, it is gradually wasting away in irrecoverable decay. Here, stretched at ease on the grass, or collecting the neighbors' fruit, we lolled away another hour, gradually so reduced in spirit as to submit to almost anything.

At last, joyous moment, our final orders came, and off we gaily marched, for the trenches, with promises of no more halting. Our frequent delays had resulted in this final outset at half-past ten o'clock, when the sun—glorious orb—was unnecessarily warm. A three miles march under this sun, over a road ascending successive hills, when shawls seemed superfluous comforts—a march varied by a halt at a roadside spring, for water—which never before seemed so precious—although many eyes mournfully gazed upon the occasional liquor saloons, which stern martial law had hermetically sealed,—a march, whose felicities were heightened by the dust, aroused by the passage of fifteen hundred horses, almost innumerable baggage-wagons, and the little wagons, containing the worldly possessions of some poor refugees—such a march, gave us our first true impressions of the “pomp and circumstance of glorious war.” Within a half mile of Fort Mitchell, on whose trenches we were to work, we passed the first guards, and several regiments encamped on each side of the road; and this, with the furious galloping of staff officers and orderlies, warned us of our entrance within the “lines,” and a few rods further brought us to the Fort. This is an earth work, commanding the Lexington turnpike, which was commenced last Winter, and whose trenches we, with other companies, were called upon to finish. Its site was upon the grounds of a beautiful suburban residence, all of whose beauties had been sacrificed to the ruthless destroyer, war. Great trenches

intersected, here and there, the lawns—here a heavy artillery road plowed up the flower-gardens, while every tree of any size was cut down, to open a free range to the cannon. The house itself occupied as a quarter-master's headquarters, was far on the way to utter ruin. After a few minutes spent in making these observations, at 12 o'clock we were collected and marched off to our "*armory*," receiving on our way the cheers and exhortations of a party of Irishmen already at work. The latter, old hands with the pick, probably looked upon us, with much the same feelings as those with which the regular soldier regards the raw volunteer—or a Senior the newly initiated Freshman. Fully equipped with shovels and picks, we were divided into two detachments—one, to build a culvert and road for the transportation of heavy artillery, the other, to dig rifle-pits;—P— being in the former squad, the writer, in the latter. For the benefit of *civilians*, for whose ignorance we army men have a contempt, I must needs say, that rifle-pits are trenches about four feet broad and deep, encircling a fort, and commanding its approaches, in which riflemen are stationed, to fire upon an attacking force. The excavated earth being thrown up on the outside of the trenches, the whole covering for the man is about five feet and a half high. To dig these trenches, in a hard soil, is of course regular hard work; but, for work we had come thus far, and we rejoiced to be able at last to carry out our intentions. Of the few men in the Company unequal to such labor, one was appointed forager, who scoured the neighborhood for eatables; two old gentlemen were stationed as guards over our extra clothing, while others were detailed as water carriers for the workers. Thus, with hard work—one half with shovels, the other with picks, we passed the afternoon, toiling away beneath the hot sun.

During the afternoon, a party of sixteen cavalry galloped up to the Fort, and on being halted and examined, reported themselves as Union Home Guards, from Lexington, driven thence by the Rebels. Their motley uniform, confused appearance, and totally inconsistent character, gave birth to suspicions, and caused a close examination, which resulted in the firm conviction, that they were "Secesh." They were immediately put under guard, and subsequent events proved, clearly, that they were a detachment of rebel scouts, who had adopted this bold, but rather unsuccessful plan of passing within our lines, finding out our weak points, and then passing out again. After this episode, our forager came in, at four o'clock, with a supply of tomatoes and potatoes—the former, eaten raw, with a little salt, formed our first lunch since our early breakfast. Soon after, a load of water-

melons coming along, caused a general rush from the trenches and out-pouring of small change. By the time these were consumed, the potatoes were boiled, and with these we finished our dinner—a truly noble meal, and one worthy of a warrior. Again we returned to the trenches, and worked away for two hours, when we were summoned to our dinner—or, more properly, supper—of regular army rations. The grounds of the coffee, which were rather coarse, it having been ground between two stones, were the principal objection to this, to us, novel meal. This over, we resumed our digging, and worked away till midnight—that is a part of us did—for, favored by the night, many, slipping away, left their work to the faithful, who did not fail to manifest their appreciation of such conduct. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and this, with the starlight, became the lanterns to guide us in our labors. The few hours thus spent were, by far the most pleasant part of our war experience; digging in the trenches by moonlight being *almost* as bewitching, as walking by moonlight with the empress of one's heart.

At midnight the air was rent with cheers, called forth by the reception of a wagon load of provisions from the ladies of our Ward.

The faithful and the unfaithful, alike, quickly rallied around the precious arrival, and we were soon seated, in the shape of an enormous horse shoe, in the open meadow, in the calm, clear starlight and moonlight. The boisterous conduct of a half dozen, who had been very constant in their devotions to certain bottles and flasks—the various noises of camp, the sudden challenge of the sentry, all forbade the delicious reverie one is prone to indulge in, on such a night.

Supper over, we made preparations for sleeping till morn. Our Second Lieutenant, somewhat in a *state of Beer*, insisted on posting sentinels, although our Camp was surrounded by those of the regular regiments. It was a custom of war, and must be carried out, and the writer had the unfortunate honor of being appointed Sergeant of the Guard, by this sapient officer. It was dreadfully impressive to hear his deadly instructions to the two men on duty. Giving each a gun—only one of the lot being loaded—he ordered them, on the third unanswered challenge, to shoot without mercy any intruder. Then, after imparting in a deep whisper, and with stage effect, the watchword, “Liberty,” he marched off to the fire, leaving the poor, tired victim, to his useless hour's tramp. P—and I, wrapped up in one shawl, after the persistent talking of a few sleepless ones had been silenced by outspoken growls and complaints, gradually fell asleep, only to be rudely aroused by the order for Sergeant of the Guard, to relieve

Guards. This done, a little solicitation brought on a second nap, only to be similarly ended. Giving up in despair, P— started off to the fire, while, rolled up in my shawl, I lay on my back, searching for the various constellations, being, I am sorry to say, able to discover but the "Dipper," in spite of my last term efforts in the science of Astronomy. Here I was found by the Beery Lieutenant, who, on learning my occupation, indulged in some original theories in Astronomy, with all the gravity of an adept in that wonderful branch of knowledge. The arrival of two hundred impressed Negroes from the city, opened a new field for the display of his warlike energy, and so he left me, and with two revolvers displayed, rushed among them, seeming to them a being clothed with supreme authority. With drunken gravity appointing three of them to stand Guard, he left them, to find on his return, an hour afterwards, one sound asleep on his post, and the others nowhere to be seen. Such an outrage upon the laws of war was by no means to be overlooked, and, revolvers in hand, he hurried through the camp in a fruitless search for the delinquents. Lost in this search, we will bid him good-bye—for returning soberness brought him back, much repressed in his military ardor.

At last the long-desired morning came, and with it breakfast, for which our night in the open air had well prepared us. After this, the arrival of the morning paper, which was read aloud by our theatrical comrade, and a consequent stormy debate on the Negro question, formed a brilliant little episode. We had been led to expect an immediate start for our homes, on twenty-four hours relief, but alas, no orders for such a movement came, and so we must tarry. The monotony of this delay was varied in rather a startling manner, by the arrival of a countryman, with the intelligence of the approach of the Rebel army, in force. Soon, several wagon loads of flying families rushed up to the Fort, and then the inevitable teamsters, who in their panic had cut the traces, leaving their wagons to the tender mercies of the enemy, and galloped in alone. The scene was one of the wildest confusion, out of which it seemed impossible that order could ever arise; but a few commands from the regular officers soon calmed the tempest. We, having no arms, preferred a less prominent position in case of attack, and were ordered to the rear. While thus situated, the final orders came, at half-past ten, for our relief, and we were gladly marched off to our homes, satisfied, as we *citizens* had done our duty in the *trenches*, to leave the soldiers free possession of the *field*. The hard work of the day before, the unusual food, the uneasy night, passed on rails, or the open ground, had unfitted several for the long hot walk

before us, and its severity placed them on the sick list. Soon the buildings of the city began to appear beyond the hill-tops, and we rejoiced at the sight of home once more, as only those rejoice who have been long cut off from its blessings, in the service of their country.

Arrived in the city, covered with the dust and dirt of our toiling marches, and work in the trenches, in which we exulted, as honorable scars, on we proudly marched through the streets, to our armory, and there, footsore, dusty, hot, hungry, and patriotic, we were dismissed. Our first campaign was ended; nobly had we borne the brunt of the conflict; our work finished, henceforth we wore the laurels of veterans. A page of history had been written, on which our names and our deeds were inscribed in glorious characters. We had drawn a draft upon the gratitude of posterity, which will be duly honored whenever presented.

With this campaign our connection with the company ceased. P— left for New Haven on the day of our return, fully satisfied with his war experience. Two or three days afterwards, the Company returned to the trenches, and enjoyed a second campaign very similar to the first, with the additional luxury of a severe rainstorm. Previous to this, the writer had resigned his responsible position of Sergeant, and retired once more to the peaceful pursuits of private life.

My chronicle is ended—once more have I lived over those hours of peril and labor, and parting with the military salute, once more would I bid farewell to public life.

T. M. H.

Concerning the Brotherhood of Painting and Poetry.

You have seen some pictures of celebrated artists? Very good. You have read some true poetry also? Very good, again: you and I can have, then, a word or two about them.

We speak naturally enough of a whole poem in a painting, and with equal frequency of a poem, which is a perfect picture. We speak, perhaps, without a thought as to the real meaning of what we say, and simply because we have heard such expressions until they

are familiar as household words. And yet, under all there lies a hidden bond of sympathy, which binds far nearer and closer than we suppose the Artist and the Poet. "Speaking with strict propriety, therefore," says Ruskin, "we should call a man a great painter, only as he excelled in precision and force in the language of lines, and a great versifier, as he excelled in precision and force in the language of words. A great poet would then be a term strictly, and in precisely the same sense, applicable to both, if warranted by the character of the images or thoughts which each in their respective languages conveyed." That is, there are certain parts in which the two do not agree. When painting assumes to represent some idea, some fact of the mind, it becomes poetry—when poetry attempts a description which the imagination can portray, it becomes painting. It is on this neutral ground of imagination that they both meet. Painting is none the less real and true when it sets forth nature, than when it displays the action of some thought or idea; nor is poetry the less so, when it takes one into himself, than when it describes outward things.

There are two worlds, the outer and the inner. In both, we live at the same time. We find poetry and prose dealing especially with that within, while painting and sculpture claim that without. But they often dwell together, one in the domain of the other, and in that peaceful residence and connexion is shown their brotherhood. And that is what I mean by the term. I want to illustrate my meaning by three poems and by three pictures. I hardly know why I choose that especial number, except that just so many come to my mind at the moment as fit examples.

Let us take Tennyson for the first :

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me,
 While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon.
 Father will come to his babe in the nest.
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon;
 Sleep my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep."

Now, if I were an artist, (which the kindly divinities didn't see fit to make me,) I should sketch that picture somewhat after this wise. So far as I know, the field is yet open, and no one has done it.

To the right should be the full circle of the setting moon, casting across the water a wake of light. In this, near the centre of the picture, should be a fishing boat, with its full sail only partially silvered by the moonbeams, lying dark against her disk. Below, in the foreground, I would place a rocky coast, lying low, and in such a position, that the boat should appear as if viewed from its height, and I would let it run up on the left into a cove, with nets spread to dry, a general accumulation of fishing materials and a cottage, through whose open door should be seen the wife with her work, the child in its cradle, and the red fire-light shining across the sands. Back of this, and running far up into the sky, should rise a huge cliff, within whose shadow the hut should stand, where the moonlight should but barely penetrate, and beyond it, on the right, should break the open sea. Such would be my picture of that little scene. But where is the painter who should sketch the music of the mother's song, or the soft murmur of the "wind of the western sea?" There is where poetry rises beyond its kindred art.

As to the points of the compass, why, some one more skilled than myself should make that all straight.

The second passage of poetry is one which needs nothing to heighten the effect of the words—it is a thoroughly artistic thing. It is the opening verses of "Hyperion."

"Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,
Sat grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair,
Forest on forest hung about his head,
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the naiad 'mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

"Along the margin sand large footmarks went
No farther than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground,

His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
 Unsceptered; and his realmless eyes were closed;
 While his bowed head seemed listening to the earth,
 His ancient mother, for some comfort yet."

The sad solemnity of the rest of the deposed king is here expressed as none, save the most inspired artist could portray it. Others would give you nothing but the prone old man, the timid naiad, and the dreary day, not showing the real depth of that passionate sense of loss, of utter, irremediable loss, which the words of the poem give us so well.

The other instance of this word-painting is that of a little piece, a couple of stanzas long, and which stirs, not only the imagination, but many another stronger and deeper feeling. And, in passing, how strange it is, that men can strike off with so few sharp touches the full form and shape of what they wish to show. I remember once seeing a rough pen and ink sketch of the removal from his dungeon of the dead body of a prisoner, whose sole crime had been his political views, and who had died from want and cruelty. The scene was ghastly beyond all description. I looked but once, but the image has haunted me ever since, and it was, I remember well, the product of few, very few lines.

The poem I mean runs as follows:

" 'Twas a little drummer, with his side
 Torn terribly with shot;
 But still he feebly beat his drum,
 As though the wound were not.
 And when the Mameluke's wild horse
 Burst with a scream and cry,
 He said, "O men of the Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die."

Then with a shout that flew to God
 They strode into the fray;
 I saw their red plumes join and wave,
 But slowly melt away.
 The last who went—a wounded man,
 Bade the poor boy good-bye,
 And said, "The men of the Forty-third
Teach you the way to die."

You have seen Church's 'Niagara,' haven't you? Well, when you saw it, did you notice, floating down with the current, above the rush and roar of the great waters, a gnarled and twisted tree-trunk? It

has evidently been washed away, and one more plunge will bear it over the Fall. If you have seen the picture and noticed that, you will readily say that in it is concentrated much of the poetry of the painting. It gives you a pity for the poor log, to see it sweeping down so steadily, and the pity changes to awe, when you are led thus to think of the immense rush of the river, and the boiling and seething mass of waters below. So, even a tree-trunk may be a means of exalting a picture, for it may be as well to add, that there is no life in sight, except this single fate-impelled bit of timber.

Then, for another one, there is that "martyrdom of Huss," in the Dusseldorf Gallery. It verges as nearly on the sublime as it is possible for the artist's skill to approach. The pale uplifted face of the hero-martyr, as he prays for the forgiveness of God on those who are about to take his life, is a whole epic. It is Germany, past, present, and to come.

And right across the Gallery is a third, which I have always looked on with peculiar interest, as an emblem of the resistless force of an idea which swallows up all else, and claims for its own an entire life. It is that of the "Battle of Ascalon." Calm old Godfrey of Bouillon as he sits on his white horse in the centre, is a fine representation of perfect courage and steady determination. The "Deus lo volt," on the banner above his head, explains all. But I always look to the right, in the lower corner, for the best figure of the picture. There charges a knight on a black horse, with his sword in hand and his arm swung behind him to give more force to the thrust. He is bare-headed, and his dark hair swings backward on the wind. Straight into a host of Saracens he is dashing, hurling them right and left, but though the snorting black steed, with his steel panoply, cleaves into the press, and though they aim blows at him from either side, yet the rider heeds them not. His eyes are fixed on something beyond the limits of the painting. Towards that, and that only, he rushes on, and for that alone has he a thought. The sweep of the sword that the arm is ready to give is kept in store for that enemy, and when the time comes, it shall be dealt with a will.

Perhaps I may be a little too enthusiastic on such a subject as this of which I am writing. Pardon me, then, for I have written as I felt. But remember, though I have not said it till now, that at the bottom of true painting, as of true poetry, lies common sense, and that when this is not present, there is no brotherhood, no relationship between the two, nor are they worthy of the title by which they are called.

S. W. D.

Loneliness.

WE are all naturally selfish, conceited, ambitious. There is no denying it. As far as we modify these normal qualities, we attain our manliness. These original principles are at the base of our self-reliance, and thus exert an indispensable influence on the man. Yet, radical as these inborn tendencies are, their ultimate subdual, or rather habitual restraint, tends to imbue the spirit with a desire of support. There grows up in the breast a yearning for something more than self can furnish, as a guiding star. There is an element in the soul which causes man to lean upon a friend, and to mourn when his friends are not about him. Can there be anything nobler or better than a pure social spirit? Have we anything to be more grateful for, or any tendency we are more bound, duty-bound to cultivate? But the hours do come, when we must be alone, and these hours are just as much a part of our life, of our responsibility, as the happy hours of social commingling.

Let us look at them closer. Are they not our most profitable seasons? Do not the reflections, the resolutions of solitude lend to our manliness? When do we look forward to our future, and lay our foundation of principle and determination, save in our secret meditations? The Angel of Memory is with us then, and the pictures of the Past rise in their loveliness, and the virtues of the known and departed cheer us on. Then we scan the clouded paths of the future, and wonder where our lot shall fall, and whether a propitious star smiled on our nativity. We see the footsteps of others, and though we know that many have failed in their life-work, our hope stimulates to earnest endeavor, that we may emulate those who have won the guerdon of life.

Solitude is the hour of Thought. We are a race of thinkers, and he who thinks the deepest and clearest, must bear away the palm. The flippant conversation of social entertainment is the bane of true thought, and though it may be a pastime, is a pastime only. I should not say so without limitation, for when social intercourse is what it should be, it is the arena of argument as well as the font of instruction. To be great, we must be thoughtful. The corruscations of brilliant, though shallow conversation, may dazzle the multitude, yet

the discriminating man will ever penetrate to the emptiness. In the hours of secret thought, we compare the virtues of honored men, and are enabled to choose their worthy qualities without their faults, as our models. Thought is the child of Solitude, her noblest offspring.

"Forests of Aricia, your deep shade mellowed Numa's wisdom,
Peaceful gardens of Vacluse, ye nourished Petrarch's love;"

Castle-building is often the fruit of reverie, and though utterly profitless in itself, still, its inanity, when we awake from the spell, bitterly warns us against its recurrence. We cannot estimate the effect, that our youthful hours of loneliness may have upon our destiny. They may present but a worthless record of speculation, or they may act vigorously in moulding our characters.

We are natural when alone. Children of influence as we are, we are never free from some restraint.

"Yea, let a dog be watching thee, its eye will tend to thy restraint."

But when solitude wraps the soul in its mantle, and the urging presence of others is removed, the genius of the man comes forth, and originality takes the lead. Loneliness, too, never influences to selfishness. The man who is wrapt in musing, if his mood be contemplative, turns not to himself in pride; it is to others and their examples. When we are striving with our fellows, that is the time for thoughts of self.

In the maze of life we are ever alone; our path, however many it may cross, is single and individual, and leads to a separate goal. Our life-work is ours alone, and neither the kindness of friends nor the coldness of foes can affect *our* characters. We stand alone as individuals, as men, and the sooner we awake to the fact, the better for us. Individual, separate, defined character must be ours, and no social relation can fashion our life and its result.

We may be lonely amid a multitude. Loneliness is not, necessarily, the result of physical seclusion, for we may be sensible of it as much among strangers to friendship and sentiment, as in solitude, and we can never mingle heartily in any circle, till we find some community of thought and feeling. As the years roll by, we shall grow lonelier, as friends depart and kind faces vanish, unless there be a principle of Christian manliness in the soul, that true principle, whose possessor can never be lonely, and never without sympathy. We know, then, that the meaning of Loneliness is sadly perverted; that the idea of seclusion has been tortured into a sentiment of pain. Solitude may be the bearer of the choicest fruits of thought and refinement, and the

divinity under whose fostering influence the *man* may develop. How rare are all its concomitants; gentle Memory offering the flowers of the Past, and Hope buckling on the armor for the Future. If thought lends a vigor and usefulness to musing, if seclusion develops the originality of the character, why should we regard the kind cause as a sad angel, rather than a smiling seraph?

And lastly, if life itself be but loneliness; if all the kind aid of friends, and their words of love and encouragement, as well as the taunts and opposition of our enemies, be but as the phantoms of the brain, as far as they affect the end of life, should we not strive, that our hours of Loneliness may be our happiest and most fruitful seasons? Let our life be the vigil of the Templar, guarding our armor of faith till the dawn.

G. C. S. S.

Proneness to Imitation.

“Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster?”

WE are not men, simply because we have put on the same coat which our ancestors have sported from time immemorial, or the shoes, which have never yet departed from the circle whose radii were the apron-strings of the “mother of us all.” Do you utter the same thoughts, which your fathers did before you? The merest magpie might learn them quicker than you. If life were nothing but mere mimicry, the veriest monkey would possess more true manhood than you.

Every mind has at least some originality, something, which clearly and sharply distinguishes it from every other mind. On the whole earth, you cannot find two human faces alike. As mind is more intricate than matter, so is its variety greater, and its diversities more sharply defined. You were not created simply to swell the amount of mind in the universe. God made you to differ from others, because He had a work for you to do, that no other mortal could perform. The world must be better, not because *one more* has lived, but because *you* have

existed. God gave you an intellect new from heaven, and He made it to shine, not by light reflected from those around you, but He rendered it luminous by His own transcendent effulgence. Mind becomes truly more brilliant, only as it lessens the distance between itself and its Creator. There are just as many paths to glory, as God has placed intellects upon the earth. Let each one walk in his own path, and he ever "walks in the light." Let him leave that ray of God's sun-light, which shines for him and for him alone, to lead him ever onward in the right way; let him grope for the path of another, and he walks to all eternity in darkness.

You are worthy the name of a man, only so far as you cultivate and display that individuality, which distinguishes you from every other member of the human race. You cannot do this, by ever being on the rack of exertion to appear eccentric, for as you are known from your neighbor, not because your mouth is wider, your eye more glaring, or your nose more aspiring than his, but rather from a certain indescribable expression of countenance, so you will be known and honored among men, not because your mind has a form, such as was never seen "in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth," but because it has an expression that decisively marks it as *yours*.

While you know, that oddity is not originality, that distortion is not expression, be assured that your life is a miserable failure, if to *all* the world you are lost in the mere mass of humanity.

A man just like another man, would be no man at all. Nature is economical. Perfect though a mold may be, she uses it but once. In all her realm, there are no two stations alike. Seek, then, to be worthy of the place for which nature designed you. There is no cultivation, no attainment higher than this. If you try to emulate another, so that your mind shall be only a duplicate of his, you violate the fair order of the universe, and disfigure a form that nature herself molded, and meant for you only to polish. I said, if you *try* to imitate, for it is only a *forced* imitation which is culpable. In everything that pertains to our common humanity, imitation is not only proper and natural, but it is also necessary. In many respects, we cannot be too much like others. Our common sense cannot be too extensive. We are all refreshed at the same fountain of learning. The inlet for knowledge is one and the same for all, but, according to the vessel, has nature fashioned every outlet. The field for imitation is within the domain of common sense; it has no part nor lot with the realm of genius. But, through the weakness of human nature, it has invaded a territory sacred from its tread. The hand of art, with daubing pen-

cil, has attempted to heighten the gorgeous colors of nature. Nature cannot be learned through rules. Genius, in its own sphere, must be supreme. Born to a throne, it disdains to worship at the shrine of another. It will work only in its own way. It will never be your slave. Make it your master; aid it, work for it, give it, for ballast, all the common sense you can muster; above all, place before it no human model, and your career will be progressive, onward, upward. In society, we are only half ourselves. Our social nature has tended to lower the native sublimity of genius. It may have widened the field of its action, but it has taken away from the loftiness of its flights. Poetry and eloquence are the peculiar offspring of genius. Compare the Eneid with the Iliad. Virgil, dwelling amid all the refinement and polish of a Roman Court, is, in grandeur of conception, incomparably beneath the poor, blind, homeless poet, the "Father of Song." Compare the best specimens of Indian oratory with the burning eloquence of Clay, the majestic declamation of Webster, or even the resistless torrent of Demosthenes. In everything that pertains to true sublimity, you find the former almost infinitely superior. You hang, with admiration and passion, upon the almost matchless sentences of the latter, but you feel, after all, that sublimity is born, not of intellect, but of nature. The mountain is grander than the loftiest or Egyptian Pyramids; the falling leaf speaks of death more eloquently, than "the pestilence that wasteth at noontide."

But, there is in man a proneness to imitate, which is not inherent; which does not arise from his social nature. Let us consider it, as it affects the student. Look at your circle of friends; of those, whose abilities and genius you have known and admired. Count the successes, sum up the failures. If you are a bold man, look into the depths of your own mind, and tell me how many noble impulses have vanished, how often you have wished for the return of those feelings, which, in your higher moments, seemed to transport you to the very center of the universe of thought. Those were the outgings of genius. They come not again, for you have raised a barrier so high, that all the waters of the Eterual could not overflow it. Why all this repression of natural outbursts; why all these failures? Indolence has not been the chief cause, for indolence is never the *beginning* of failure. Work will bring us success, only when we labor in the right way. He who says, "it is *in me*, and it shall come out," will not ultimately fail; but he who says, "it is in another, I will draw it from him," will not succeed, though his toil be incessant. The demon of imitation has robbed the world of half its triumphs. Men

do not wish for light alone; they seek both light and warmth. The moon may shine ever so brightly, but her rays bring us no heat. Warmth comes from the *source* of light alone. Would you raise a man from his frozen apathy? Then pour in a flood of the sun-light of your own nature. As well might you attempt, with hailstorms, to thaw out the ice-bergs of the Polar Sea, as to try to rouse the world from its torpor by the cold rays of another's light. The most potent, and at the same time the most despicable motive that impels the student to imitate, is a false ambition. Ashamed of his pigmy frame, he endeavors to conceal his littleness in the stately dress of a giant. Instead of rousing the sparks within him by his own breath, he brings in an intenser fire, but the sunlight always deadens the flame. He clothes the ponderous thoughts of Johnson in the gorgeous rhetoric of Macaulay, and tries to palm them off as his own. Scorning his own artillery, he steals both his lightning and his thunder from the altar of Jove. Vain attempt to be great! His own ear cannot bear the thunder; the bolts are too heavy for his puny arm. And yet, he has within him all the elements of greatness. He has yet to learn to work with his own implements. If he had only forged his own lightning, the bolts might have been smaller, but the everlasting rocks could not have stood against them. This proneness to imitation, not only tends to lower genius to the level of the other faculties, but it also debases the whole man. When one's intellect is just beginning to unfold itself, he sets before it no human model. Nature tells him of a perfection to which mortal never yet attained. He begins by clearing his own path to greatness, and he finds it, indeed, a rugged way. At first he can make greater apparent progress, by choosing the path of another. He selects a human pattern. He has lowered his standard; he has also degraded his intellect. Soon, his ideal becomes hardly more perfect than himself. An acquaintance, more successful than he, becomes his model. Imitation begets admiration, admiration ends in worship. Hence arises that toadyism—for toadyism is only another name for man-worship—which destroys all manhood, and disgraces our society. All honor to intellect. If combined with spotless integrity, you cannot respect it too highly; but honor and respect for one, imply not the degradation and debasement of the giver. In the realm of mind, some are kings, some are princes, *none* were meant to be subjects. Hold your head none the less proudly, because you walk among the kings of the earth. Your talent came from the same treasury of God. Others may have a larger, but none a purer coin.

Merge your light in the brilliancy of no superior orb. Revolve

around no center but the Maker of mind. You were created to be a sun to some dark corner of the universe.

Another powerful cause of this proneness in students to imitate, is their want of self-confidence. Thoughts spontaneously come, and almost without an effort, we spread, nay, rather concentrate them on the paper before us. There is a bold dashing freedom about them, which startles us. Perhaps some of them spattered the ink, as they rolled from our pens, and the ominous word "splurge," sent a chill through our whole frame. They were unique, and we feared to provoke criticism. Why fear it, when it will only sharpen our wit? Why should the ardent, impetuous thought of the youthful student be chilled, in coursing through the ice-bound veins of some frigid Professor. Better splurge than sink, without a struggle, into the ocean of prosy scribblers. The cool drops may refresh you, when heated and tired, and one can ever see in the spray the bow of promise.

But this proneness to imitation will be far less in active, practical life. Soon, in the struggle of earnest life, we shall remember only our work and ourselves. Our success will begin when we have thrown off borrowed, filthy rags, and clothed ourselves in our own individuality, which is the only true "Robe of Royalty." Now and then we may fall, but we shall never fail. Elastic in noble manhood, we shall only receive a bound that will send us the higher. Be then original. Thoughts are finite; thought is infinite. Coin it in your own image, give it your own superscription. Brighten it not with paint, but with toil. Let its brilliancy be part and parcel of itself. Hide not your talent even in a silken napkin. So shall you receive your reward even here, for men will render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, when he gives unto God, the things that are His.

L.

Smith's New House.

I need hardly describe it. Brown stone, twenty-five feet front, basement and sub-cellar. Front doors grained in imitation of rose-wood, and carved in the center of each a specimen of Mediæval Natural History. Stone mouldings around a shield over the doorway.

By the way, it is unfortunate that stone-cutters are not members of the College of Heraldry. The shield over Smith's doorway contains an unmistakable bend sinister.

You have often passed the house. If I mistake not, you showed me the card which gave you the *entrée* to Smith's parlors, permitted you to drink his wine, and last, but not least, obtained for you a patronizing nod from the Sexton of L'église de Grace. Be virtuous, and you will be happy. It was, no doubt, your virtue, that obtained for you a place upon the dainty Sexton's list of eligible young men. The party, Smith's first, was a splendid affair. I met you the next day, radiant with pleasure. You had played *cavalier servante* to a certain nameless fair one, on the evening in question, and the faint pressure of a tiny hand, as you helped her from her carriage, told you what you most wished to know. I see you remember the time I refer to. Such occasions happen only once in an honest man's life. They are not soon forgotten. You think, however, that I have mistaken the name. It was coming from Jones's party, say you, that Belle — ah, my dear fellow, I am speaking of the ideal Smith. Let us generalize.

The city residence of the ideal Smith is the type of the city residences of Americans in general.

Had I said Brown's or Robinson's, you would have recognized the house with equal readiness. And this similarity goes farther than the exterior. Not only is every room in Smith's house like a corresponding one in Brown's, but the furniture is the same, and is arranged in the same manner. The process by which this was brought about is common. The long-expected ship at last came in. Flour was "up" at Rio when she arrived there, and, discharging her cargo, she loaded with coffee, which was "down," and the ideal Smith, her owner, pocketed the balance in his favor on both these occasions, became rich, and — moved up town. Of course, he did just as numberless others have done, bought his house, counted his rooms, and ordered Veneer & Co. to furnish them. A man was sent to place the furniture, and the house was ready for its occupants. This, Smith calls "Home." Let us look the matter straight in the face. There is not a large city in America whose dwelling-houses would not disgrace a Chinese architect. John Ruskin, in one of his Edinburgh lectures, advised his hearers to count the Greek-capped windows in a certain street in that city. You smile at the idea of counting the square windows in any street of our metropolis. There is something radically wrong in all this, and we are ready to ask ourselves, sorrowfully, whether American ingenuity will never rise to the dignity of originality in the higher

arts. The cunning artizan, who is perfect in the manipulation of the tools required in the manufactory and the work-shop, cannot, surely, be unequal to a decorated capital, or an ornamented finial. It is useless to urge against all this, that we are a young and rising nation, that the capital of the country must be given, for years to come, to the labor of production, or that, in a new country, stability and elegance in architecture are points of lesser importance. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged, that our merchants have not been sparing in outlay upon their dwellings. More than one of our brown-stone monstrosities has cost a fortune. Smith built his house like Jones, or a hundred others on the same street, not because it cost less, but because he had neither time nor taste to do otherwise. The Smiths form a large part of our population.

Nor is this all; to this utter absence of all originality or variety, must be added a total want of sincerity. Brown paint and plaster, in more than a few cases, take the place of stone, and marble that is, to borrow a phrase, only skin-deep, is by no means a rarity in American Architecture. With the discrepancy between the outside and the interior, between the costly door-plate without, and the plated service within, we have nothing to do. The lie which is thrown in the face of Society is none of our business. We are speaking of the want of truth in art. It is honest for a man of moderate means to build a house at moderate cost; it is dishonest for him to pass it off for what it is not.

And this brings us, directly, to another prominent manifestation of our vitiated taste, for nowhere is this attempted dishonesty shown more clearly, than in the misuse of ornament. It is no mean element in the art of which we speak. The natural world is replete with ornament. Not as men use it, to hide a want of stability; not to cover errors of construction, or barrenness of design, but perfect, beautiful and appropriate in form and color, it is the seal of glory upon the universe. God's ornamentation is never useless. A writer upon this subject has remarked, that "the very potatoe that feeds us, does not swell it's esculent root for our teeth, without first hanging out the banner of it's blessed Creator in the fair blossom, that is lovely sister of the rose and the lily." It has, then, a use, but we have misused it sadly. As in the original designs of our dwellings, so in their ornamentation, can be seen an utter sameness, a perpetual reproduction of what may, originally, have been good, but which will not bear such extensive repetition. The fauna and flora of every country under the sun have been ransacked for models; a few have been selected, and these have form-

ed the stock of our builders from the beginning. At Carthage, Athens or Rome, all decoration was National. It has been reserved for the great inventive people of History to become, in this point alone, the copyists of older civilizations. The interior decoration of our houses evinces the same fault. The caprice of the manufacturer or the fashion of the day controls the choice of furniture, pictures and plate. There are of course exceptions. In the parlor of a man of taste in a neighboring city, stands an easel of rosewood, upon which rests, as if in a studio, an unfinished sketch by a great and lamented artist. As the hand of the master had left it for a moment, it stands, awaiting the touches which would have made it a finished creation. In the great thoroughfare of trade, near by, teeming with furniture of costly wood and cunning carving, there is no piece of workmanship which, in mere value, can weigh for a single moment with this simple easel. Affording honor to the dead, pleasure to the living, it fulfills at once the aim and end of all true ornament.

If we pass beyond the pale of the city, the same faults are apparent. The saw-mill has taken the place of the stone-cutter, and the villa rejoices in turrets and pinnacles of pine, while the Gothic hen-coop adjoining, ambitious of notice, is modeled after some famous structure of the old world. Time forbids to speak of the absence of all attempts at landscape gardening, a want unpardonable in a country like this. Thus, in a rambling way, we have spoken of the most prominent faults of our dwelling-houses. The subject is worthy of thought, from higher motives than the desire to enhance the value of property. He who would create a Home, must make it the centre to which may tend, not only our ideas of comfort and pleasure, but the love which all have for beauty, fitness, and elegance.

T. A. K.

A Certain Old Book.

SOME men are like sunbeams—whatever they touch grows brighter. But unfortunately for the world, there are not as many of them as there might be, and when we have once found them we don't particularly like to lose sight of them again. They are not all of our own time either.

We have men like Charles G. Leland and Oliver Wendell Holmes, who can bring in their lightest moments more abstract knowledge to bear on a subject, than the veriest polemic could in days of labor, and can do it all, such is the ease of true ability, without the slightest shadow of pedantry; but they have had their frequent prototypes. Only the other day I chanced on a curious old book which illustrated this thing so well, that I have taken it in hand and have a design to show it off to the readers of the Lit.

It is the seventh edition of "Barnabee's Journal" and is the itinerary of a jolly, careless, drunken scholar, who occupied himself in sundry tramps over England. As a book it is comparatively recent, but still extremely rare, and though a reprint from half a dozen reprints, is as much in need of an introduction to modern society as they ever were.

It begins with a preface to the first edition; then comes one to the second, with variations and errata; then follow others "To the Reader," in English and Latin, to the third, fourth and fifth editions, with the various readings which had been adopted in each; then an "Advertisement" concerning the authorship of the work; then of the fifth, and finally of the present edition. These carry us to the fiftieth page, but we do not reach the itinerary so soon, for there follows a long investigation into the claims of Richard Braithwait as the author of these travels of Barnabee the Drunken, which fills twenty more, and we arrive at the notes on the Itinerary, in which there is a shrewd discussion on the name "Barnabee," evincing a great knowledge on the part of the author, of old songs and the forgotten literature of the last century. This ends only to introduce us to a Postscript wherein divers other claims of the aforesaid Richard are diligently set forth, and then comes the Journal proper.

But even now, after passing through nearly half of the book, we are not allowed to begin, for we have the "Loyall Pheander to his Royall Alexander," "Upon this Work," "Ad Viatorem" and "Ad Translatorem," with the Englished versions opposite, (after the fashion consistently pursued in the work, of having the text on the left and the translation on the right-hand page,) "The Index of this Work," and at last the first journey. In this northern travel of his he comes upon one of the "rigid ones" inflicting punishment on his cat.

In progressu Boreali,
Ut processi ab Australi,
Veni Banbery, O prophanum!
Ubi vidi Puritanum,
Felem facientem furem
Quia Sabbatho stravit murem.

In my progress traveling Northward,
Taking my farewell o' th' Southward,
To Barbery came I, O prophane one!
Where I saw a Puritane-one
Hanging his cat on Monday
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

This is illustrated by a copper-plate, representing the pious 'Puritan-one,' with hands uplifted, and a book before him, on a table, praying for the forgiveness of the sin which the cat's folly and wickedness has brought upon him. Barnabee, in the foreground, with his dog beside him, raises his finger in warning, and laughs at the ridiculousness of the whole thing, while the cat, poor wretch, hangs from the limb of a tree, in the centre of the picture.

At Brackley he receives a warning from the Mayor; the plate representing the scene, as he describes it.

Veni Brackley, ubi natus
Stripe vili Magistratus,
Quem conserpi residentem,
Stramine tectum contigentem,
Et me vocans, "Male agis,
Bibe minus, ede magis."

From thence to Brackley, as did beseeme one.
The May'r I saw, a wondrous meane one,
Sitting, thatching and bestowing
On a wind-blowne house a strowing,
On me called he, and did charme mee;
"Drinke lesse, eat more, I doe warne thee."

Like other and equally good men, he had a row with the "beaks," and just missed being "jugged;" and this is the result:—

Veni Leister ad Campanam,
Ubi mentem laesi sanam;
Prima nocte mille modis
Flagellarunt me Custodes,
Pells sparsi sunt livores
Meos castigare mores.

Thence I came to th' Bell at Leister,
Where my braines did need a plaister;
First night that I was admitted
By the watchmen I was whipped,
Black and blew as any tetter
Beat I was to make me better.

At Overbowles he had quite an adventure, and not being opposed to traveling on holidays, happened to get there at church-time.

Sacra die eò veni
Ædes Sanctae erant plenae,
Quorum percitus exemplo,
Quia hospes erat templo,
Intrans vidi sacerdotem,
Igne fatuo poculis notum.

On a feast day came I thether,
When good people flockt together,
Where (induc'd by their example)
I repair'd unto the temple,
Where I heard the Preacher, gravely
With his nose pot-tipt, most bravely.

Glires erant incolae villae,
Iste clamat, dormiunt illi;
Ipse tamen vixit ita,
Si non corde, veste trita;
Fortem prae se ferens gestum
Fregit pedibus suggestum.

Dormise-like the people seemed,
Though he cride, they sleeping dreamed;
For his life, tho there was harm in't,
Heart was lesser rent than his garment;
With his feet he did so thunder,
As the pulpit fell asunder.

Qua occasione nacta,
Tota grex expergefata,
Sacerdote derelicto,
Tabulis fractis graviter icto,
Pransum redeunt; unus horum,
Plebem sequor non pastorem.

Which occasion having gotten
All awake, the pulpit broken;
While the preacher lay sore wounded,
With more boords than beards surrounding;
All to dinner, who might faster,
And among them I left Pastor.

Which does not show his regard for the Clergy in a very strong light. At Natland, being in about the same condition which a boiled owl is usually supposed to assume, he must needs have his little dance.

—Colligit, hospitium dedit,
Mecum bibit, mecum edit,
Semipotus sicut usi,
Circa maypole plebe lusi.

—gave me harbor; light as fether
We both drunke and eat together,
Till halfe-typsy, as it chanced,
We about the maypole danced.

And after ending his trip, by a big drunk, at Kirkland, he came to Staveley, and tells the story to a lot of good fellows, over a considerable of liquor there.

The second Journal opens with an epigram upon the nose of the hero, which is compared, very irreverently, to "Bacchus' Bush," in allusion to the old saying of good wine needing no such emblem. This is followed by a corollary, and then we have the itinerary. After meeting with a few adventures of no especial interest, save being tossed by a cow, and

—ludens chartis pictis
Cum puella speciosa,

he comes to the Bell at Stone, as he had before come to that at Leicester. Here the "chartas" again appear.

Veni Stone ad Campanam,
Vidi Deliam non Dianam;
Hic suspectam habens vitam,
Pastor gregis Jesuitam
Me censebat, sed incertas
Nil invenit præter chartas.

Thence to th' Bell at Stone streight draw I,
Delia, no Diana saw I;
By the Parson I was cited,
Who held me for Jesuited;
In his search, the door fast locked,
Nought but cards were in my pocket.

At Highgate he toasted the Freshmen.

Hic tyronibus exosum
Hausi cornu tortuosum.

And the horne of matriculation
Drunk to th' freshmen of our nation,—

winding up his tour, as usual, with a general time, and giving us a couple of pages, as a sort of parting blessing. One of them is filled up with a eulogy of Young's tobacco, (though who Young was doesn't become manifest, and the location of his shop is definitely described as being next to a tavern,) and the other, with an apology for the errata.

Still unsatisfied, and as able to imbibe as ever, he starts on his third wandering, taking the precaution to supply himself with a horse, which may carry him, but which, getting played out by hard travel, he turns loose to pasture, and continues on foot.

At Hodsdon the 'picture-books' get him into trouble again :—

Veni Hodsdon, stabant foris	Thence to Hodson, where stood watching
Chartis pictis impostores,	Cheats who liv'd by conicatching;
Queis deceptis, notis causis,	False cards brought me with them plaid I,
Ante Eirenarcham pacis	Dear for their acquaintance paid I;
Eos duxi; ut me videt,	'Fore a Justice they appeared,
Laudat eos, me deridet.	Them he praised, me he jeered.

At Burleigh he comes, unexpectedly, on an echo. Both the stanzas are worthy of attention; the one, for its correct imitation of the Latin, the other, for its equally correct mimicry of the sound.

Clamaus domum ô inanem!	Hollowing loud, ô empty wonder!
Resonabat ecco, 'famem;'	Ecco streight resounded, 'hunger.'
Quinam habitant intra muros?	Who inhabits this vast brick-house?
Respirabat ecco, 'mures;'	Ecco made reply, the 'titmouse;'
Ditis omen, nomen habe;	Ominous cell! No drudge at home, sir?
Ecco respondebat, 'Abi.'	Ecco answer made, 'Be gone, sir.'

Verily, both author and translator spread themselves on that bit of work.

Fishing don't suit Barnabee the Drunken, as well as it might.

Veni Witham, audiens illam	Thence to Witham, having red there.
Propter lubricam anguillam	That the fattest eele was bred there
Verò claram, nixus ramo,	Purposing some to intangle
Coepti expiscari hamo;	Forth I went and took mine angle;
Et ingentem capiens unam,	Where a huge one having hooked,
Praeceptis trahor in lacunam.	By her headlong I was dooked.

Nor does he fare better in the appropriating line:

Veni New-Worke, ubi vivos	Thence to New-Worke, flood surrounded,
Sperans mersos esse rivis,	Where I hoping most were drowned:
Irrui cellam subamoenam,	Hand to hand I straightways shored
Generosis vinis pleman,	To a cellar richly stored:
Donec lictor intrans cellam,	Till suspected for a picklock,
Me conduxit ad flagellum.	Th' beedle led me to the whip-stock.

During this journey he is married, and though he records several instances of distinct booziness, after that happy event, he is compelled, in the end, probably in consideration of the lady's wishes, to finish his trip without the grand blow-out he expected.

Doubtless, also, in consequence of the same fact, we have him presented to us in his fourth and last pergrination, as Barnabee the Reformed Drunkard. He takes to the country, and after a dozen pages of farewell to all the old haunts in which he used to carouse, he discourses,

very dryly, (and no wonder,) on the Fairs which are held in England—all very good for an antiquary, but marvellous stupid for any one else to read. This closes the last trip, and the last picture shows him at his ease, at his house-door, with dog and pipe and mug, as of old, only more sober, more sedate and steady-looking than he used to be.

The book ends with a page "upon the erratas," one stanza of which it may be well to commend to the next Class, whose hard luck may compel them to pass an examination in Biennial on Greek prose or scanning. It furnishes a capital evasion of considerable censure:

Quid si breves fiant longi?	What though briefes too be made longo's?
Si vocales sint diphthongi?	What tho' vowels be dipthongo's?
Quid si graves sint acuti?	What tho' graves become acute too?
Si accentus fiant muti?	What tho' accents become mute too?
Quid si placidè, plenè, planè,	What tho' freely, fully, plainly,
Fregi frontem Prisciani?	I've broke Priscian's forehead mainly?
* * * * *	* * * * *
Sat est verbum declinavi	Know ye I've declined most bravely
"Titubo, titubas, titubavi."	"Titubo, titubas, titubavi."

And so I commend Drunken Barnabee to your kindest indulgence. He is not perfect, but in the main he certainly is a jolly good fellow.

Midas.

I.

Treacherous rushes were they that told
 The secret won from the barber's fears,
 How, spite of kingdom, in spite of gold,
 In spite of lineage fair and old,
 The great King Midas had asses' ears.

II.

Well, you may doubt that the tale was true,
 Quibble and query as much as you will;
 And yet, whatever the ancients might do,
 The story has fitness for them and you,
 And the truth of its moral is useful still.

III.

For this you may notice wherever you go,
That each one, impelled by his private fears,
Has that which he tells to but one or so;
Some flaw in life to be whispered low;
In short, that each Midas has asses' ears.

IV.

Truly hapless, alas! are we
Who think all matters in truth are done:
We wag on our little way in glee,
While we and our Dead Sea apples agree;
And *then*,—naught but lies is beneath the sun.

V.

And the rushes grow up in the hole to-day,
Dreamily murmuring unto the breeze
The secrets men would have hid away,
Hoping, but failing, by prisons of clay,
To hinder their going wherever they please.

S. W. D.

Obituary.

MAJOR FREDERIC W. MATTESON died, Aug. 28th, 1862, of typhoid fever, on the field, in service with the Army of the West, and while commanding the First Battalion Yates' Sharpshooters. Major Matteson was the son of Ex-Gov. Matteson, of Illinois, and until Aug. 1861, a member of the Class of 1863, in Yale College. Having graduated, in 1855, at Russel's Military Institute, in this city, he sailed for Europe, where he passed five years in travel and study. During this time he was in residence, for three years, at the Universities of Halle and Heidelberg; at the latter, reading a course of Law. He returned to America in 1860, and immediately entered the Sophomore Class at Yale. When the war broke out, and Companies were organized in the various Classes, he was unanimously elected Captain of his

Class, and in that position exhibited that excellence in tactics, and fitness to command, which oftentimes distinguished him on the field of battle. In Aug. 1861, he received the offer of a commission as a Major, in the 1st Bat. Yates' Sharp-shooters, of Ill., and accepting it, immediately left, to take command, attended by his Classmate, Mr. O. H. Payne, who was commissioned as Lieutenant in the same corps, and who has since been appointed Lt. Colonel, of 124th Ohio Volunteers.

Major Matteson participated in the engagements at New Madrid, Corinth, Farmington and Booneville, and ever distinguished himself as a gallant officer, until death called him from the field of battle and of life. His remains were interred in Springfield, Ill., with military honors. A Springfield daily, eulogizing his memory, says: "Truly, another brave and noble man has been added to the roll of those who have sacrificed their lives on the altar of their country."

Words can add nothing more to his fame as a soldier; but we can drop a tear to his memory as a Classmate and a friend. We who knew him, can remember his manliness and his courtesy, and can respect him as an accomplished scholar, a polished gentleman, and a loved companion. Farewell, dear Classmate. May the sod rest lightly, and the grass grow green above thee. Thy virtues are embalmed in our hearts.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Commencement.

Quiet old New Haven, after the unusual excitement of Presentation, had elapsed into an apathy deeper than ever, until it was re-awakened by the "arrivals for Commencement." The number of graduates seemed smaller than usual this year; but yet there was a goodly sprinkling of grey headed men, peering around the College buildings with strange and surprised faces, indicating plainly that Change had been busy even at Yale.

Alumni Meeting.

On the morning of Wednesday, July 30th, at nine o'clock, Prof. Thacher called the meeting to order and nominated Ex-Gov. Hoppin of Rhode Island, Class of

1828 for President. Frederick A. Coe, Class of 1837, was appointed Secretary. The number here seemed as large as in former days, although without doubt the unsettled state of the country withheld many who were anxious to be present. The exercises were opened with a prayer by the Rev. Edward Beecher D. D. Prof. Thacher then delivered a feeling and impressive eulogy on the life of Edward O. Herrick, late Treasurer of the College. Prof. Porter followed with a delicate tribute to the memory of Prof. Larned.

Judge Ellsworth, Ex-Gov. of Connecticut, then introduced a resolution urging President Lincoln to use all the means in his power to crush the Rebellion. This called forth eloquent remarks from Dr. Bacon. Dr. Beecher, Ex-Gov. Dutton and Commodore Foote. The remarks of the latter were, as usual, short and to the point, and elicited the applause that was due to the *man*.

Phi Beta Kappa.

The annual gathering of this honorable Fraternity was characterized by the usual ardent enthusiasm on the part of the members, both active and honorary. On Wednesday evening, they listened with becoming attention and interest to an Oration by Charles Tracy, Esq., on "The True and the False," and a Poem by the Rev. Charles D. Helmer, on "The Stars and Stripes." The annual election resulted as follows:

DR. MILTON BADGER, President.
 PROF. A. C. TWINING, Vice President.
 PROF. BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, JR., Corresponding Secretary.
 PROF. HUBERT A. NEWTON, Treasurer.
 GEORGE B. HAMLIN, Assistant Treasurer.
 HENRY F. DIMOCK, Recording Secretary.

Commencement of 1863.

Orator—DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.
Substitute—DR. EDWARD BEECHER.
Poet—REV. A. L. STOWE.

Commencement Day.

The exercises at "Commencement" were unusually successful. The speaking was good, the subjects well chosen, and the music fine; a Programme, however, would give the best idea of the performance.

Programme.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

FORENOON.

1. MUSIC: Overture. (Stradella.)—*Flotow*.
2. PRAYER.
3. Salutatory Oration in Latin, by JOHN WESLEY ALLING, *Orange*.
4. Oration, "The Virginia Convention of 1788," by IRA RUSH ALEXANDER, *Lewis-ton, Pa.*

5. Oration, "Suae quisque fortunæ faber," by THOMAS GARDINER THURSTON, *Ka-hua, Hawaiian Islands*.
6. MUSIC: Aria, (Robert le Diable.)—*Meyerbeer*.
7. Oration, "The Strength and Weakness of the Hypocrite," by JAMES HENRY CROSEY, *Bangor Me.*
8. Dissertation, "War in its Beneficent Effects," by MELVILLE COX DAY, *Biddeford, Me.*
9. Oration, "Mohammed," by CHARLES EUSTIS HUBBARD, *Boston, Mass.*
10. Oration, "American Statesmanship," by FRANKLIN McVEAGH, *West Chester, Pa.*
11. MUSIC: Lebenspuls. — *Strauss*.
12. Dissertation, "The Basis of Reform in the Present Century," by WILLIAM LAMPSON, *LeRoy, N. Y.*
13. Dissertation, "Petrarch," by WILLIAM RUSSELL KIMBERLY, *West Troy N. Y.*
14. Oration, "National Debt," by ALBERT FRANCIS JUDD, *Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands*.
15. MUSIC: Capt. Bensen's Quickstep. — *Bergè*.
16. Dissertation, "Tennyson's In Memoriam," by CHARLES WOOLSEY COIT, *Norwich, Conn.*
17. Dissertation, "Self-Development," by WALTER LOWRIE MCCLINTON, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*
18. Oration, "Percival," by GEORGE MILLER BEARD, *Andover, Mass.*
19. MUSIC: Magic Flute. — *Mozart*.
40. Dissertation, "Public Opinion," by HARRISON MALTEBERGER, *Reading, Pa.*
21. Oration, "The Tree of Knowledge," by THOMAS BURGIE KIRBY, *New Haven*.
22. Philosophical Oration, "The Office of Art," by CORNELIUS LADD KITCHELL, *Detroit, Mich.*
23. MUSIC: Overture. — *Noll*.

AFTERNOON.

1. MUSIC: Overture, (William Tell.) — *Rossini*.
2. Dissertation, "Havelock," by CHARLES WRIGHT ELY, *Madison*.
3. Dissertation, "Genius and Purpose," by CHARLES BURT SUMNER, *Southbridge, Mass.*
3. Dissertation, "William Pinckney," by JAMES ALFRED DUNBAR, *Carlisle, Pa.*
5. MUSIC: Osmenon. — *Lanner*.
6. Oration. "The Spirit and Influence of American Liberty," by FREDERIC AUGUSTUS WARD, *Farmington*.
7. Dissertation, "Mirabeau," by HIRAM HOLLISTER KIMPTON, *Ticonderoga, N. Y.*
8. Oration, "The Mission of Calamity to the State," by RICHARD MORSE, *New York City*.
6. MUSIC: Tannhäuser. — *Wagner*.
10. Oration, "The Pursuit of Ideal Excellence," by FREDERIC ADAMS, *Orange, N. J.*
11. Dissertation, "The True Basis of Government," by HORACE DUTTON, *Auburndale, Mass.*
12. Oration, "The Tendency of Science to Skepticism," by HENRY HAMLIN STEBENS, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

13. MUSIC : National Airs.
14. Dissertation, "Universities under Government Patronage," by WILLIAM PLATT KETCHAM, *New York City*.
15. Oration, "Richard Bently," by ROGER SHERMAN TRACY, *Windsor, Vt.*
16. Oration, "The Avenging Forces of History," by EDWARD BENTON COE, *New York City*.
17. MUSIC : Chimes.—*Stoepel*.
18. Philosophical Oratio, "Armed Constitutionalism," by DANIEL HENRY CHAMBERLAIN, *Worcester, Mass.*
19. The Influence of a Nation's Past on its Present," with the Valedictory Address, by JOHN PHELPS TAYLOR, *Andover, Mass.*
20. MUSIC : Overture, (Martha).—*Flotow*.
21. DEGREES CONFERRED.
22. PRAYER by the President.

Statement of Facts.

This old and time honored institution was for this year, at least, abolished, and for the following reasons. It has been, as far as our memory extends, a complete humbug, both in regard to the *facts* themselves, and also because all of the ones most interested had invariably made up their minds long before these conclusive arguments were ever delivered. An examination of the matter this year proved that every one of "the incoming class" had either joined one of the Societies or was pledged. With this convincing argument for its absurdity, it was thought proper to get an opinion from the Faculty. Two prominent members of the Faculty were therefore consulted, and gave as their opinion that "it was the most foolish and useless performance in College." In addition to this, dark hints were circulating concerning expulsion and suspension, and in view of these facts it was thought proper to pass it over. In order that the result of the Campaign might be made public, notice was given to the College world that the announcement would be made in the Brother's Hall, (which was chosen by lot.) It was as follows:

Linonia,	65
Brothers,	48

It was impossible, however, to do away with the annual *rush*. Both parties, as usual, claimed victory, the Freshmen at having made a good attack on a most secure position, the Sophomores at having prevented their entrance. The intervention of the Faculty, however, soon brought about a compromise between the contending parties.

Freshman Initiation.

Friday the twenty-sixth probably seemed to the Freshmen, as it has to many before in their position, fraught with the greatest interest and at the same time terror. At early evening, while the Sophomores were making themselves hideous with frightful disguises, and night hideous with their tin horns, the "upper-class men" were prowling about the streets to "hook" Freshmen. In spite of the most careful arrangement with tickets, several of the Freshmen fell into the wrong hands.

With this exception, the brightness of the occasion was unclouded. Never were the Sophomores more blood thirsty, never were the tortures more appalling, never were the Freshmen in greater danger; but they treated like gentlemen and consequently like gentlemen they were treated. If we may be allowed to express an opinion, this class will grow up and become an honor to Yale.

Changes in the Faculty.

We learn that the place of Treasurer, lately filled by Edward C. Herrick, is now occupied by Henry C. Kingsley. The department of Rhetoric, made vacant by the death of Prof. Larned, has not yet found a permanent successor. In the place of Prof. Henry Hadley, Mr. Addison Van Name has been appointed Instructor of Hebrew in the Theological Department.

Boat House.

Well, we are going to have a new boat-house, if we are to believe what the enthusiasts say about the matter. It may not perhaps mean much to outsiders, but to us it implies a great deal. No more crawling through a hole in the fence, when the gate is shut. No more carrying heavy barges about half a mile over the mud and then finding them stick into the opposite bank. No more piling in thereupon, to the serious abrasion of shins, and shoving them off again. No more losing of rowlocks, missing of oars, stealing of loose articles or general displacement of boats by the tide. Yes, there will be no more little boys on the bridge to throw stones and encourage profanity, or oozy cables hanging across the channel just high enough to hit a man in the eye when he turns round. No more scratching gravel on the port side and trailing on the starboard, in order to pass some miserable Philadelphia schooner loaded with coal. No more dirt in the boats, no more cracking of sinews to shoot the bridge on coming back, or wild oystermen to fasten their sea-skimming sharpies in front of the boat house, and to expostulate quietly but firmly when said sharpies by accident get cut adrift. Good by, need and inconvenience, for the fiat has gone forth, and the new house is to be ready next spring. In College there has been raised more than half the needed sum already. There is no doubt that the required amount will be readily obtained. It is proposed to place this new structure as a float, no longer above or below the tides, above the draw-bridge on the Fair Haven side, and to provide it with dressing rooms and all modern conveniences in the shape of tackle and rollers. Success to it!

At a meeting of the Yale Navy, the following officers were elected to serve for the coming year.

Commodore—George L. Curran, '63

First Fleet Captain—E. T. Mather, '64

Second Fleet Captain—T. D. Tiffany, S. S.

Purser—Benjamin C. Riggs, '65.

Editor's Table.

Our position is, in many respects, a peculiar, and altogether an unexpected one. It is the situation of a man who, in a careless, free and easy style, has lounged into a party of friends, expecting a little sociable conversation, but has found in everything and every body, a stiff, dressed up style of manners. He fumbles around, tries to adopt the careless bravado air, and seem unconscious of the fact, that he is the great centre of astonished observation. Such is the position we now occupy, and until the ice is fairly broken, a most unpleasant and embarrassing one it is. Now, however, to the point. A great change has passed over the College world since we last conversed with you through these pages; a hundred familiar faces have vanished; a hundred unknown ones have filled up the vacancy; and again Yale is jogging along over the road of another Collegiate year. Of the Class which has passed away we need not say but little, for their memory is yet fresh with us. It is unnecessary to speak in their praise, for the College records are rich with accounts of their many triumphs. In their departure, almost every one of us has lost some dear and valued friend, and all unite in mourning the common loss. May the career of "Sixty-two," in the world, be as bright as it was in Yale. Of the Class which has just entered, it is hard to form any opinion yet, for eye judgment is of small value. As far, however, as this extends, its decision must be strongly in their favor. As usual, a most polite welcome has been held out to them by the supporters of the Literary and Secret Societies, by the supporters of the Boat-Clubs, and even by the Lit., and now they are handed over to the tender mercies of the Areopagus, which, we believe, is in full session. If we judge the Class correctly, however, they can take care of themselves, and if they *rush* as well in their lessons as they do in front of the Gymnasium, their marks will be very high. In regard to this rush, we think we can pass true judgment, for we were merely spectators. The muscular Editor, even, tried his best to remain passive, but we could see that he was thirsting for the fray. He fidgeted around, first on one foot, then on the other; clutched his hands convulsively together; but when his hat was knocked ignominiously over his eyes; when his feet were almost trodden to a jelly, all idea of Senioric, Editorial dignity, was thrown aside, and he plunged in, resolved to conquer or to die. Whether the Fresh rushed the Sophs, or not, we will not attempt to say, for we are aware that several of the large men of our Class favor the negative, and their arguments would probably be convincing. Muscle is becoming a subject of great admiration with us now, and it finds the most convenient vent in boating. Thus, the boating interest is now very strong, holding out a good promise for a fine race, this term. Many, however, are not contented to show their power in company with five others, but must "go it alone." The arguments, however, in favor of this kind of amusement, have not been very good ones; we will quote but two instances. A gentleman connected with this Institution, while pulling "a long stroke and a strong," somewhere in the vicinity of the Fort, found his craft with "inverted benches." The fault, of course, was not his, but the boat, or that miserable oar. Next, picture to yourself, one of these paste-board boxes,

drifting up the river with the tide. Not empty, however, but containing one poor individual, without oars, looking, wistfully, at the fast receding shore, and trying to make head against the tide, by using his hat as a paddle. Give me, rather, the larger boats; for when misfortune comes, as come it will, there are five others—"misery loves company."

Prominent, also, among the other tastes, has become the taste for music. I will not speak here of singing, although the scientific performances of the connoisseurs, the rambling strains of the man returning home at the "small hours," and even the discordant howls of *some* of the eating clubs, merit a separate notice. I confine myself strictly to instrumental music. It must have been from some quiet secluded spot, like No. 10, South College, that the beautiful song, entitled, "There's music in the air," emanated. A melodeon in the room above, a melodeon in the room behind, a melodeon in the room beneath; three Sax horns, two violins, three flutes, one tin instrument—name unknown—and one E flat Bass Tuba Sax Horn in the entry; always *one* is playing, usually all. Verily, music hath charms.

We should be happy if, before taking leave of you, we could hold out some inducement for every Class to contribute Articles to the Lit. Remember, it is not a Class-institution, but a Magazine, supported by the Students of Yale College. Remember, too, that even if the Article is not taken, the name of the author is unknown; for the Article is sent through the Post Office, with the name of the author in a sealed envelope, which is unopened, until the piece is taken.

The Senior Class are now in the greatest state of excitement concerning Class-Pictures. Whether our features shall be handed down to posterity by photographs or steel-engravings, is a subject of warm dispute. The handsome men espouse the cause of photographs; the more ordinary, are willing to trust to the engraver, to make a nice looking picture, rather than to the "apparatus which never lies;" the dressy-men are in favor of cartes de visite, as they show the whole form. Thus the matter stands, and who will unite these discordant elements we do not know.

In conclusion, we thank the College world, generally, for their liberal support of the Lit., and hope, that in future, their contributions will be literary, as well as pecuniary. And now, for the last time, farewell. Hard as it may be for a modest man to commence such a work as this, it is far more difficult to finish it. At last, however, we have summoned up resolution, and wave you an affectionate adieu with our graceful "Amidon."

Exchanges.

We have received, *regularly*, the following periodicals: Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Weekly, Vanity Fair, American Publishers' Circular, and the Williams' Quarterly. The Continental, though *irregular*, we have some hope for, and expect to see again; but Harper's Magazine, and the Knickerbocker, are almost incorrigible.

Our acknowledgements are also due to the Publisher of Vanity Fair, for a well bound set of volumes, comprising the entire file of that excellent hebdomadal.

[38] We most heartily beg pardon for having delayed the publication of this number, but the circumstances were such, that it was impossible to issue it any sooner.

VOL. XXVIII.

NO. II.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Eum mens gratia manet, domus laetifica VALERII
Centumt SINGULIS, MANIPULOS PATRES."

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII. NOVEMBER, 1862. No. II.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '63.

E. B. BINGHAM,

S. W. DUFFIELD,

J. H. BUTLER,

C. W. FRANCIS,

J. F. KERNOCHAN.

Barchester Towers.

THE writers of fiction are sufficiently numerous to form no inconsiderable army. Each day presents a new novel, either from the pen of a known author, or some new aspirant for literary reputation. There seems to be no end of characters, of incidents, or of ability to group them in pleasing style. The conceptions necessary to form a story are as varied as the minds which think.

There has been a great increase in this quality of literature during the past century. The reason for this fact may be found in the social changes which have been effected. The people have grown more intelligent and partake more literary food. Every person has a common education. This was not the case one hundred years ago. Then the position of the educated man demanded greater dependence upon his own thoughts, than upon ideas derived from books. He gained his opinions especially from an analysis of the external, and communion with the internal. He read only such authors as were adapted to increase his acquaintance with facts and principles, which it was necessary he should understand. Philosophical and Historical works were most numerous and popular. Men accustomed to serious thought will ever confine themselves to sound practical literature. To such men, at the time of which I speak, books exclusively belonged. This might

not have been the rule of the age, but it was the tendency. Those who formed the bulk of the population—the laboring class—were debarred the privileges of an education. There is no such illiterate body now. The masses read—man, woman, child. This is truly a reading age. Such is the change in regard to the demand for books. They are read, not simply for mental, but chiefly for physical recreation. Men who have no interest in the subjects which scholars discuss, whose thoughts are connected with business and their daily employment, enjoy only books applicable to their special pursuit, or capable of giving the greatest pleasure to the passing hour. Periodicals and newspapers have increased in response to this new call. In obedience to the same demand, there has been a corresponding growth in fiction—a growth greater than of any other species of literary production.

An investigation of the style and quality of fiction, will disclose another change. The public taste has undergone a gratifying improvement. Great novelists have existed in the past, and their works bear the impress of genius and true culture, but they found a welcome only in the libraries of scholars and drawing-rooms of the wealthy. A cheaper literature sprang up, to supply the new class of readers. The novel, at first, did not please from beauty in style, but from an unhealthy excitement, arising from the arrangement of the characters and their adventures. The people, who were taking their primary lessons in reading, possessed neither ability nor desire to discriminate between true worth and showy trash. Scenes, thrilling and startling, were the requisites in the novel. Grace in grouping, purity of language, and a clear discernment of character, were entirely unappreciated. The lower classes gain a heartier enjoyment from a play poorly performed, than from the finer representations of master-pieces. They do not possess a taste sufficiently cultivated to admire the drama, in its higher grades. The same principle applied to literature. Now, however, there is growing up in all conditions of society, a desire for truly valuable novels, and a strong repugnance for those which are worthless. This signifies an improvement which should be hailed with gladness. There is still a progress in the human mind. It is by slow and substantial marches, moving toward the wished-for goal.

One century ago, Fielding, Smollett and Addison, were popular authors, and this popularity has enlarged, as the ages have passed by; and we of the present, gaze with admiration upon a period so rich in true culture and simplicity. The English tongue was then employed, with a degree of perfection which more recent generations have sadly

disgraced. There was a marked vigor in literary circles. The interval between that time and the present, has produced no authors who have written in such pure English. Literature has experienced vicissitudes, similar to those which have befallen civilization. Every species of progress demands some dark hours for a portion of its work. Darkness always presages a glorious dawn. The era in which we are living is, evidently, the morning of a new literary day. The number of authors may be no greater than have been contemporaries in the past, yet they manifest a keener insight into the laws which cultivation and taste command us to obey. The public tolerates the offenses to propriety which the members of the Addisonian school too often committed, in view of their other recommendations. No such liberties would be allowed to an author of the present. This is our advantage over the 18th century. It is the removal of those obnoxious features which discolor the pages of Fielding and Swift. A general purification has taken place in ideas and expressions.

The improvement of the past fifty years, is principally manifest in the novel. In place of the poorest, fiction now offers the finest contributions to literature. The most gifted men of the age are novelists. They have appeared to satisfy the public mind, no longer contented with its old favorites.

From these protracted remarks concerning literature, we shall, it is hoped, be prepared to understand more correctly the novelist of to-day, who is the simplest, and seemingly the most retiring. The writings of Anthony Trollope, possess a quality which will not immediately obtain popular favor. Although the people are more perfectly comprehending true merit, yet those distinguished novelists, who weave the most intricate web of circumstances, are sure of the first audience at the public ear. He who hides his real beauty behind a modest veil, can trust that no rude person will come to stare at him. His readers will be select. The common herd will rush to seemingly greener spots, while the keen eye chooses the less attractive nooks, where the choicest herbage grows.

I do not purpose to examine the comparative merits of his various novels, but to present the peculiarities of Barchester Towers, relative to the other English works. One, instituting a comparison between an English and American author, would be led to very erroneous conclusions, by trusting entirely to the ideas derived from an acquaintance with his own society, while ignorant of the opinions in the other. An estimate, formed from two writers of the same nationality, is more satisfactory, because each is judged by the same quantity of intelligence.

The American idea may be correct, but, for the sake of candor, it should not denounce a foreigner for not conforming with its dictates.

The history of the novel in England has been analogous with its progress in our own country. The scenes of old colonial life, have been exhausted. Cooper has so faithfully delineated the habits of the Red man, that there is neither the necessity for further attempts, nor the courage to undertake them. The abundant harvest of the revolution has been duly garnered. A host of gleaners has ransacked every corner for incidents and adventures. Recent authors have chosen tamer themes and more quiet characters. The wild life of the republic's infancy has disappeared, and the novelty of its description has also departed. The days of the Pathfinder and Captain Warrenton, have passed away, with the disturbing elements which produced them. Holland, and Holmes, have taken the places which Cooper and his contemporaries occupied. Elsie Venner, and Miss Gilbert's Career, are the products of the present age.

The scenes which the earlier English novelists portrayed, were those of country and city life. They were the incidents of those tranquil days, when squire and tenant acknowledged their interdependence, and led their simple lives, hunting, fishing, and celebrating old England's hallowed festivals. Then came the age of highwaymen, furnishing to fiction a rich source for plot and scenery. Afterwards, the great wars, both civil and foreign, enriched the field, and there grew a luxuriant crop. Men came to improve the harvest. Foremost among these were Bulwer and Dickens, each peculiar and characteristic. One, an abstract reasoner, who deals with the parts of nature which are faintly understood. The other takes the appearance of the world in its work-day suit. He is content with viewing life as it is and seems, but Bulwer wanders off into realms of thought, and not only describes, but meditates. While Dickens attempts a reform in the abuses of the social system, Bulwer endeavors to regulate the opinions of men in regard to the relations of the Soul to the World. Both have, generally, chosen subjects which will awaken an interest, apart from the style of narration. But now they, with other Englishmen, are, like American novelists, turning their attention to the more passive garb which the society of to-day has adopted.

Prominent among this class of authors is Trollope. His Barchester Towers, is a true representative of the style which I have tried to describe. It is entirely free from that kind of fascination which constitutes the especial charm of the "Strange Story," or "Barnaby Rudge." There is little of that interest which is usually connected

with the idea of a novel; and a casual glance, might perceive in it nothing valuable. The subject matter is not congenial to many minds. The discussions and descriptions of ecclesiastical manners is often exceedingly common-place. But, that which in most authors would be unbearable, in *Barchester Towers*, renders a most important service. The very quietness of the circumstances presents an opportunity to study, uninterruptedly, the *dramatis personæ*, and their relation to each other. The painting of some tragic scene, which fills us with an admiring awe, by the force of its expression prevents the exercise of our judgment. On the other hand, the artist who sketches some beautiful landscape, by escaping criticism, deserves greater praise and evinces a purer æsthetic culture. The same may be said of those who paint life in words. *Barnaby Rudge* is lost to view amid the ceaseless flow of incidents which pour around his life. Mr. Harding, and Dr. Grantly, rise above the story, and their temperaments and dispositions are the objects ever before the mind. The lack of exciting transactions does not tire us, because the contemplation of the life and habits of the leading personages affords us sufficient enjoyment.

The study of the two individuals mentioned above, would alone offer thought enough for an Article. They are counterparts. Their united peculiarities would make a perfect man. The bold enthusiasm and energy of Dr. Grantly, should be joined to the modest sincerity of Mr. Harding, and the nice susceptibility of the Warden, with the practical tendency of the Archbishop. They are both good men, with right intent, and earnest purposes, yet their extreme qualities led them into some foolish ideas and actions.

The hypocrisy of Slope, and the truthfulness of Arabin, are in strong contrast. The fickleness of La Signorina is clearly depicted by a comparison with the devotion of Mrs. Bold. Thus each character represents a property of human nature.

The object of the story is, to trace the influence upon society of Energy and Modesty, Hypocrisy and Truth, Sincerity and Fickleness. It cannot fail to teach lessons which the hour demands. The book is not entirely void of that interest which a novel of worth always will create. There is sufficient doubt as to the result, to keep curiosity alive, and banish every feeling of weariness. Besides, there is an under-current of sarcasm, which is often presented with especial fitness. It touches all those national customs and institutions in which men take excessive pride. It resembles the ridicule which Holmes throws upon social hobbies, only that its thrusts are made with greater cau-

tion. In the description of the Jupiter, Trollope shows what power an important paper has over the ideas and actions of a people, and gives his own countrymen some excellent advice, which they should follow. If the Englishman placed less confidence in the London Times, and more in that good common sense which he inherits from his fathers, it would not only benefit himself, but others.

There are true lessons in Barchester Towers. Its teachings come to us with ever-renewing freshness, and will give us a guiding hand along the pathway of life. Hypocrisy can never triumph. It may seem to possess a temporary victory, but at the moment of its apparent success, the elements of ruin have seized its vitals. Truth and sincerity are the proper lamps with which to direct our course. The path to which they point may be lonely; no scenes of pleasure or festivity may give cheer on the way; yet they never fail in reaching the grand central Light, whither all eyes are turned. Determination and decision are the agents which invigorate society, while vacillation and uncertainty will overcloud the brightest spirits. However, that modesty and keen sense of the honorable, which often excludes all practical thoughts, are objects of praise and the deepest admiration.

There remains for us no time to particularize the other teachings of this novel. It is well to read such a book, and when it is laid aside, there is a pleasant feeling of good obtained, and correct opinions established. Trollope is the leader of a new revolution in the world of fiction, which will correct popular taste, and exert a beneficial influence on public morality.

J. H. B.

THE YALE LITERARY PRIZE ESSAY.

The Novel.

GEORGE SCOVILL HAMLIN, SHARON, CONN.

THE Novel, in its distinctive character, has its birth at a somewhat advanced period in the literary history of a nation. Early fiction consists, rather in exaggeration than in invention. In a rude age, the

office of historian and romancer is combined. History and romance derive, each from the other, additional interest and effect. The popular taste receives its highest gratification from listening to the exploits performed by a nation's own heroes, and sung by its own bards. In embellishing and multiplying these exploits, minds under the dominion of an imagination restless and excitable, but impatient of control and unwilling to be tasked, find their most congenial employment. For the more artificial and laborious work of pure invention, they are fitted neither by inclination, nor by those habits of thought, those views of life, which are the results of observation and reflection, continued through successive generations. Nor does the life itself men lead in such an age, moving forward, in all the simplicity of nature, to its great termination, without the complexity it afterward assumes, furnish the varied material, out of which a narrative entirely fictitious may best be woven.

But, gradually, the plot thickens. Human life becomes more intricate in its relations, and, throughout all its departments, gathers to itself a deeper significance. More and more it excites the interest, and fixes the attention of those, who are at once actors and spectators in the great drama, if, perchance, they may pierce its mystery, and discern something of its meaning and issues. As the scattered elements of society combine, so does the constitution of society—the development of those laws which bind together great masses, which harmonize and control them in this state of union—rise in importance and interest. Thus the necessity of an accurate record of social conditions and movements is suggested; history and fiction gradually disunite, and become confined, each to its own province. Meanwhile, from the speculations to which an ever growing interest in the great problem of life incites, have been educes principles and theories to dictate the outline, and suggest the filling up of that picture, which the Novelist strives to present. The imagination, too, has learned to embody abstractions, and to blend in one consistent whole the scattered results of observation. And, withal, life itself, shifting its scenes with greater facility, while it places individuals in more varied and intricate relations to one another and to society, becomes an endless storehouse, from which to draw the materials of invention.

From some such revolution in life and letters, as I have described, the Novel takes its rise.

What, now, is the office of this new element in literature? For us this inquiry should have a very real interest. For us the age of Novels has long since dawned, and with it has arisen a power, which,

whoever may deprecate, none can dispute. The influence of the Novel is measured only by its universal diffusion, by its unequaled attraction for all classes of minds. Compelled to acknowledge a large share of that worthless matter, incident to literature in all its developments, it has, nevertheless, its great masters and its great master-pieces. It has interwoven itself with all our literature, by the varied and happy illustrations of character and manners, which it constantly affords. My answer to the question I have proposed, I shall base upon a comparison of the Novel with those forms of literature to which it is analogous in purpose.

We have seen the union, into which history and fiction were at first attracted, gradually dissolved. Each in its separate form best serves the more immediate purpose for which it is written, but each is imperfect without the other. The record of human life which history keeps, must be, at best, but a superficial one. History assumes a separate existence, only when the increased importance of social interests has rendered apparent the necessity of a social record. In its natural development, therefore, it shapes itself, with reference to the requirements of society, as a united body. It deals with man in the mass. Nations, and not individuals, are its theme. The latter it views, for the most part, only in a public light, as they appear immediately connected with public movements and interests. Into private feelings, tastes, habits, with which the welfare of the State is indirectly, but nevertheless indissolubly linked, which gradually work their way to the surface of society, modifying its institutions and determining the efficacy of its laws, history affords only a partial insight. True, the historian must be familiar with the general effect of these great under-currents, and must unfold their connection with that upper surface, which it is his especial office to describe. But, that he should trace them from their inception, through all their workings and endless modifications, till they become visibly embodied in the life of the State, is something, which, however desirable, we may safely say can, in no case, be fully realized. It is farthest from being a mere question of detail. To portray society, not only in its outward features, but throughout all the mazes of its internal constitution; to combine, successfully, vivid and faithful pictures of common life—its habits, its language, its modes of thought, with a view of society, which links together events in the great chain of cause and effect, and brings to light their hidden lessons of moral and political wisdom, requires a mind, in which ‘powers scarcely compatible are tempered into exquisite harmony.’ Reason and imagination must

blend in nice proportions some of their choicest gifts. All the arts of narrative must conspire, with all the resources of philosophy.

And, even were this highest conception of history realized, it would still fall short of a perfect record of human life. The inevitable tendency of history is toward generalization. It holds out its record of facts, that it may lead us to the great principles which underlie them. And the great lessons of abstract truth to which its pictures of common life and its narrative of great events are alike subordinated, have primary reference to society, and not to individuals. Surely, we need some record, which shall teach the lessons of individual life for their own sake; whose great purpose shall be individuality. Experience will fully impress its lessons on our minds, only when imagination sees invested, with all the reality of flesh and blood, the men and women of each succeeding generation. We must see them in their life and in their death. We must see them, when lying down and when rising up, in the house and in the field, at their tables and at their altars, hoping, fearing, loving, hating,—in every variety of employment, and under the influence of every emotion. Above all must we see them in their domestic relations. The family, concentrating its influences upon individuals, and reflecting them throughout the entire atmosphere of social life, must, through living examples, reveal the secrets of its power. Thus only can we attain to a full acquaintance with man's nature, the same in its leading elements through all time, but presenting, from age to age, new phases and developments.

There remains, then, for the Novel, when viewed in its relations to history, a two-fold office: it must assist in filling up that picture, of which history affords the outline, but which history, unaided, cannot complete; and it must give to its creations an individuality, which history does not even attempt. This office the Novel shares, to a limited extent, with biography. To this species of composition it bears a strong analogy, both in purpose and construction. But biography labors under many disadvantages, from which the Novel is free. The lives the former seeks to re-produce, are not those best illustrating the life of the people, in the representation of which history is principally deficient. It selects its subjects, not for those qualities and circumstances in which they resemble other men, but for those in which they differ from them. The personage, around whom all the interest of the story centres, is most frequently chosen for his participation in those great scenes and events, to which the attention of the historian is chiefly directed. His private life, which is, after all, not the private

life of other men, occupies only a secondary place. Then, that tendency to adulation, which is the proverbial weakness of Biography, must greatly mar the usefulness of its characters as representatives. The position of those to whom the office of biographer is, for the most part, confided, renders this characteristic almost inevitable. The friend views not the life of his friend with the eyes of other men; the disciple records, with unquestioning admiration, the opinions of his master. And let the biographer be impartial. Let him have, moreover, that faith in the character of his hero, or that disregard of the claims of private life, which shall make him willing to disclose all its secrets to the public eye. How little, after all, of that life, shut out from the world's inspection, and left without any immediate record, can be identified and re-produced in its original vividness and interest. How few of those conversations, in which the character of the man involuntarily shone forth, can, after the lapse of years, be even partially recalled.

To the Novel, then, we must still look, for the most complete supplement to history. And, to this purpose, we can hardly conceive of any species of composition more admirably adapted. From its very nature, it will be successful, only as it gives to all its creations an intense individuality. To embody principles in facts, to invest with a living personality the results of observation upon character and manners, is its peculiar office. Unlike biography, its subjects are taken from every condition in life. All descriptions of men and women, whom God has created and society moulded, find here an appropriate representation. Characters, of a genus common, even in common life, details insufferably tedious if admitted into biography, it contrives to clothe with interest. To this interest several features contribute; features which, at the same time, enhance its value as a picture of human life.

Skillful imitation of nature's models, wherever found, has, in itself, an irresistible charm. "A touch of nature makes the whole world kin." We exult in our capacity for its appreciation. We sympathize with the exertion of human power; we delight in the results which that power achieves. From its great diversity of character and incident, and from that close conformity to nature, which we shall see to be its first essential, the Novel affords this pleasure in its highest perfection.

But, chief among all its sources of interest is, the part it assigns to a single passion. Love, that mutual love which God's goodness has planted in the heart of man and woman, that it may spring up with

immortal vigor, blending their life and making it all beautiful and holy,—this is the central and motive power of the Novel. With its development and issues, all else is closely connected. Nor is this unnatural. Disguise it as you will, this is, of all passions, the most universal and controlling. In every day life, we fail to recognize its inherent and all-pervading power. Its native instinct is concealment. It thrives in secret. Only here and there, when its natural course is obstructed, does it appear in all its majesty, or all its fury, stronger than death, equally powerful to bless and to curse, to elevate and to destroy. But it glows none the less in the life blood of every age. All the sons and daughters of men, sooner or later, own its sway. It creates and presides over the family, where all life has its origin, and in which all life, individual or social, is fashioned, for better or for worse. In the Novel, the latent workings of this all-powerful passion are brought to light. The romantic coloring which it secretly communicates to common life, but which does not appear upon its surface, invests the entire narrative with beauty and interest.

And so we have, throughout, a deeper insight into character than we can attain in real life; a deeper insight than biography can afford. We see not merely actions, but all the complex motives from which they spring. From that careful study of character, and that patient waiting for its development, in the slow progress of events, which are necessary in real life, we are entirely free. The sacredness with which private life is justly invested, in the eyes of the biographer, presents no obstacle to the Novelist. The family circle has no secrets which he may not reveal. Most important of all, however, in this connection, is the facility with which the Novel combines narrative and dialogue. Human speech, decry it as you will, is the true vehicle and representative of human passion. Only in the exercise of this, his great prerogative, does the spirit within the man shine forth. Then, and not till then, you may presume to pass judgment upon him. Above all in conversation, where mind enters into familiar intercourse with mind, does character become luminous, and its secret recesses unfold for our inspection. And so, fictitious dialogue is the open door, through which we are admitted to an intimate acquaintance with fictitious characters. Here all is vivid and life-like. Everything passing as it does, through the medium of an imagined mind, must bear its impress and coloring. From the fullness of the heart, each individual speaks for himself, utters his own sentiments in the style which nature and education have given him, pleads his own cause according to his own perception and estimate of human motives. In these imaginary conver-

sations, too, each individual is placed in that situation which will best reveal his secret springs of action. All things conspire to lead him to self-betrayal.

This conversational element, which we have seen to be so powerful, enters into the Novel as naturally, and in such proportions, as it enters into real life. In the drama this is the one all sufficient source of interest. In the Novel it is but one in a numerous assemblage. This fundamental difference between the Novel and the drama, in connection with the results flowing from it, is finely illustrative of the true character of the former.

The drama, striking and profound as are its exhibitions of human nature, is not a faithful representation of human life. Even fully to trace for us the gradual development of character is beyond its power. It singles out those scenes which are best adapted to the display of character. It opens wide that channel, through which passion is wont most fully and forcibly to assert itself. It may, it does, depict with almost inimitable truth successive stages of development. But the slow transition from one of these stages to another it can only suggest. In the representation of ideal characters this is all that is called for; and here the drama is without a rival. But the development that goes on in actual life, the multiplied and complex influences, which keep ceaseless watch over the growth of the soul struggling through the world, it does not thoroughly unfold. The long chain of minute circumstances, which mysteriously linked together constitute human life, the Novel alone can fitly describe. To bring to light their hidden connection, to trace the marks which each is sure to leave upon character, is its peculiar office.

In this instance, as in every instance, it is to no single feature, however expressive or attractive, that the Novel owes its superiority in truthfulness and interest. It is the result of a happy combination; a combination in which it copies after and reflects human life.

Its variety is the inexhaustible variety of nature herself. Every phase of life, every modification of character, has here its appropriate representation. To this representation all the means of expression known to literature,—descriptions, reflections, dialogue, narrative—all contribute. It withdraws the veil which separates the visible from the invisible in man's existence. It unites his outer and inner life, revealing their connection and mutual influence. It discloses sources of interest so exhaustless, that all its minuteness of detail cannot weary us. From this infinite variety of character and incident and expression, it selects and combines as Nature, the great model, dictates. Thus the Novel

becomes, in its truest form, a complete picture of individual and domestic life. It supplements history, filling up its vast outline, and affording a faithful transcript of human character as moulded by the varying circumstances of each succeeding age.



Baucis and Philemon.

A TRANSLATION.

ONCE on a time,—'twas long ago,
So Ovid wrote, who ought to know—
Upon a wet and cheerless day,
The mighty Jove betook his way,
With his son Hermes as a guide,
Over the hills so bleak and wide
Of Phrygia. The travelers,
As poor benighted wanderers,
At many a door had vainly sought
For shelter from the chilling blast,
And rain, that fell so hard and fast;—
The dwellers heard but heeded not,
And rudely turned the gods away,
Nor showed them hospitality.

At length a lowly cot they reached,—
Its walls were bare, its roof was thatched—
Where Baucis, an old pious dame,
Who neither knew nor cared for fame,
Dwelt with Philemon,—a true wife—
Much loved and loving all her life.

When the heavenly guests drew near the cot,
And bowed beneath the lowly door,
Philemon quickly benches brought,
Offered them shelter as they sought,
And a hearty welcome worth far more.
While Baucis with good haste, began
To light the fire upon the hearth
With leaves and faggots, and to fan

The embers with her scanty breath.
Then from their little garden spot,
Which scarce supplied their daily store,
They gathered roots, and heeded not
Their needs, when others needed more.
But glad their simple board they spread,
With honey, and a bowl of wine;
And kind and cheering words they said,
As to the feasts their guests they led,
By the blazing knot of pine.

Now the feast at best was a simple one,
But showed a hospitable will;
In his mem'ry book Jove wrote it down,
And there you'll find it written still.—
Written along with many an other
Record like this,—pure deeds of love—
For the poor are but giving gifts to Jove
When they cheer and bless a needy brother.—

And while they sat by the blazing pine,
Feasting their guests with the ruddy wine,
Nor thought of favor nor reward,
In trembling fear, they saw, aghast!
No matter how oft the cups were passed,
The bowl kept full of its own accord.
Then first they recognized each guest,
And piously together kneeled,
With suppliant hands for a repast
So mean, for pardon both appealed.

By chance they kept one poor lone goose,
That shared their morsel and their house;
Philemon, then, to make amends,
Would sacrifice it for his friends;
And straightway seized it, but the bird
At being sacrificed demurred,
And fleeing from his feeble hand,
Between the gods it took its stand.
Who, e're it could be caught again,
Forbade the poor bird to be slain.
Then, turning on the trembling pair
Benignant looks, that soothed their fear,
They bid them listen.

“ We are gods!

And this unfriendly land shall pay
For all the harsh and selfish words,
That greeted us this dreary day.

Quit now your cottage, and with us,
Climb to the top of yonder hill;
For those shall meet a direful curse,
Who treat their needy brothers ill."

Philemon quick with staff obeyed,
And taking Baucis by the hand,
Together they the steep essayed,
Willing to do the gods command.
And when within an arrow's flight
Of resting, turned themselves to take
One farewell look adown the height,
They saw the land sunk in a lake.

Their cot alone remained. And while
They gazed, scarce crediting the sight,
It changed into a lofty pile,
And a huge Temple reared its height!
The corner-posts were turned to stone,
And into fluted pillars grew;
The thatch turned yellow, till it shone
A gilded roof, of brilliant hue.
The floors were marble, dazzling white,
And glistened on their wondering sight.
The entrance way was massive and bold,
And the doors were plated o'er with gold.

Jove saw their wonder, then drew near,
And bade them ask without a fear
Whatever favor they might choose,
And he their prayer would not refuse.
Philemon counselled first a space
With Baucis, then told their desires:
"To dwell as priests in the sacred place,
And keep alive its altar fires.
And since we've passed so many years,
And shared together our joys and tears,
We ask, when death comes by and by,
We both the self same hour may die."

Their prayer was granted. Many a year
They kept the sacred temple there,
Honored throughout a pious life,—
Philemon, and his loving wife!—
At length one day, when very old,
Standing beside the open door,
Telling the change, an oft told tale,
How the Temple looked long years before,
Baucis began to put forth leaves,

Like shoots upon the poplar trees ;
And old Philemon's hair, as sheaves,
Grew twig-like, waving in the breeze.
Their bodies stiffened, and their feet,
Like oaken trunks, branched into roots.
And stretching out their arms to greet
Each other, these, e're they could meet,
Were limbs, with bark, and slender shoots !
A leafy crown waved on each head
Like branches of a Summer's growth :
"Farewell!" "Farewell!" they barely said,
And the rugged bark closed up their mouth !

The shepherds of Tyanea,
Still show to the pious traveler,
The two trees standing side by side,
Where the worthy couple lived and died.

The Cruise of the Mazeppa.

REST is an imperative decree of nature to man. Nor to the student ever does it seem more desirable, than after long weeks of toil and vexation on the mathematical tasks of Sophomore year. It was at the close of the last Summer term, that a party of Sophs, worn out by constant cramming for "Biennial,"—that much dreaded ordeal and fearful barrier to the pleasures of Junior ease,—embarked at "Long Wharf" in the sloop "Mazeppa," of thirty tons, for a two weeks cruise. There is no authentic log-book of the voyage extant; hence, all statements must be solely from memory, and if the reader should be prone to regard any of them as bordering on the improbable, he must appeal, for confirmation, to those of our party now at "Yale." We employed a large crew for manning the sloop, consisting, all told, of a Captain and one man. It is here absolutely indispensable, that one should become fully cognizant with the characteristics of our commander, in order to appreciate his real worth. When perfectly erect, his altitude might have been five feet ten; but, in his natural

position, his sphere formed a beautiful parabolic curve, inclining forward at about the same angle, as the statue of "Atlas," with the world's weight resting on his back. His general physiognomy was striking in the extreme; naturally of light complexion, but somewhat browned, by constant exposure to the elements,—his countenance lighted up with orange-colored freckles,—and the features admirably set off by a huge, fiery beard, radiating from each side, like the halo of the sun, as represented in the antique paintings of Dutch artists. In outward appearance, indeed, not very prepossessing; yet he appeared to us as a man of not very firm purpose, not so ignorant as to be obstinate, not so intelligent as to be our superior. The second and last man of the crew, needs but a word of description; he was of good personal appearance, and by his efforts in our behalf—his marine yarns, jolly disposition and entertaining ways, soon won the favor and commendation of all.

But to return from our digression. At half-past eleven, on the evening of August first, the sloop, which, for a long time, had been imbedded in the blue mud, by the influx of the tide swung free. For more than two hours we had been patiently watching the rising of the water, each eager to leave these classic shades, and let study give place to fun. At last she floats. Man the ropes, unfurl the sail, hoist the jib, came forth, in stentorian voice, from our Captain. All took hold of the work with a will. By dint of great perseverance and nautical skill, we moved slowly along, just grazing the dingy barks moored by the wharf. At last we are in the open stream. The moon favored us with her cheering beams; and with glad hearts and a refreshing breeze, we sailed gaily along. Gradually, the stately buildings and lofty spires receded from view, and with many a College tune, we bade them, for a time, farewell. As the hours sped on, one by one our party sought rest, until, at last, the helmsman and myself were the sole occupants of the deck. In a short time, the medley of voices had entirely ceased, the glim was doused, and "Morpheus" held them all in his pleasant embrace. Creeping quietly below, I felt from bunk to bunk, hoping, perchance, to find some place to stretch my limbs, but all in vain. Every square foot was pre-occupied; much chagrined at the prospects of a night's rest, I felt my way back, through pitchy darkness, as best I could, ever and anon stumbling over some animate man, snoring sonorously on the floor; from which many were the anathemas hurled against me, for my disturbance at that unseemly hour. In behalf of the sloop's quiet, I laid myself down in a well-compacted heap, in the very tracks where I had first stood; thinking

over volumes, and expecting to dream encyclopædias relative to my lot.

Morning at length came; the floor men were the first to rise; every bone in their bodies telling a fearful tale of the violent onsets their physical frames had made with the sloop's adamantine boards during the night. The sun had completed a goodly portion of its wonted round, ere the occupants of the births, in squads of two or more, began to appear; and by the aristocratic hour of ten, all were on deck. A graphic narrative of the night's sufferings, by the floor men, ensued, when, of a sudden, stirring appeals were made to the larder, for the refreshment of the inner man. Who should be the cook? Some two or three kindly volunteered, (an act, by the way, not occurring during the remainder of the voyage,) not from any professional skill in the culinary art, but, as we sometimes say, to "preserve peace in the family." Potatoes were not long in forthcoming. Eagerly they set about peeling and slicing. Ham, we had in abundance; cutting this in generous slices, they placed it in a long iron pan, filling up the interstices with the sliced potatoes. A fresh breeze, blowing at the time, made an inclined plane of the deck, so that the entire cooking apparatus forsook its horizontal position, thus distributing, unequally, both gravity and heat. The caterers having decided that our meal was ready, forthwith fifteen hungry-mouthed individuals, in prison file, each equipped with tin pan, mug, and sheath knife, with the names of their respective owners artistically carved, with pen-knife ingenuity, marched up to receive their rations. We had provided no table, so that all ensconced themselves as best they could; some in oriental style, others on the boxes and chests around. It was here that was enacted the first grand scene of our two weeks drama; suddenly transformed from dinners of three courses at "Yale," at which napkins and napkin rings, plated knives and forks abound, to a sloop with its bare deck and sea-faring repast, we presented a spectacle at once novel and ludicrous. To the epicure, our bill of fare gave but little room for choice. Eat, or starve, was the only alternative. With many grimaces and very wry faces, that beggar description, the more dainty forced down the unpalatable morsels, amid the laughter of the rest. It was ham cooked to suit; each piece had three distinct qualities; toughness, pliancy and crudeness; this, with an allowance of ale,—for we took along a barrel, for its medicinal properties, and from the concurrent testimony of our party, (among whom was a son of a physician,) that it was frequently given to patients, when in a convalescent state—formed the principal meal.

The sloop had, in the mean time, been making fair progress, and the evening of the third day found us safely moored at "Mystic." Hither we had come to procure ice. Our Captain, with uxorious affection, took a bee-line for his cottage; and it was only by dispatching two of our company, of well-tryed muscle, around, with a writ of "habeas corpus," that we were enabled to continue on our course. Our meals, for the first one or two days, had been prepared by the same cooks, but, with a changed bill of fare,—for ale, we substituted tea and coffee; in place of ham and fried potatoes, we breakfasted, dined and supped, on fried potatoes and ham. After each meal, pipes and tobacco were brought into requisition. From Mystic, we sailed all night, taking a direct course for "Montauk." Our volunteer cooks now revolted; a meeting was convened, at which it was unanimously agreed, that each should do his share at cooking, and take his turn in sleeping on the floor. Early next morn, our sloop lay off "Montauk," tossing about in a heavy swell, careening to such a degree, that equilibrium, on deck, was next to impossible. It was here that we intended to fish. So, baiting our hooks, we threw them over the side, and soon transferred a large number of the finny tribe from their element. But this piscatorial sport soon assumed another phase; the constant reeling of the sloop, occasioned that well-known nausea among our amateur fishermen, so that they soon wound up their lines, and, leaning over the side, wished, not like "Xerxes," that the sea should be whipped, but to vent their indigestion upon it. The Captain immediately turned the prow toward the shore, and anchored within thirty rods of land.

"Montauk Point" is a dreary place; scarcely a single tree grows upon it. It seemed like one vast, grazing plain, for as far as the eye could reach, immense herds of cattle could be seen, of all sizes, from the tender calf to the full-grown ox. Some of our party, incited by the odor of fresh meat, went ashore, and with a round piece of *plumbum*, aided by the expansive force of a few grains of powder, brought to an untimely end the plumpest calf of the herd. For the next two days, our meals varied, with roast veal, stewed veal, and veal soup; fried fish, broiled fish, minced fish, and chowder. Making sail in the afternoon, our course was direct for "Block Island." This isle has a population of about fifteen hundred. It maintains three hotels, two grocery stores, and a diminutive Post Office. At one of the public houses, there were several young ladies; from whom, after self-introductions and much explanation as to the object of our mission, we received a cordial welcome. Arrangements were made for a hop on the following eve. We, on our part, to contract with a violinist,

they, to invite in the fairest of the fair on the isle. During the interval of the next morning and afternoon, we spent our time in catching blue fish, which, at that season, were very plenty. By night, nearly two barrels of the blue specimen were on board. And, though our hands were lacerated by the constant wear of the lines, and bodies somewhat fatigued with the work, still, the dance was not forgotten. Arrayed in fishing attire, with sheath knives fastened by a belt around the waist, we started for the ball. The usual stiff ceremony of introduction being over, affairs assumed a lively appearance; and not until having exhausted the entire catalogue of Polka's and Quadrilles, at a little after two the next morning, did we retire to rest.

From "Block Island," we sailed to "Newport," entering the harbor just at dusk. The scenery was grand; verdant lawns sloping gently from the hillsides, to the water's edge, were met by the rolling surf below. "Fort Adams," with its massive front, loomed up majestically from the opposite shore. The old Constitution, the relic of 1812, the nursery of naval discipline, lay quietly at anchor, its deck and yards crowded with the youthful cadets. We remained at this watering place nearly ten days, visiting all places of interest, and among them, the old stone tower, the theme of "Longfellow's" poetic effort. When the hour agreed upon to make sail had arrived, our Captain was nowhere to be found; accordingly, allowing him thirty minutes grace, and then not appearing, we weighed anchor, and sailed for "Fall River." A fresh breeze and steady wind brought us, at eve, to our desired haven. Some of the party amused themselves by a general survey of the city, while the rest passed the time more quietly over whist and eucher. The next morning, just after breakfast, some one gave the alarm, that the Captain was coming. All rushed on deck. Through the aid of the glass, we descried a well-jaded looking individual, his face flushed with anger, and personating, in every way, the character of the Captain. What could we do? The storm was well-nigh upon us. Some one aptly suggested that we bluff him. It was adopted. Hardly had he approached within hearing distance, when, from a dozen voices went forth the threat, to hang him from the yard arm. For full twenty minutes they assailed him thus, with direful schemes of torture, until, at last, the heroic Captain, unable, though with repeated effort, to let loose his torrent of anger, was completely cowed, and going below, gave orders to sail. He afterwards admitted, to one of the party, that he had the fixed resolve, before he came on board, of taking the sloop directly home, and thus break up the

trip; but that the scheme we had adopted was more potent than he could bear.

From "Fall River," our course lay direct for "Tarpaulin Cove." On our way we were escorted by large shoals of porpoises, some of which, in their gambols before the bow, would throw themselves entirely from the water, then, darting beneath the waves, appear again at some distance off. One of our party shot, with his rifle, many times at them, but the porpoise, in each case, occupied the safest position, and vanished at the explosion, unharmed. At "Tarpaulin" a party went ashore to hunt the deer, quail and partridge, which were said there to abound. In about three hours they returned, well laden with mutton, having seen, as they said, no living thing, save two lambs, quietly feeding in a valley, both of which they bagged; running down the one, and shooting the other. After this predatory incursion on private property, thinking the place was growing too warm for safety, we induced the Captain, by many a hobgoblin tale as to what would become of him if the residents should enter complaint, to sail directly for "Martha's Vineyard." Saturday eve found us anchored at "Tisbury." Here we met another party from Yale, like ourselves, bound on the same mission of pleasure. Sunday, we attended church with the Methodists, and listened to a powerful abolition speech from "Gov. Andrew." Camp meeting life, though somewhat monotonous, was far from being attended with that looseness of morals that one might expect.

Monday night, some of our party left the sloop at dusk, to make a land survey; returning, at dead of night, laden with several chickens, and one superannuated hen; owing to the lateness of the hour, no questions were asked as to the price paid, nor in reference to the quarter from which they were obtained. Tuesday morn, we bade the Methodists farewell, and sailed for "Edgartown," intending to try our fortune at shark fishing, prior to returning home, but, the wind dying away, our course was changed for "New Haven." We made several stops on the homeward route, but having already taxed your patience to an unwarranted length, I pass them by. Suffice it to say, we reached the City of Elms in safety, resembling more, in personal appearance, a band of southern refugees, than Yale Students.

It was, without doubt, the jolliest two weeks I have ever spent. Fifteen men, so closely quartered, each jostling the other at every move—laboring more for side-splitting jokes than brain-rending theorems, could not but excite the risibilities of all. There was the standard joke, of crackers and lard, of which your humble servant was the

unwilling victim, the two hours jig on the fore deck, by D—s, the hairbreadth escape of L—d, on the bowsprit—the firing of I—s rifle—the mysterious disappearance of the Captain's pudding, with countless other tricks, enough to move to laughter a perfect stoic.

As we neared home, all confessed to have enjoyed the trip, hugely, save the Captain. He was a perfect Rip-van-winkle on sleep; he declared, just before landing, that he would sooner beg bread from house to house, than accompany another party of students on another excursion, enumerating, among his grievances, that he had scarcely enjoyed two hours sleep on any night—that, with unheard of impudence, we left him behind at Newport—that frequently, through our fickleness, rousing him from his slumbers, he had been compelled, at midnight, to make sail—that at “Tivertown,” we had cheated him of his share of the pudding, by sending him to gather berries, in a locality where we knew none grew—that, in brief, he had been tumbled around during the entire voyage, more like a bale of cotton than a human being.

In closing this narrative, permit me to add a few suggestions, for the benefit of those who may be inclined to adopt this mode of travel, by way of respite from labor: 1st.—Make no contracts with lazy and inactive Captains; for inactivity is contagious, and will soon pervade the whole ship. 2d.—Procure your stock of fresh meat at the *market*; for, though starvation may palliate the crime of theft, still, the above mode is the more honorable. 3d.—Take with you a professional cook; for, though students may be credited with some degree of intelligence, experience proves, they do not excel in the culinary art.

* * * K.

Strategy.

ONE of the greatest humbugs our present war has tended to develop, is the principle, that the common people are unqualified to appreciate, or to express an intelligent opinion upon military movements.

It is based upon the assumption, that, since war is a profound science, and requires long study and extensive experience, for the thor-

ough mastery of its theory, none but those who have made considerable attainment in the pursuit, are competent to judge of its results. Now, this assumption is contrary both to reason and analogy.

The theories and principles of a science are necessarily abstract, and, to many minds, difficult of comprehension, but the results of the practice of theories are, in their nature, concrete and tangible.

The world is full of illustrations of the fact, that common minds can apply theories and principles which it has cost some individual years of patient investigation to discover. Comparatively few persons appreciate the amount of labor and care required in the preparation of that common convenience, the Almanac, and fewer still could perform the operations for themselves, without long and wearisome study, and yet the others are none the less qualified to employ it for its appropriate use, or to judge of its value.

The common people have been accustomed to express opinions and pass judgments upon the military movements of great armies, and the military ability of great generals, in our own and other lands, yet have never felt, until now, that they were transcending their appropriate sphere. The numerous histories of the great men and great events of past centuries, written by authors of opposing theories, and supporting conflicting views, had furnished the people with material for exercising intelligent criticism upon very many points of military strategy. The merest school-boy could point out the wisdom of the campaign of Hannibal, in the north of Italy, compared with the campaign from the more obvious base of operations in the South; and tell in what consisted the changes in military tactics, which were introduced by Frederic the great, of Prussia, and were perfected by Napoleon. The well wrought tales of those old conflicts furnished delight, not only by their vivid delineations of heroic deeds, and the portrayal of the power and glory, as well as sufferings of war, but also by the intellectual stimulus they afforded to the mind seeking to know the causes of the war, the theories of the campaigns, the plans of the battles, and the nature of the results achieved. Now, therefore, when a conflict of vast proportions and deeply interesting character sprang up in our midst, the people naturally felt that they had a peculiar right to estimate results as they transpired from week to week.

This was especially their prerogative, because they had assumed the war, and made it their own; they had employed agents to prosecute the work, and had furnished, as the means of its prosecution, their own immense, voluntary contribution of treasure, and more precious offering of youthful life.

They did not claim the right of laying the plans and directing operations; they only wished to know that efficient plans were being laid, and to be trusted with the knowledge of results. But, from the very first, there has been a studied attempt to throw an air of mystery about all the plans and movements of the grand army. Had this been for the purpose of concealment from the enemy, the people would not have complained, but rather hailed it as the brightest omen of the whole situation. But the enemy plainly knew everything, while the mystery and secrecy affected only those who lived on this side of the Potomac. While the importunate appeal was made for vigorous action of some kind, the mysterious and continued response from head-quarters was, that vast "strategetic combinations" were in progress, and "plans for bagging the enemy" were certain to be carried out.

At last, after weeks and months of most patient waiting, the unwilling conviction forced itself upon the public mind, that the boasted strategy was a cheat and a sham, and that the daily announcement of "All quiet along the lines," indicated the repose of imbecility, or something worse.

Still patient and trustful, the people looked sadly upon the ever-increasing difficulties in the way of the accomplishment of the few simple plans they had cherished, and hoped the best for the future.

It is singular how uniformly results have proved the general correctness of these intuitions of the people in regard to military movements. The cry of "onward to Richmond" was participated in by many, who afterward shirked the responsibility for it; and yet, it is now morally certain, that if the advance had taken place immediately after the capture of Alexandria, the army might have celebrated the Fourth of July in Richmond, and have buried the skeleton of the rebellion before the succeeding January. The plan of the people contemplated the sending of an expedition to the southern coast, months before it actually sailed; and had their plans been carried out, a brief, energetic campaign would have given us, instead of a comparatively barren victory, the possession of the two chief cities of the region which had been, from the first, the most essential breathing holes of the rebellion. The people had hoped for an early opening of the Mississippi to the ordinary uses of commerce, and events have since shown that the work would have been a comparatively easy one, even after the delay required for the most elaborate preparations. In all these, and a score of minor plans, the people were disappointed; and yet, their practical wisdom has been again and again demonstrated.

With a multitude of facts of this kind before us, may we not inquire what are the popular views of strategy, and upon what are they based. Strategy is defined to be, generalship, the science of military command, or of directing great military movements.

The first requisite in strategy, in the popular estimation, is sound common sense. No amount of military education, or military experience, will compensate for the absence of this essential quality. Without it, a man may make an excellent engineer, or even a splendid tactician, but he can never make a good general.

Before this simple test, how the high sounding pretensions of many of our so-called generals, and much of the sublime nonsense about "strategy," and "strategic combinations," melt like frost-work in the vernal sun. How supremely ridiculous, viewed in this light, was the "anaconda theory," of crushing the rebellion. As though twelve millions of people, of whom more than one-third were inured to the most severe toil, in a region of great fertility, could be starved out by a war of posts. The theory carried us back to the old methods of making war, whose folly was demonstrated by Frederic the Great, and which were utterly swept away by the energy of great commanders succeeding him.

As matters for the exercise of plain common sense, how utterly contemptible was all the early policy of our generals, in regard to the political questions which had been dragged into the war, and particularly in regard to that large class of people who were the unwilling opposers of the government. As though it was not the plainest dictate of reason, to say nothing of military policy, that every man willing to cease helping the rebels, should be invited to do so, and be given the opportunity to serve the Union, with axe, or spade, or rifle, as expediency might dictate.

There is something peculiarly interesting, in this view, in those plain simple words, uttered early in the conflict, "And their slaves, if they have any, shall be free;" compared with those other words, uttered on the James River, when necessity had forced an unwilling assent to the principle so obscurely set forth, "And they hereby receive assurances of permanent military protection against an involuntary return to a condition of servitude."

In addition to the sound judgment and practical wisdom implied in common sense, the popular estimate of good generalship implies *brains*. The work of planning and executing an extended military campaign, is probably the severest tax which can be put upon the human intel-

lect, and nowhere will the weakling, or sham pretender, be more certainly detected. It was a saying of Napoleon, that a genuine plan for a military campaign involved a comprehension of everything the enemy could possibly do, and a preparation to meet him in every possible movement. The statement of the problem, for such campaigns as our civil war involves, would appall any man who did not feel that profound self-reliance and genuine inspiration, which are only the portion of the real genius. It involves a complete and minute understanding of his own resources, and those of the enemy; a transfer of himself, in thought, to the camp of the enemy, so as to appreciate every purpose and wish of his, with the character of his leaders: an intimate acquaintance with the character of a large number of his own officers, who must be constantly trusted with the greatest responsibilities; a calm foresight of the multitude of contingencies which may arise; with the consequent changes of plans, upon both sides, which they may involve, and the constant attention to the minutiae of the situation; and, to crown all, the almost super-human skill required, to arrange and fight a decisive battle.

No wonder that many of our campaigns have miserably failed, conducted, as they notoriously have been, by men of ordinary minds, especially, when their intellects have been clouded by whiskey and champagne, to say nothing of more overpowering stimulants.

Another requisite, in the people's estimate of a good general, is *energy*. This is a crowning excellence, for it comprehends genuine courage, indomitable will, unwearied patience and fiery zeal. It is this quality which is most conspicuous in gaining and maintaining solid results, making campaigns short and decisive. It received its best illustration in the career of the inimitable Napoleon. It has been the most manifest deficiency in the leading generals of our own armies. All other faults might have been remedied or excused, had not this been added to them. Our leaders' plans may have lacked practical wisdom; they may have been deficient in the qualities a strong intellect would have imparted to them; but had they been put into rapid, terrible execution, all might not have been well, but all would have been much better than present results manifest. It was another of those terse maxims of that master of military science, that a campaign once entered upon, must be carried through, at all hazards. The attempt to correct and improve, when half accomplished, was, in his judgment, the most fatal course to be taken. There are, doubtless, exceptions; such as that terrible blunder of the Peninsula campaign

of the Potomac army; but, as a general rule, the past year of our war attests its correctness.

These are some of the most essential qualities of a genuine strategist, viewed from a civilian's stand point; may we not inquire whether we have any generals who can meet these requirements. Of one thing we may be certain; either they are few in number, or have had little opportunity of displaying their power; probably both are true. We may be rash in alluding, first, to that one who was first relieved from duty, and who has been out of service most of the time since; but if the opinion of enemies, in such a matter, is of any value, we have abundant evidence, that no single name is so feared and hated in rebellion as his. That their opinion is entitled to some weight, is evidenced by his early appreciation of the magnitude of the contest; by his plain matter of fact way of dealing with the great issue; by his comprehensive plan for the western campaign, since carried out by others, after months of disaster; by his originating and equipping that terrible gun-boat fleet; by the rapidity and success of the last movements of the "hundred days," and by the impetuous energy which conducted that forced march over the mountains of Western Virginia, and chased the redoubtable Stonewall, with twice his force, out of the Shenandoah Valley. That he accomplished so much, with so few means, is his glory; that he has not accomplished more, we believe, is owing to lack of opportunity; and, while he might have failed, upon longer trial and more extended service, that he *has* failed, in a single instance, has not been shown.

There is another name closely allied to his; that of a man who approaches nearer to our idea of a genuine strategist than any other man in the service. It is the little German, Sigel. Tried and proved, in a masterly campaign, in the old world, in the revolution of 1848; achieving, in that week of victorious retreat, a hated notoriety, he has here, in the face of discouragement and opposition, gained a reputation and a hold upon the affections of the people, equally dreaded by envious rivals. He has performed nearly all the really strategic movements which have given lustre to the Union arms.

In the midst of all the shams and pretence of strategy, how gleams out that brilliant action at Carthage, and the similar plan, which would have saved the disaster at Wilson's Creek, but for the single mistaken judgment of the noble Lyon. Then came the shrewd management and terrible fighting of Pea Ridge, and later, the strategy of enticing some thousands of rebels across the Rappahannock, and then "demoralizing the bridge" behind them, fulfilling, for once, the oft repeat-

ed promise of "bagging the enemy." In courage, in modesty and certainty, in shrewdness, he has no superior in the army.—Another man we *had*, who was every inch a general. Science lost a great light, when that eye which had so often penetrated the remotest space in her service, grew dim to all earthly scenes; but the Union lost a greater general, when Mitchell laid him down to die, in his southern exile. In all the qualities of a good commander, he stood among the first. In intellect, in practical skill, in enthusiastic devotion to the cause, in fiery energy and impatient dash, he had no superior.

There is a comical old fellow, just now exercising a mild and gentle reign over the southern metropolis, who has not a few of the elements of a superior general. His circumventing the rebels of Baltimore, and turning up in Washington, "via Annapolis," thus saving the three cities from destruction, was a piece of genuine strategy, for which he never received due credit.

His "contraband" decision, the cool impudence with which he called up the Secretary of the navy, at midnight, to tell him of his Hatteras success, and some of his more recent jokes at New Orleans, will never be surpassed. His partial failure at Fortress Munroe, owing to his love of the "ardent," has been atoned for, if such faults can be atoned for, by his present entire abstinence, for the sake of his men and the cause; an instance of sacrifice all the more commendable for its rarity.

But the chief interest of the present time gathers about the new leader of the Potomac army. Tried in every position, and found wanting in none; overcoming all obstacles, by an almost dogged obstinacy of purpose; filled with zeal for the cause, he had fully earned his present proud position. That he will prove, in any respect, incompetent, or unworthy of the high trust reposed in him, no one can believe.

Thus, with the removal of the "augurs which will not bore," passes away, we trust, the days of the old, heart-sickening strategy, which, by excess in caution, threw away the opportunities for splendid achievement, and wasted the energies and lives of two of the noblest armies the world ever saw. No more a war of posts, the spades pass to the rear; it will no longer be the ambition of our leaders to remain in a "safe" position.

The omens are all propitious; a righteous cause has incidentally become still more sacred, by allying to its support millions of oppressed men, who will strike effective blows for its success.

The nation is placing itself upon one of the grand pinnacles of his-

tory; "and if the halo which surrounds it on that summit, is tinged with a reddened light, reflected from many a bloody field, it will come, not from the setting sun, but will be the light of a new and glorious morning, which will illuminate the world." C. W. F

Bores.

BEFORE discussing a subject of such grave importance, and one so fraught with interest to every lover of his species, it might be as well to state, that the faculty of being bored is not inherent to every mind. Not every person is susceptible to the keen anguish produced upon individuals, unfortunately sensitive, by this most dire affliction. Any one really alive to this nuisance, had better never be born. If such an one rashly allows himself to see the light, idiocy, early death, or the insane asylum, present to him their horrid alternations. Such a person was the gifted Englishman, who, being tired of buttoning his pantaloons, braved the bourne from whence no traveller returns, and committed suicide. Tradition preserves the cause, manner, means and instrument of his death. He first took the offending vesture in his hand. "Vest your earthly happiness," said he, "upon frail fabric like this? Never! Behold the cunningly wroughten buttonhole."—he should have said cloth, which was, we believe, somewhat decayed, having been in his possession some ten years—"but in hole like this I never more will spend my precious moments. Observe the artful button, 'tis round, like every emblem of great mystery. Foul circle, I will be square with thee, though thou be not squared. Once more into the breach." He said no more, but shuffled off this mortal coil.

But to return to our subject. Having premised that all are not equally fortunate, as to *bore-power*, as we define susceptibility to being bored, we shall dissect our subject, trusting to exhibit matters sufficient to alarm the credulous public, and put them on their guard against the ravenous bore, which assumes so many forms, that it is frequently not recognized but by its grievous raids.

Bores, then, are of numerous kinds. We will confine ourselves to those ranging in Alma Mater's precincts, defiling all they touch. These are subdivided into Bores scholastic, Bores foppish, Bores talkative, Bores drunken, Bores puritanical, Bores canonical, Bores collegiate, Bores feminine, and Bores private and particular. Lastly, we propose to speak of a few Bores in a general way.

The Bore scholastic is found extensively diffused; that is, poured around, from his habit of poring over his books. He is a needle, pointing, invariably, to his stand, as a loadstone. When you meet him, straightway you feel as if you were being denuded of your cuticle, the particles of which, ranging themselves as iron filings, show his mental curves—we meant, all his idiosyncracies. He discourses of that for which you care not—a rush. He is melancholy over that you rejoice in, when seen under proper circumstances—a fizzle. And the terrible depth of his despair at a flunk, reminds you that you have not come to a realizing sense of your own misfortune in the same line. Yet, nevertheless, the Bore scholastic is a mild type. He is not gregarious, but hunts solitarily and bores himself. Moreover, as the luminary of his fond parents, his feelings should be spared, and no ten strikes made at his gentle pursuits.

Bores foppish are not so numerous, but are more to be dreaded than the Bore scholastic. He spends his time in getting himself up—we do not mean elevated. He is numerous and radiant, as to his integuments; and comes to prayers in kids. Luckily, he speaks but little, or one or two would depopulate a state. He makes conquests among the fair, and promenades Chapel street continually. But enough concerning the disgusting puppy—we could endure everything but his affectation of wit, and his awful self-conceit.

Bores talkative are truly formidable, and, unfortunately, their number is large. This species is supposed to derive its origin from the ancient *Eboracum*. The Bore talkative is a shocking specimen of the abnormal products of civilization. Men fly him as they do the pestilence that walketh by night. He is ever drawing you aside, from some interesting subject, or when you are otherwise engaged, to insinuate some small gag into your reluctant ear. Ere you can withdraw yourself from his tenacious grasp, you perceive, by the shuddering sense of loathing, which pervades your entire system, that you are afflicted with a prodigious Bore. Habet, says the nuisance, he hath it, and seeks new victims.

By Bores drunken, we mean those prowling dervishes, who disturb one's repose in the small hours, by chanting, amorously, the "praises

of their mistresses, luckily absent." We can account for their hallucination on the subject of jollity, solely on the hypothesis of "much thick wine." It is whispered—tell it not in Gath—that Freshmen sing Alma Mater odiously, at the dread hour of twelve. Is it possible that they, so lately emerged from the throbbing bosoms of their families, have progressed so far in crime, that they murder, in the solemn hours of the night, the gems of poesy bequeathed to Alma Mater by her too generous Alumni. We turn from this branch of our subject, with feelings of unfeigned sorrow.—*Dii Meliora.*

Bores puritanical are an innoxious portion of the great family. We trust, that in the hard knocks we have given the others, they will realize our forbearing; for bearing some of this class can hardly be thought of with complacency. These are they of solemn mien, meaning thereby to claim extra credit for unusual piety. The sight of them is disagreeable; however, as their site is confined in its limits, they can be avoided, and are rarely obtrusive.

Bores canonical are, just now, of great interest to the nation, which interest will be greater still to future generations, when they pay the bills of this warrantless war. This class is subdivided into Bores canonical, rampant, ditto ditto, couchant; mortars and howitzers. The first, or flying artillery, are denominated rampant, from an ancient practice among the Dutch, of using played-out inexpressibles, in the dearth of other material for wadding. It is needless to say how much these Bores have injured divers persons feelings. Ditto ditto, couchant, are to be stood in terror of, or, rather, run in terror from.—We have the highest authority for stating, that the effects of these Bores are, in the highest degree, inimical to mental and physical repose. Immense spheroids, weighing hundreds of pounds, are ejected from them, which strike and bruise seriously. We would recommend vinegar and brown paper in case of accident. Mortars are useful, though not pleasant, when in immediate proximity. The mortar can be used in cementing the national bricks, at present slightly disintegrated. More tars will be accepted by the National Government, as they, though frequently nautical, are necessary for the blockade. Aid in blocking the Southern game is all important now. Mortars may be said to be truly eminent, (emanant,) as the lustre of their achievements at New Orleans shines over to other continents. Howitzers are vulgarly called mountain, from their habit, as it were, of mounting the enemy. A Howitzer is fearfully and wonderfully made. *How its sur-passing* qualities are obtained, is not thoroughly understood by the uninitiated public. We understand that old Abe has been telling a mysterious

story about an apple-corer used by his mother-in-law, out West; hence we infer, *a posteriori*, that the circulating water-core is used in the production of this death-dealing weapon. (Vid Spec. cor. Herald, Vol. X, No. 9, p. 183.)

Another canonical Bore can be encountered in country meeting-houses, on warm afternoons. We would recommend lozenges, as a good internal remedy, in cases of sudden danger. As an external application, a gentle closing of the eyes, accompanied by carefully modulated breathing, is a convenient and effectual counter-agent.

Bores collegiate are numerous and ravenous, and should be avoided with care. A voracious one, called early prayers, was lately exterminated by the Faculty. "Senior year;" said a friend, "as I have seen your year is a bore." We agreed with him. So did our chum. That "Biennials are a bore," is a fact known to so few, that we place it on record in the widely circulating columns of the Lit. For various reasons, we will discontinue the consideration of Bores collegiate, here, but will gladly discuss the subject, with any inquiring mind, at our room. Callers will bring a three cent stamp, to cover expenses, *solely*.

On Bores feminine, we had proposed to pour forth our whole soul in winged words; but having lately suffered a severe *cut* of fortune, we fear that we should not discuss this radiation of the subject with that candor and farseeing-clear-mindedness, which has characterized the rest of our treatise. We forbear, in pity for the sex.

Bores private and particular vary, as do the individuals who are blessed with them. Our private Bores are numerous, and peculiar to ourselves. The forgetfulness of our chum, as to his side of the bed, connected with a decided predilection for the middle, is a severe cross. The besotted determination of boot-makers, to refuse credit, causes us frequent tears, and thoughts of suicide; and the imbecile slowness of our Generals, and their adherence to strategy, cause us untold mental exacerbation. Unless something is done soon, we fear, much, we shall tear our undergarments.

On the subject of Bores general, an encyclopedia might be written, and yet leave the half untold. First among them is the license given to old men and small boys, to convert respectable and innoxious dust into wretched and intolerable mud. Let the ladies speak up, and have their voice heard in the land, on this subject. Again, the College pump is a Bore, producing angle-worms and earth, in proportion, inversely, as the sine of the *angle* of the handle is to the force applied by Aquarius.

The everlasting proclivity of oars and oar locks to break, in those pleasing delusions called races, is an exceeding Bore. We dread to hear of a race, for, inevitably, somebody breaks something; somebody is certain the event of the trial would have been different—and the only result is—nothing. Who does not shudder at the very word, “foul.” The class-book of ’63, bids fair to become an awful Bore. Joseph’s coat of many colors would be nothing to it. The great I Am, as evinced in some fellows’ conduct, is a disgusting Bore, and shows the distance of the millennium. The contrariness of things in general, and obstinacy of matters in any direction, is an untold Bore. Why can’t a man’s breakfast come to him, as well as he go to it? There is something radically wrong in the constitution of things, and in weariness of soul we are forced to exclaim, (excuse our cold.) Oh Tempora, Oh Bores.

J. J., JR.

Red, White and Blue.

White snow upon the field and fold
 Upon the hills, across the wood
 Where the strong oak-leaves long have stood
 Against the winter’s frost and cold.

Blue sky above them, looking down
 Where whitened slopes and meadows lay
 With promise of such glorious day
 As never tarries with the morn.

Red blood of those who fought and fell
 To guard our cherished flag from wrong;
 Of whom we say, Their vigil long
 Has closed at last and all is well.

Blue sky still spreading calmly o’er;
 White snow now reddened from the fight,
 And one upon the captured height,
 Whose stiffened limbs shall move no more.

Fit death for one so brave and true!
 No need of any carven stone
 Where such as he shall lie alone,
 Shrouded in Red and White and Blue.

S. W. D.

Arago.

THE function of the Philosopher is dignified, humanizing, wondrous. Intellect, as a fraction of the Infinite's greatness, consigned to man, is, in its roughness, grand. Its thorough clarification, lifting the man, by a firmly knit gradation, from the brute to the divine, makes it venerable. Philosophy is the embodiment of Intellect. It is the love of wisdom. Profundity of thought, consummate patience in investigation, a rigidly constant adherence to work emanating an expansion of the mind broad and pure in its antagonism to ignorance—this is the Philosopher's wealth.

The Politician is the expounder of Politics. Politics is the science of Government. Government is that stupendous, unmeasured mechanism which regulates the national life, by law. Law is, at once, a restrictive and tolerant institution, which defines and necessitates the citizen, state and international duties of man.—Who has a nobler work than the ideal politician?

It is a rare discovery, when we find in one a personification of these two great sciences—Philosophy and Politics. The great men of the world have grown in a single sphere, maturing success, by bending the undivided soul-energy to the attainment of a monopolizing purpose. The "man of one idea" has been a theory, palatable, extensive, practical; and the hopelessness of moulding a reputation from the compound of different professions, has been historically proven. The peerless statesman is not renowned for his scientific research. The dazzling orator is rarely the earnest thinker. The Physician and the Priest together launch the soul into eternity, but never has one man taken their place, and secured worldly greatness. An extension of a single line of action has been the exception. Arago, the philosopher and politician of the nineteenth century, was the comprehension of this exception. To see a man devoting his life, by the aid of reason, to batter down the walls of perplexity, which surround our present being, is ennobling and cheering. To know that the intervals of rest from weary philosophic research, are consecrated to the nation's immediate interest, is doubly admirable. It is in such a mirror, that Arago's greatness is reflected to the world. Let us spend a moment in glancing at his life, its achievements, and its influence on the people of his time.

The career of this two-fold man was marked, throughout, by an unmistakable progress. His French descent, incorporating in his system that ardor of character and force of will which are indigenous to his lineage, was eminently favorable to his after success. In boyhood he was uniformly faithful and studious, looking fearlessly up that preparation steep, and manfully, eagerly accepting the conditions of a distant reward. From his eighteenth to his twentieth year, Arago was working in the famous Polytechnic, drafting, with mechanical accuracy, the skeleton framework of his massive genius. His studies at this Institution completed, he was created, by the Emperor, Secretary to the Board of Longitude, and here is the beginning of his reputation as a Philosopher. The decade immediately succeeding his royal appointment, in the events related to our subject's progress, is historically interesting. Science had not been morbid, but here it received a new impulse, gathering, from a single agency, a double impetus. In 1804, it paused a little, before the magnitude of its next achievement, waiting a mind commensurate with the undertaking. The grand operations, which had been for some time in progress, for measuring the meridional arc between Dunkirk and Barcelona, necessitated the conduct of operations across the Pyrenees, and to Arago was entrusted the responsibility which maturer scholars had coveted and lost. See the young Philosopher, isolated from the world, in those mountainous solitudes, at work, forgetful of self,—oblivious of the race. See him, in the eulogy of Biot, laboriously toiling to collect and replace the instruments which the tempest storm had swept away. See him suddenly a fugitive from Spanish choler, at the outbreak of the war of 1807, disguised in a peasant's garb, but still the scientific explorer, risking his life in the stony wilderness, but never faltering—doggedly adhering to his mission. See him, at last, a prisoner, still stoically true to himself. See him, in all the suffering of physical and mental exposure, three times in as many months, possessed and deprived of freedom; by the merest chance of a changing wind, safely arrived at Marseilles, the exhausted, but intrepid savant. A strange exception to human justice—merit was signally appreciated, true worth acknowledged, long suffering recompensed by an immediate return. Twin honors were awaiting Arago. The attainments of man are not often swifter than his years, and when we occasionally catch a glimpse of such a phenomenon, he is made to suffer for his progress. Fortified by an intellect as yet unbounded, a love of research unconquered and undaunted, humanly omniscient—the youth of Arago was his only embarrassment, and this was momentary. By a suspension of the rules, he was, at

twenty-three, an accepted member of the Academy of Sciences, and, by an edict of Napoleon, Professor in the Polytechnic school. Five years in the field, and has he made no advance? Is it nothing to have secured, by individual, unaided effort, an equal footing on the platform of Science with the Monges, the Berthlets, the Biots—all veterans in the service? Is it no argument for Arago's reputation, that philosophy recognized in him the peer of such men as the Cuviers, the Poissons, the Amperes? Is it unworthy of notice, that the philosopher accomplished, in five short years, what his new associates had attained in twenty-five?

But Arago was also a Politician, and his Politics were, like his Philosophy, enlarging, ennobling, disinterested. The science of politics, impure in the seed, seems to have acquired enormously degenerate proportions in growth. With us its groundwork is self-advancement; its superstructure, the perfection of Government knuckling to the glory of the individual. The poverty of a Nation is never so conspicuous as in her Statesmen. The transition from the real to the ideal no where so harshly humiliating. Arago's political life was unsullied by the Politician's accepted revenue—divinely pregnant with the Republic's progress. He was quietly ardent. His republican principles were never qualified or muffled, but he was possessed of that wonderful faculty which taught him silence, when words were useless; action, when the case demanded.

Victor Hugo has sketched, with masterly proficiency, the convulsion of 1830, in France. What has been the material for the author, was the signal for the philosopher to emerge from his lethargy, to assert the majesty of genuine politics.

Revolution is a dangerous medicine, for its ingredients are often mistaken. But when it is consummated in justice, there is no nobler sight than the revolutionist, battling in his individuality, extravagant of life for a country's futurity. It is the Christian politician, merged in the Christian patriot. Such was the Philosopher Statesman of the French Revolution of '30.

Arago's influence was comprehensively irresistible. Confidence is ever attached to established worth—and, with the masses, influence is the natural result of confidence. At sixty years of age, Arago was assigned to the balance to be gauged for life. Poised in the one tray was the envy-born criticism of his distanced colleagues, while in the counter-balance was the accumulated testimony of the people, endorsed by the Director of the observatory. Strangely, almost fiercely, public opinion had reared itself against acknowledged scientific dis-

pleasure, and, as in all cases where public sentiment encounters an isolated antagonism, it was the efficient power in the balance trial of Arago's fame. His distinction was strictly popular. The people trusted, admired, worshipped him. Science recognized, in his life-work, its strongest motor. He was depreciated only by a decimated few, who had sunk so low in the scale of humanity as to assail any greatness which might belittle their own.

M. C. D. B.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

On the fourth regular meeting of the Linonian and Brothers Societies, the following gentlemen were elected to fill the offices.

LINONIA.		BROTHERS.
	<i>President.</i>	
H. W. Fowler.		E. M. Booth.
	<i>Vice President.</i>	
T. A. Kennett.		C. W. Francis.
	<i>Secretary.</i>	
F. H. Betts.		L. F. Whitin.
	<i>Vice Secretary.</i>	
J. F. Dryden.		E. B. Adams.
	<i>Censor.</i>	
		J. F. Kernochan.

Thanksgiving Jubilee.

The usual preparations are being made, to make this pleasant exhibition as successful as it has been in years gone by. The Committees have been appointed, four from each Class, of which two are Linonians, and two Brothers.

Linonians—S. E. Cooper, and T. A. Kennett, from '63. H. P. Boyden, and C. F. McLean, of '64. J. A. Bent, and C. Charnley, of '65. W. E. Stiger, and A. B. Fuller, of '66.

Brothers—G. C. S. Southworth, and E. M. Booth, of '63. M. C. D. Borden, and C. L. Atterbury, of '64. H. A. Brown, and C. E. Smith, of '65. W. J. Tew, and F. V. D. Garretson, of '66.

Boat Race.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, Oct. 29th, the annual trial for the Champion Flag was made. The day was mild and pleasant, making a striking contrast with the miserable days in which the boats raced last Summer. The water of the bay was as smooth as glass, and every circumstance was favorable for success. As usual, nearly an hour and a half after the appointed time, the "shells" were in line, Glyuna nearest the Judges' boat, Nixie next, and then the Varuna. Each crew

was confident, and felt sure that they should win, in case there was no accident. At the word of the Commodore, the boats shot forth, Glyuna taking the lead. Before they reached the buoy, by some accidental meeting of Glyuna and Nixie, the latter boat lost an outrigger, and did not continue in the race. The Varuna turned the buoy first, and came in, making 20 min. 25 sec. The time of the Glyuna was 21 minutes. Considering the distance, the time was not good, at all. The flag, with the prize of \$15 00, was given to the Varuna.

Next came the Barge Race, for a prize of \$10 00 and Champion Flag. The two boats entered were, the Glyuna and Undine, of four oars; 22 sec. handicap was given to the Undine. The Glyuna won this race in 23 m., 30 sec. The time of the Undine was 24 m., 25 seconds.

Afterwards, the drill prize, of \$5 00, was given to the Cymothœ boat, of the Varuna Club. The races were considered satisfactory, and the large body of spectators, who had gathered to witness them, were evidently well pleased.

Sword Presentation.

On the afternoon of November 10th, at four o'clock, a splendid sword, with equipments, was presented, by the Class of "Sixty-four," to a former member, George P. Davis, Captain in the 42d Regiment Mass. Volunteers, as a testimonial of love for him as a Classmate, and appreciation of his true patriotism. Mr. Davis was acknowledged, by the College world, to be one of the first men of his Class, in talent and popularity. He possessed those qualities of sterling manhood which always command respect, and his absence has been regretted, not only by those who were bound to him by ties of class feeling, but by many warm friends in other classes. With Biennial safely passed and Junior ease before him, the decision by which he gave his services to his country is especially worthy of praise and admiration.

The sword was presented by H. P. Boyden, of "Sixty-four," with an appropriate speech. Mr. Davis replied, briefly, thanking his Classmates for the token of their good will, and promising that, while in his possession and during his life, it should never be disgraced. With nine rousing cheers for the Patriot Scholar, the gathering dispersed. Thus, old Yale has sent out another manly son, to represent her in this great struggle for Truth and Justice.

Editor's Table.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of
The year."

We acknowledge ourselves surprised—we have actually quoted poetry; an act of which we were never guilty before, and humbly hope we shall never commit again. But these lines have been running in our editorial head for nearly two weeks. They were suggested by hearing them repeated, or rather, howled, by a member of

the Club to which we are attached, while eating our quiet dinner. They have been, to use a metaphysical term, in a state of consciousness ever since. Nature herself has aided our memory. Day by day the leaves have been falling, teaching us those dear old lessons, so sweet to think of, by one's self, but so disgustingly tiresome, when drummed into us by some old moralist, whose everlasting pratings remind sensible men of the common saying about preaching and practicing. Already, the College buildings appear exposed from behind the leafless elms, and the spires on the "Green" rise, majestically, from amid the uncovered branches. The mornings have grown colder, and give us a chill reception as we arise, suggesting wicked ideas concerning the foolishness of morning prayers and recitations. Besides, it is no longer a comfortable practice to study on the way to breakfast; and the limited time given to preparation for that meal, excludes all thoughts about gloves; hence, we are reduced to the unwholesome, unhealthy, and disagreeable habit of learning our morning's lesson on the previous evening. The other day, the truth of the fact mentioned in the above lines came to us, with intense force, when we saw the first white flakes of the season, gently quivering to the ground, laying a splendid foundation for mud and water, which would certainly last a week, and probably until the usual idiosyncrasies of nature had prepared another storm. We were unable to perform any useful studying, on that morning, between Chapel and Lyceum, fearing to soil our "Political Economy," and, consequently, when called upon to inform the division "by what modes the productiveness of Human Industry might be increased," we gracefully declined the honor. Surely, "the melancholy days have come,"

Since our last "issue," the "World" has remained remarkably quiet. The number of expulsions has been small, and no persons have been furnished lodgings at the expense of the city.

Freshmen are passing along, with an unusually tempestuous sea, towards the point of rest—Sophomore year. We give them our heartfelt-sympathies in this, their hour of need. We can remember our own feelings, when we emerged from our quiet Massachusetts village, and entered life in this populous city. The Lit. offers them her earnest coöperation in their troubles, and wishes them all possible success, both in rushes against Sophomores, and in the division-rooms. We understand that they are doing remarkably well, and have succeeded in keeping one-half of their Class above average, which averages better than the average number of classes.

Sixty-five has solved the perplexing problem concerning "Burial of Euclid." At first, the idea of keeping alive the old custom, handed down from former generations, was favorably received. The vote to celebrate the departure of the ancient mathematician, passed, with a large majority. The Radicals, in College, were blue—thought the Institution was becoming more and more corrupt, and that they would never see a millennium here, at least, not until they had graduated—in this latter belief, the Conservatives, or Preservatives, most heartily coincided. They determined, however, to make a struggle. At last, after hard work, in which they received the hearty coöperation of the moral element; they were enabled to locate a most "Effectual Quietus" on the whole matter. We most earnestly hope that Sixty-five will use moderation, and, for the honor of old Yale, will haze no more.

The Juniors are enjoying their leisure hours in forming lasting friendships and cultivating social qualities. As for Sixty-three, she speaks for herself, and can be

heard quite distinctly—represented by the R—n Club—immediately after tea, in the vicinity of York and Chapel streets. The circum-ambulatory motions of Van Amburgh's elephant have almost stopped, and have been succeeded by the more appropriate and touching peculiarities of the Massa who ran away, and the colored gentleman who remained at home. In this new song, as from the old, she bids fair to gain great credit for herself. We ourselves are learning the tune. Another amusing *feature* of the Class is, the earnest endeavors of the Steel-Plate men, to raise side-whiskers for their pictures. It is the humble opinion of four members of the "Board," that they will soon look Reed-iculous. In reference to this sudden demand for barbers, we attribute the new Saloon back of the Chapel—inasmuch as we saw, leaning against the "Gallery," one morning, the well-known tonorial sign.

For the sake of our readers, we will run the risk of stating, that New York has gone Democratic, and that the Army of the Potomac is preparing for a successful retreat, in case of an attack from the enemy.

The "Boating Member" has been much troubled in mind, lately, by the ill-success of his favorite Club, and his associates have feared it might terminate in permanent melancholy. Everything has been done for him which human ingenuity could invent.

One word to Subscribers, and we will bring our labors to a close. We would most respectfully request them to be as prompt as possible in settling their accounts with us; because the printers are giving us daily tortures, and we look towards the speedy payment of subscriptions, to release us from our tormentors.

We forgot to mention that the "Table" is sound, the "Pen" in good order, and the "Sanctum" well arranged. The Devil has not yet appeared, and we will say "good luck and good by" for one more month.

The Award.

The Committee for awarding the Yale Literary Medal, have decided that an essay upon "The Novel," is entitled to the preference, on account of general excellence.

H. A. NEWTON,
WILLIAM HUTCHINSON.
J. F. KERNOCHAN.

Yale College, Oct. 27th, 1862.

The accompanying envelope was found to contain the name of GEORGE SCOVILL HAMLIN, and to him, accordingly, the medal is awarded.

Exchanges.

We have received Harper's Weekly, Vanity Fair, Beloit Monthly, Nassau Literary, Knickerbocker, American Publishers' Circular, and New Englander for the current month.—No Continental.

Omission.

The signature of Baucis and Philemon, is W. C. B.

VOL. XXVIII.

NO. III.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

~~~~~  
DECEMBER, 1862.  
~~~~~

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII.

DECEMBER, 1862.

No. III.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '63.

E. B. BINGHAM,

S. W. DUFFIELD,

J. H. BUTLER,

C. W. FRANCIS,

J. F. KERNOCHAN.

The Poetry and Poets of the "Noctes Ambrosianae."

THE entire staff of Blackwoods' Magazine, at the time when Kit North¹ called his familiars about him, was, perhaps, as talented as any similar company since the famous Kit Kat Club. With him at their head to organize their brilliant but somewhat incongruous work, they were in a position to meet any rival with success. He was well supported by Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd;" Lockhart, famous for his "Spanish Ballads;" Dr. Wm. Maginn, the best translator of his time, either *from* or *to* the vernacular; Wordsworth, Coleridge, Professor Aytoun, afterwards Editor-in-chief; Michael Scott, author of "Tom Oringle's Log," the finest sea-story ever written; Professor Moir, (Δ) whose name is now best known by his "Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century;" Mrs. Browning, then Elizabeth Barrett; Samuel Warren, who wrote "Ten Thousand a Year;" Douglas Jerrold, George Croly, De Quincey, the translators, Chapman and Hay, and many an other, of less note then, but to whom the pages of *Maga.* have since given lasting renown.

Such were Professor Wilson's coadjutors; but when the bright idea crossed his mind, of causing them to figure in the 'Noctes,' it was not every one who was admitted. He himself, under his own

nom de plume of 'Christopher North,' was their chairman, and the guests were but few, some even being fictitious,—as Dr. James Scott, and Macrabin, though it has always been supposed that these last were disguises.

Here, then, in this strange and delightful table-talk, we meet the men of their day. North's criticisms, Hogg's Scottish quaintness and humor; his songs, with those of Odoherty and Tickler, (Maginn and Sym,) the wit and satire of Lockhart, and the learning and genius of the "Opium Eater," brighten every page. It would be a work of no little pleasure to review the entire book, or rather series, but as no one now is well read who has not at least glanced into the "Noctes," I intend to speak more especially of their poetry. The contributors to this were, as I have said, Hogg, Maginn, Lockhart, Wilson, Fergusson, (in one grand poem, the "Forging of the Anchor,") and Sym, whose version of the "Rhine Song" is, perhaps, the finest ever written.

Hogg is certainly the best of the Scottish poets, after Burns and Scott. When he came into the staff of Blackwood, he had already obtained an enviable reputation, by his poem of the "Queen's Wake," and he never afterwards forgot his skill. Sometimes, in the conversations, he is merry, sometimes grave, rarely satirical, and often speaks with the truest pathos and most poetic feeling. The wonder is, that Christopher North could paint so well his followers, as to make each individual to be distinguished from all others. It required keen observation of their peculiarities of habit and expression; but the result proved that he could do that and more, and do it well. The poems, however, are original with those to whom they are credited, and there we can get at the minds of the writers with ease. Many of the Shepherd's pieces are, like the majority of the poetry, so completely local, that they cannot be taken out of the context with any advantage either to that, or themselves. But there are two pieces, one by Allan Cunningham, and the other (its answer) by Hogg, which will well bear comparison. Here they are, the Irishman first:

I.

Farewell, farewell, beggarly Scotland,
Cold and beggarly poor countrie;
If ever I cross thy border again,
The muckle deil mauu carry me.
There's but one tree in a' the land
And that's the bonny gallows tree;
The very nowte look to the south,
And wish that they had wings to flee.

II.

Farewell, farewell, beggarly Scotland,
 Brose and Bannocks, crowdy and kale!
 Welcome, welcome, jolly old England,
 Laughing lasses and foaming ale!
 'Twas when I came to merry Carlisle,
 That out I laughed loud laughter three,
 And if I cross the sark again,
 The muckle deil maun carry me.

III.

Farewell, farewell, beggarly Scotland,
 Kilted kimmers wi' carrotty hair,
 Pipers, who beg, that your honors would buy
 A bawbee's worth of their famished air.
 I'd rather keep Cadwallader's goats,
 And feast upon toasted cheese and leeks,
 Than go back again to the beggarly North
 To herd 'mang loons wi' bottomless breeks.

This song being put into Odoherty's mouth, Hogg becomes there-
 upon enraged, and takes up the cudgels after the following fashion :

I.

Go, get thee gone, thou dastardly loon ;
 Go, get thee gone to thine own countrie ;
 If you ever cross the Border again,
 The muckle deil accompany thee.
 There's mony a tree in fair Scotland,
 And there is one, the gallows-tree,
 On which we hang the Irish rogues,—
 A fitting place it is for thee.

II.

Go, get thee gone, thou dastardly loon,
 Too good for thee is brose and kale :—
 We've lads and ladies gay in the land,
 Bonny lasses, and nut-brown ale.
 When thou goest to merry Carlisle,
 Welcome take thy loud laughter three ;
 But know that the most of our beggarly clan
 Came from the *Holy Land* like thee.

III.

Go, get thee gone, thou beggarly loon ;
 On thee our maidens refused to smile :—

Our pipers they scorn'd to beg from thee,
 A half-starved knight of the Emerald Isle.
 Go rather and herd thy father's pigs,
 And feed on 'tatoes and buttermilk;
 But return not to the princely North,
 Land of the tartan, the bonnet and kilt.

Hogg's zeal carried him past that last rhyme, but never mind, he meant well enough. Others of his pieces, equally good, and some, perhaps, better, are "Meg o' Marley;" another, commencing,

"The daisy is fair, the day lily rare.
 The bud o' the rose is as sweet as it's bonnie,"—

and one with the well-known chorus,

"When the kye come hame."

He is full of poetical thoughts and fancies, some of which he expresses well, and some of which he expresses badly; but, at the bottom is always the true heart and kind.

Maginn was a wonderful man. A graduate at seventeen; a Doctor of Laws at twenty-three; possessing a quick wit, a splendid acquaintance with languages, dead and living, and a knack at translating, in which he was unsurpassed, though not unrivaled; no wonder that he came speedily to the zenith of his fame. "Father Prout," (Francis Mahoney,) and Maginn's intimate friend, Kenealy, each of whom was in possession of this difficult art, could not match him, try they never so hard. But is not quite fair to praise, without letting one who is so capable speak for himself. In the "Noctes," he translated the old ballad of "Back and side go bare," into capital Latin verse, preserving the metre and alternate rhyming of the original; but, to my mind, the best example I can give, is from the first piece which he contributed to the Magazine itself. It is the first stanza of the old ballad of Chevy Chase:

The Percy out of Northumberland,
 And a vow to God made he,
 That he would hunt in the mountains
 Of Cheviot within days three,
 In the manger of haughty Douglas,
 And all that with him be.

Persæus ex Northumbria
 Vovebat, Diis iratis
 Venare inter dies tres
 In montibus Cheviatis
 Contentis forti Douglasso
 Et omnibus cognatis.

And in this way he rendered the entire poem. But this was not all; for, with it, he sent in the remark that he had also done it into Greek, and gave the first stanza as a specimen:

Περσαῖος ἐκ Νορθέμβριας
 Εὐχετο τοῖς θεοῖσι
 Θηρᾶν ἐν τρισὶν ἡμέραις
 Ἐν οὖρεσι Χεβιατοῖσι
 Κἄν ἀντέχῃσι Δούγλασος
 Σὺν πᾶσιν ἐτάροισι·

One might well think that a man who could thus handle the outlandish tongues, had as complete a mastery over his own. And so he had. Many of his songs are exceedingly fine, though the ones in the "Noctes" are not, as a general thing, his best. The best of those given are, the songs beginning, "There was a lady lived in Leith," and "Come draw me six magnums of claret," which is particularly good in the metre. It is sad that he is another example of the death of a talented man in poverty.

Lockhart wrote "Captain Paton's Lament," but as he was more concerned with the prose of Maga., than her poetry, save in his Spanish ballads, we meet him here but very rarely.

As for old Kit North, the finest thing, by all odds, to which he put his pen, is the song of "My ain countree." I cannot resist the temptation to give the last stanza, which is a perfect gem :

"The bud comes back to summer
 An' the blossom to the bee,
 But I win back—oh, never!
 To my ain countree!
 I'm leal to the high heaven
 Which will be leal to me;
 And there I'll meet ye a' soon
 Frae my ain countree."

A prisoner's song, (as I take this to be,) is always touching, but this is especially so. "The Humors of Donnybrook Fair," show him in his other vein, and the "Canadian Boat Song" is also one of his best.

Moir wrote a "Dirge," which is, I believe, the only article which he contributed to the "Noctes" proper.

Fergusson's single poem, "The Forging of the Anchor," is far too long to quote, but it will well repay the trouble of reading it through-
 out.

I spoke, at starting, of Tickler's "Rhine Song." It has the very ring of the German :

The Rhine! The Rhine!—May on thy flowing river
 The sun for ever shine!

And on thy banks may freedom's light fade never!—
 Be blessings on the Rhine!
 The Rhine! the Rhine!—My fancy still is straying
 To dream of Wilhelmine,
 Of auburn locks in balmy zephyrs playing:—
 Be blessings on the Rhine!
 The German knight the lance has bravely broken—
 By lofty Schreckenstein;
 The German maid the tale of love hath spoken
 Beside the flowery Rhine.
 With patriot gaze the gallant Swiss is fired,
 Beside that stream of thine;
 The dull Batavian, on thy banks inspired,
 Shouts,—Freedom! and the Rhine!
 And shall we fear the threat of foreign foeman?—
 Though Europe should combine.—
 The fiery Frank, the Gaul, the haughty Roman,
 Found graves beside the Rhine.—
 Germania's sons, fill, fill your flowing glasses
 With Hochheim's sparkling wine,
 And drink,—while life, and love, and beauty passes,—
 Be blessings on the Rhine!

Ah well! we are not now as we once were. The strongest and best of a Nation's songs, are those which were made when it was young. As it gets older, it loses force in fancy, and rugged strength in more flowing metre. Who was Homer, pray, and Tyrtæus? Why do the verses of Matthias Corvinus, of which this very Rhine Song is one, hold Germany still? Why are those old English and Scottish ballads so kept in England's heart, and in *our* hearts, for are *we* not English? Why does Spain still love Lope de Vega, and those old legends of the Moors? It is easily answered. Let the Shepherd speak.

“We can write no sic ballant, noo-a-days, as,

‘The king sat in Dunfermline town,
 Drinking the blood-red wine.’

‘The simplest pawthos, sir, sinks deepest in the heart—and lies there—far doon aneath the fleeting storms o’ life—just as that wreck itsell is lyin’ noo, bits o’ weed, and airn, and banes, lodged, immovably, amang other ruefu’ matter, at the bottom o’ the restless sea.”

S. W. D.

German Universities and their Societies.

EVERY Nation has its own customs, peculiar to itself, and by which it judges of those of others, always forming comparisons favorable to itself. The majority of persons, if they don't cry down all peculiarities of other nations, look at them as "amusing absurdities," and often, without even examining the question closer, apply this epithet to the habits of German students. To the majority of the world, a German professor is a dried-up, half imbecile book-worm, poring over dusty fragments of old manuscripts, and writing enormous folios on the "Greek Particles," or the letter "A" of some interminable dictionary. At the word "student," a figure seven feet high looms up in their imagination, with long hair, enormous moustaches, crowds of scars, inexpressible pipe, inconceivable cap, rushing madly through the streets, flourishing a huge sword, and shouting at every step "Dummer Junge," to receive challenges.

Few such persons reflect, that after playing a conspicuous part as students, such men as Von Humboldt, Bunsen, Kant, Ranke, and Von Schiller, considered it an honor to become professors at a University.

To correct this opinion, and to show the German student in a truer light, is now my object.

Every people has its schools of learning, and every school has its particular customs and habits, religiously and jealously observed by one generation of students after another. Forming, so to say, the frame, and giving rise to that poetry which inevitably attaches itself to student-life, can one wonder at the ardent desire of every youth to participate in these customs, and the veneration in which they are held? For number, meaning, and date of their ceremonies and their clubs, and the memories associated with them, the German students stand foremost.

Leaving, at the age of nineteen, the strict and formal "Gymnasia," they enter, with heart and soul, their Universities, whose praises are constantly sounded in their ears by their parents, teachers, and the classes which have graduated before them. As to the goal of their youth, as to the land of freedom, independence and mirth, do they look forward to the time and place where they are to fit themselves for their different professions, and for life.

Before proceeding to investigate the course pursued by the student,

from the time of his entering to the time of his leaving the University, let us cast a glance at the government of the place where he is to pursue his studies, and the way by which that object is obtained.

When Charles IV, Emperor of Germany, founded, in 1348, the first German University at Prague, he did it, as he says: "in order that students should have opportunity to pursue, simultaneously, different branches of science, on which the several professors appointed shall deliver lectures." Furthermore, to render his University popular, he allowed the students to wear swords, released them from attendance on their suzerain lords, and, finally, gave them a distinct code of laws, with judges and officers of their own. This act is still in vigor, notwithstanding several determined efforts, on the part of some governments, to infringe on the privileges therein granted; efforts always successfully resisted by the students, holding together like one man, against any and every body. Thus, for instance, one important principle: the "Lernfreiheit" (Freedom in Learning) privilege, which allows a student "to hear as much as he wants, of any lecture he wants, on any subject he wants, from any professor he wants, at any time and place he wants," was infringed by a law, making it obligatory on students to attend certain lectures, and to be examined tri-monthly on them. This law having been promulgated, the students determined to resist it. Accordingly, the whole body, some seven hundred, proceeded to the Rector's lecture, and then and there, with perfect order and composure, struck up the song: "Lasset die feurigen Bomben erschallen," (Fire the flaming bombs,) which song is sung with an accompaniment of pounding and scraping of feet, and literally drummed the Rector out. The experiment rested here, and the student still retains his Lectures and Lernfreiheit.

Again, an attempt was made, at Leipzig, to deprive the students of their swords; when the whole body made an "Auszug." (Quitted the University.) On the promulgation of the obnoxious edict, the Headmembers of the clubs consulted together, and determined to call a student-meeting to arrange their course of conduct. Accordingly, members of these clubs were soon rushing through the streets, shouting "Burschen heraus!" (Boys come forth!) the rallying-cry of the students, and in ten minutes they all stood in the market-place. The object of the meeting was presented, a decided protest decreed, and an "Auszug," if the Faculty persisted. This latter being the case, in the evening eight hundred students left the town and quartered in the neighboring villages. The Faculty gave in after three days, and on the fourth all went on as if nothing had occurred.

Another very powerful means of defense, though a negative one, of which the fear alone is often sufficient to arrest any contemplated inroads of the Faculty or the town-people upon the rights of the students, and especially to maintain the "Philistines" (Town-people) in due respect towards the students, is the "Verruf." The best translation is, I believe, the College phrase, "To put in Coventry." In the XVIIIth century, it first took rise, and such was the advantage it gave the students, that severe measures were decreed against the originators and instigators. It consists in a total abstention of all students from any intercourse with the person thus excommunicated. If a professor or tradesman renders himself obnoxious to any student, or to the whole body, a complaint is lodged against him before the "Senioren-Convent," (Assembly of the Head-members of the Clubs, and constituting the highest authority among the students,) which, if it finds the plaintiff in the right, respectfully requests a reparation, which, if refused, draws down on the delinquent this penalty. Such a professor lectures to empty benches, and such a tradesman finds his stock whole and entire, after a year's lapse. All that is left to him is, to make reparation, or leave the town from want of sustenance. If he goes to another University, the reasons for putting him into coventry are communicated to the "Senioren-Convent" of that place, which decides whether it shall be observed or not. By a judicious and wise use of this power, the students have maintained it in great respect and efficiency.

The teachers at a University are styled "Professors," and must all have passed a "Doctor" examination. The one generally passed is, the Doctor of Philosophy. After three years study, if none of the authorities have anything against you, you can petition for an examination. If successful in both written and "viva voce tentamina," both of which are necessary to make up an "examen," (examination,) you have, next, to support before the whole Faculty, in a Latin oration, any thesis you desire, against any and every antagonist who may appear; after which, your diploma is handed to you. Your next step in the "*academiæ curriculum*" is, to present your diploma to the Minister of Public Instruction, who gives you permission to lecture at a University. You are now styled a "*Privatem Docens*;" and if, in three years, you prove yourself of some value, and obtain some popularity, you are created "Professor Extraordinarius." Many remain in this position all their lives; the more worthy become, a year or so afterwards, regular Professors. (Professor in Ordinario.) These regular professors are classed in the four Faculties, each of which chooses a

Dean for five years. These four Deans, a chosen Rector, (President,) the University-Chancellor, (Curator,) and the University-Judge, form the supreme power and Court of Appeal for the students, who are still judged by their own laws, and have their own police.

The degree of "Doctor" forms the highest academical honor to which the majority of students pretend. Those usually taken are, the "Philosophiæ Doctor," and the "Medicinæ Doctor." The degree of "Divinitatis Doctor," and of "Legum Doctor," which correspond, in dignity, to our Bishops and Circuit Judges, are given "utilitatis honorisque causa." A student may take his diploma, or not, as he wishes.

Having thus seen the power instructing and governing the student, and the ends sought for by him, let us now proceed to a nearer acquaintance with himself.

At every school of learning, the students, impelled by some secret force, organize in associations, styled "Clubs," or "Societies." It is a universal law, in America, in England, and in Germany. But the character and constitution of these organizations, vary with the country and times. In America, where the people rule, and where only those who can carry the people along with them, can obtain any pre-eminence, the Societies, which are of comparatively recent date, furnish the means of obtaining this ascendancy over the people, and are nearly all exclusively literary or debating societies.

In Germany, on the contrary, having their origin in a lawless and violent age, where the University and students were liable, at any moment, to attacks from the town, the guilds, or the surrounding barons, these Societies were formed for the protection of the University, and of each other. Students from the same country generally associating together, and protecting one another, these organizations usually and naturally assumed the name of the common country of their members, and were called by the general term, "*Landsmannschaften*," (Fellow-countrymen-clubs.) Their organization and constitution was democratic; the strongest and bravest being elected leaders; but with powers very limited. They had one evening of the week devoted to scientific pursuits, and one to the concerns of the Club, the University, or the whole body of students. The rest of the evening, if any was left, they passed socially together. The members of one Club generally lived together in the same street, frequently having a house, to lodge at half-price the poorer of their members. They always eat together, and repaired in the evening, if unoccupied with studies, to their "*Kneipe*," (Club room,) to pass two or three hours in social intercourse.

A very natural element here entered into their amusement. While drinking their beer, and to relieve conversation, they sang songs, many of which have reached us, and still form the foundation and nucleus of that innumerable quantity of airs and carols, still heard in every German University-town.

As a badge, these Societies adopted crosses and stars of various forms and colors, and wore them on the left side. On account of the troublous times, they also wore swords. This privilege, which conferred knighthood on the recipient, was granted by Frederic II, in 1223, to the learned, and was extended, by Charles IV, to the students, for the time of their studies. From their being forced, by this privilege, to adopt the code of honor of the hereditary nobility, may be traced the exalted sensitiveness of the German student on the score of honor. The practice of duelling, still maintained, and the law, that no student shall touch an other, "*nisi ferro*," were natural results.

In the course of time, as the Universities rapidly increased in number, and the students also, the Clubs did not remain behind, either in strength or importance; but, finally, attained to the height of their power from 1600–1700.

The "*Landsmannschaften*" now began to give way to a species of Club, of more aristocratic pretensions, termed "*Korps*," (*Corpus*.) The spirit was not so democratic, for they consisted, and still consist, of ten "*Fuchse*," (Foxes, Half-members,) ten "*Burschen*," (Full-members,) and five "*Senioren*," or "*Chargirten*," (Head-members,) though but three of the last are usually mentioned. Moreover, they required from their members the promise of mutual protection, not only at the University, but all through life, "as much as is consistent with honor." Like the "*Landsmannschaften*," they devoted one evening of the week to intellectual pursuits, and one to the discussion of the affairs of the "*Korps*," the University, or the whole body of students. Hospitality to students of other Universities, on visit, was greatly practised, and dueling and courtly behavior stood in high repute. These "*Korps*" have been termed "the nobles among the German student-clubs." The members stuck one to another through thick and through thin, and living a good deal together, and always eating one with another, they thus formed very intimate friendships, which often lasted through life.

As badge, they adopted bands of three colors, worn from the right shoulder across the breast, and caps with the same colors, embroidered around the rim. Some of these bands were very handsome. Thus, for instance, the "*Rhenanen*," of Heidelberg, wear "Red, White and

Blue;" the "Saxons" of Jena and Leipsic, "Dark-Blue, Light-Blue, and White," while the "Westphalians" of Jena and the "Saxo-Borussians" of Heidelberg, wear as badge, "Black, Green and White." From being very simple, at first, these badges soon became very ornamented. Thus the band, for instance, from simply having the three colors woven on it, was soon used with but two woven colors, while the third, always white or yellow, was represented by the most intricate and elaborate embroidery, in silver and gold. To keep company with these bands, gloves, and a new kind of cap, named "Barett," or "Cerevis" was introduced. The gloves had the three club-colors emblazoned on the gauntlet, but the caps were most costly things. But little bigger than a saucer, the sides were heavily embroidered, while the top was adorned with the monogram of the Club, and with swords and other ornaments, the whole surrounded with a heavy wreath of acorn and vine leaves, traced in silver or gold thread. This cap was worn over the right temple, with three heavy plumes, of the club-colors, curling gracefully over the back of the head. A tight-laced coat, white buckskin pantaloons, boots up to the hips, with spurs, and a sword, completed the costume of a "Bursch," toward the middle of the XVIIIth Century. This is still the parade dress of a Head-member at any ceremony; the Full-members wear only band and cap, without feathers, while the Half-members are only permitted to wear two of the three club-colors.

Any person who wanted to become a member of a "Korps," announced his intention to one of the "Senioren," and forthwith became a "Renonce," or "Aspirant" (Candidate for membership.) In this position, he was to show what kind of a person he was. He had leave to frequent the Club, at any time, when there was no private deliberation among the regular members, and to take part in any public act of the Club. From among these "Renoncen," one was chosen, by ballot, to fill any vacancy occurring among the Foxes. All Foxes were under the immediate control of the senior Fox, styled "Fox-Major." The successful candidate was taken by this Fox-Major, and divested of his coat and vest. Then he and all the Foxes straddled chairs, and, the Fox-Major leading, rode into the club-room, to the chanting of the celebrated song of "What comes there from the hill." Thus they rode around the tables, every member and guest blacking the new Fox's face with burnt cork, or playing other practical jokes on him. After this, he was sworn in, and solemnly invested with the breast-band and cap.

It is the usual custom for several "Korps" to unite in the celebra-

tion of the "Fuchsenritt," (Fox-ride, Initiation,) thus tending to promote a more cordial feeling, and to make the ceremony more brilliant and imposing.

After the solemn investiture with band and cap, the clubs unite in a grand "Commers," (Carousal,) styled "Fuchsen-commers," and where the Foxes have, pro tem., the supreme direction. Kegs of beer and boxes of "Knaster," (smoking-tobacco,) are opened at the new made Fox's expense, and the night is passed in mirth and conviviality. Of the minor ceremonies, practiced on such occasions, I shall but mention two: the "Salamander," and the "Landesvater." The "Salamander," a toast with student honors, is always proposed to the health of the new-made member, and is thus executed. Every one present, having filled his glass half full, at the commandment "one," begins to rub it on the table. At the command "three," he lifts it from the table, and at "six," places it to his mouth, and drinks it off, while the President counts "nine." At "twelve," they all bring the mugs down on the table, with a blow, and rattle them as hard as they can, till, at "fifteen," they lift the glasses again in the air, to bring them down at "eighteen," with another thump, to their places. If performed with precision and spirit, this manner of drinking toasts fails not to strike favorably those unaccustomed to it. The "Landesvater," with the exception of a student's burial, is the most solemn ceremony of a German student. Thereby, amidst profound silence, and with uncovered heads, they swear fidelity to their country and to each other, in sign of which the cap of each is struck through with a sharp sword, to signify, "that united we will defend our country and our brothers." This most solemn ceremony is never celebrated, except at the admission of a "Fuchs," or a "Bursch," or on some other grand occasion.

The Fox is now put under the especial care of one of the "Burschen," to be taught his duties towards the students in general, and the University. He frequents, regularly, the Fencing-Hall, to learn the use of the sword, and the practices before, and at "Mensuren," (Duels.) He is now a member of the Club, and is expected to take a lively interest therein, and so to conduct himself as to do honor both to the Club and the whole body of students. He takes part in all the deliberations and public acts of the "Korps," has a voice in its management, is under its especial protection, pays his portion of the expenses, and enjoys all the other privileges of the Club in general, and of the Foxes in particular.

The next degree that a Fox can pretend to is, to be elected to fill a

vacancy among the "Burschen," (Full-members.) No particular ceremony attends his promotion, except a "Commerz," where he exchanges his band and cap of two colors, for one bearing the three colors of his Club. His having more extended and important duties, and his possessing greater powers, constitute the material differences between his old and new position.

The highest degree of all is, the "Senior," or "Chargirte," (Head-member,) of which there are five. He is now near the end of his student-life, and has attained the highest honor conferable by students; has a part, not only in the supreme control of his peculiar "Korps," but in that of his own University, and of the whole body of German Students. Respected, admired and beloved, he stands on the highest pinnacle of student-honor, looked up to as the supreme arbitrator of all quarrels, disputes and discussions among the students; looked upon as the most enviable man in the student world. The particular department of the "First Head Member" is, to represent his Club before the students, the Faculty, and the world. He presides on all grand occasions, and at the meeting of the "Korps." The "Second," has charge of the weapons, decides on points of etiquette and honor, and is second in all the duels. The "Third" has in hands the financial matters; while the "Fourth" and "Fifth," with the first three, form a closed committee, the highest court of appeal, and take their places in case of an absence.

This was the Constitution of the "Korps," and remains so to this day.

Before leaving the subject of Clubs, I must still mention a third and last class, of enormous, but ephemeral power; the "Burschenschaften."

At the University of Jena, long celebrated for the number of immortal men who were professors there, there arose, in 1816, an association of patriotic young men, to carry out the glorious, though somewhat visionary ideas of German unity and freedom, which had their birth in the successful war for independence. Starting with high, noble, and pure views, well calculated to captivate elevated minds, and, in an enthusiastic age, this association soon shot upwards into full bloom. Popular among the people and all over the country, having for members some of the most distinguished men living, this one root soon pushed forth branches in all the other Universities, totally destroying the old "Landmannschaften," and, for a time, completely eclipsing the "Korps." Its first act was, to assemble all its members and friends, in 1817, at the Wartburg. Accordingly, some six

hundred students repaired thither, and, after a prayer and a sermon, proceeded to embody rules for the association. Thus far all went off quietly, but, during the night, some enthusiastic and imprudent members built a bonfire, and publicly burned some books, which they deemed illiberal, and, among others, a "Penal Code," written by a high Prussian official. This act alarmed the governments, already jealous of the strength of the association, and ready for an excuse to break it. All things went on quietly however, till 1819. At this time, Von Kotzebue, an illiberal and immoral man and writer, a spy in the pay of Russia, was living in Mannheim. Justly despised by all men of worth, he was assassinated, in 1819, by Karl Ludwig Sand, a Theological student of remarkable talents and exemplary conduct, but of very visionary views, who considered that he was thus doing a service to his country.

This act was followed by a total prohibition of the "Burschenschaft;" but it still remained in force, secretly, at most Universities. Things continued thus, the feeling between the society and the government becoming every day more bitter, till, in 1848, all its members, some thirty thousand students, joined the discontented of several states, and broke out in armed and open rebellion. Together with this revolution fell the power, hope, and prospects of the "Burschenschaft." It still leads a nominal existence in some Universities, and is there composed of the less refined portion of the students, though some men of elevated feelings and views are still found among its members. It has divided into several factions, of which the two most important are, the "Arminia," advocating Constitutional Monarchy, and the "Germania," the partizan of Republicanism. Both branches wear the same badge, the colors of the old German Empire, the "Black, Red, and Gold," and neither, as a general thing, will have anything to do with the other. Starting with patriotic views and purposes, the idol and hope of all liberal persons in Germany, the "Burschenschaft," failed in the majority of its ends, not so much through opposition to them, as through the violent and illegal means it used to obtain them. Its influence, on the whole, has been beneficial, and would have been, in the course of time, tenfold more so. It inspired a new and better spirit into the Universities, at its origin; it did away with many remnants of barbarity, and opened a way in a new direction; while, in the minds of the people, it has tended to envelope the whole body of students in a cloud of congenial and exalted poetry, and has caused the lower classes to look upon them as "the bulwarks of German unity and freedom."

These are the three and only species of Clubs which have made any impression on the German nation.

And now, in conclusion, let me add a few general ideas on the influence of these Societies, of these Clubs, on the German students through life.

It is often said of the German Club, that it has an immoral influence on a young man; that it diverts his attention from his studies, and makes him lead a life of laziness, varied only by hard drinking and hard fighting. The American and English nations have a real panic for duels. "It is shocking, horrible, brutal," is frequently heard. Young men will quarrel. And is it more shocking, brutal, and degrading to let them settle it, when a court of honor has failed to do so, with swords in their hands, and where but few receive any greater injury than a scar on the face, rather than to sanction their beating, mauling, and kicking each other like brutes, and then, under the influence of the angry excitement, either settling it with pistols, or bearing each other ill-will, may be, for all the days of their life, and that, often, for a cause of which they are heartily ashamed the week after? In Germany, the words "Dummer Junge," (Stupid Youth,) effectually quell, instantly, any angry ebullition, while it is not rare to see two young men, who challenge each other the night before, sit down the next day to a bottle of wine, the insult having been ruled, both in their own minds, and by the court of honor, "insufficient and unintentional." A beer-guzzler is but little thought of, and has soon to amend, or leave, while a man of lazy habits attains to no position of importance.

I cannot tell, distinctly and fully, what makes society-life so attractive, but that there is a potent, hidden charm in it, is fully proved by the fact, that during his hard and monotonous journey through life, the German always turns back, with pleasure, to the period passed at the University, and with a feeling that warms his heart and cheers him on his way. He has a kind feeling towards every student, and often thinks of the kind and true friends he made, in those three short years, now gradually receding into the dim past, and, at any meeting, their first topic of conversation is a retrospect on their student years, with a kind inquiry after their absent friends.

G. H.

After the Fight.

O, pallid moon, fitly thy haggard face
Looks pitying down upon this mournful sight,
This blood-soaked field, this awful charnel-place,
And these poor, mangled remnants of the fight.

What breathless silence reigneth where this day
The air was stunned with the mad din of strife!
Even as death here holds his solemn sway
Where all was filled with throbbing, furious life.

And here, all strewn upon the sodden ground,
With bodies stiff and stark, and glassy eye,
And pierc'd through with many a gory wound
The brave defenders of their country lie.

And here a strong man, dead; a yearning pain
Upon his brow, as if in death he grieved
His little ones, whose love could not restrain
His patriot fire, should be so soon bereaved.

And here a gray-beard, frowning furious hate;
Sword clenched in hand, fall'n where he fighting stood,
Eager to lead where death and glory wait;
His feeble flame of life now quenched in blood.

And here a youth; a calm smile on his face,
His rigid lips smeared with the blood of life.
Not love, with all its tender, winning grace,
Could hold his noble spirit from the strife.

Dear one at home, distill thy bitter tears
And grieve thy little heart, now crushed and sore;
Yield now thy happy dreams of future years;
Those crimsoned lips shall kiss thee never more.

Mute eloquents! Ye teach us how to die,
Hasting that better time through all the world,
When men shall live in sweet tranquility
And Freedom's banner be o'er all unfurl'd.

Thou wounded wretch there, hush! Why wilt thou break
This awful stillness with thy hollow groans?
Lie down and die; so shalt thou help to make
A trophy unto Freedom with thy bones.

Lie down and die. Why should'st thou wish to live
When thou canst 'mid the patriot-martyrs stand?

Lie down and die, that thou may'st seem to give
Thy little life unto thy native land.

So, with the greatest gift within thy power,
Thou wilt have crowned thy duty gloriously.
Thy grateful countrymen e'en in the hour
Of joyful victory, shall remember thee.

The moon is down, and slow the dawning gray
Pursueth in the east retreating night.
Soon shall the sun with bright, effulgent ray
Bathe all these dead in glorifying light.

Thus, when the happy day of Peace shall come
And this black night of troublous times depart,
All these shall live, who died 'mid woe and gloom,
Enthroned in light within the Nation's heart.

S. R. T.

One Idea.

A FEW years since a distinguished American Sculptor, with delicate art and with a skilful hand, carved the bust of Daniel Webster. The whole soul of the artist was absorbed in the work. His every conception of the man sprang from the chisel's point, and in the cold marble found form and almost life. The work was completed, and in the massive features of the statesman, admirers traced the grandeur of his intellect, and read for the artist enduring honor.

It is said that the ideal arose to such grandeur of proportion in his mind, that over every after piece of workmanship, were cast the shadows of this noble thought. By artists of nice perception, Daniel Webster was seen in them all.

The great achievements of individual effort, the world's advancement in intelligence and right, and the reforms turning the current of life for all humanity, bear upon their bold fronts the trace of one idea, deeply engraven in their every feature and expression.

St. Paul's Cathedral in London towers in massive grandeur before the eye, with its marble stairways of jetty black, Corinthian colonnades, in whiteness pure as pearls, and glistening like night-frost in the moonbeams. The majestic dome and its fiery cross, rise boldly up into

the blue above, as if they would kiss the dome of the sky, awing the soul into silence and filling it with astonishment. With its every variety of architecture there flashes through it all the one idea of the designer's mind, leaving the impression of a perfect whole. But is this perfection the result of chance? Truth tells us it is not. For unity in result there must be one design. Where a single end so near divine is reached, we know there must have been a God-like thought!

In every individual's mind there is one prominent idea. It is the straight and narrow gate through which we pass into the dominions of the soul,—the mould in which the life is cast,—the central sun around which worlds of thought revolve in glory.

This one idea lies buried in the heart of childhood. It is a choice seed in the richest soil,—unnoticed by men,—watched kindly by the eye of God,—ever full of life, and implanted there, a germ of immortality. Circumstances and years effect its development, and then the character of this determines the character of the man; be it that of a narrow-minded bigot, or of a nobler christian manhood, with its views broad as God's universe, and aims reaching far up to the gate of Heaven.

Because there is one idea within the mind all-controlling in its power, it is not requisite that this should be the only thought in its life, not necessary that all others be excluded. The one idea is the nucleus around which center all other purposes and actions,—even as the sun is a center—a one idea (of God) in creation, holding worlds in majestic movement around itself.

The soul of man demands a one idea, whose full attainment shall be the aim of Life.

Then tribute shall be laid upon every thought, each warm emotion bid to the firm-resolve "God speed," each act pour forth a glad rivulet into the swelling tide of life.

What were the creative power in the universe without a plan, and what an individual's life with nothing to direct, or to enrich it with results worthy of its strength? One ideas are the plans for human life. They guide it with a certainty that can never err, to honor, virtue, and eternal gain.

Because a man is a man of one idea, it is not necessary that he be void of sense, or, in other words, with a mind literally containing but one idea ride this as a hobby through the circles of society, to the great annoyance and disgust of those who must clear the way before the headstrong steed.

The one idea designed for human life, is Truth, ever new, and al-

ways right; just moulded; fresh from the hand of God; whose beauties are unfading as lilies upon the banks of the River of Life, with excellencies as durable as the foundations of jasper beneath the City of Gold.

The Universe is a goblet of gold, filled to the brim with the nectar and invigorating essences of Truth, and from realms lying in Infinity, far away, come the words to men—"Drink ye all of it."

Truth is an idea, whose proportions are embraced only by Infinity itself. It is too vast for the graspings of an intellect held down—bound to the patronage of Error—beyond the conceptions of a mind narrowed to a hobbled one idea! This one idea of truth delights in the batterings and blows of opposition, as but forerunners, promising the triumphs of a new victory. Or, as Bryant has beautifully expressed it:

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain
And dies among his worshippers."

Then, how noble, how grand the thought of such a one idea, of being ourselves instinct with all the powers of truth, and standing up forever its firm defenders! Success will await us, and the words of Holland will be ours:

"The eye that can see the triumph of that which is good in the world, from afar, the heart that can be certain of victory, though now in the sulphurous thickness of the fight, can afford to bear present contumely, and even present defeat. The bearer of such a heart and eye knows that, sooner or later, the time will come when he and the band to which he belongs, shall celebrate a final victory over all that opposes them—that they shall come home from the contest, "with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." He knows that the last shout will be his, and that the severer the conflict the heartier will that shout be. Ah! what peans of triumph, what sweeps of majestic music, what waving of banners, what joyous tumult of white-robed hosts, shall greet him who goes home, worn and weary, to take a crown worthily won in the contest with error and with wrong. May that crown be yours and mine!"

It is the one ideas among human kind which classify society. The wealthy, the intellectual, the consistent, the religious sectarian, the pleasure-seeker, the fashionable, with the good and noble and true at heart, each in their different phases of character, show the out-work-

ing of one idea. National refinement and love of the arts are but the results of a National one idea.

Ralph Waldo Emerson has said: "Our culture is the predominance of an idea which draws after it this train of cities and institutions." Let us rise into another idea; they will disappear. The Greek sculpture is all melted away, as if it had been statues of ice: here and there a solitary figure or fragment remaining as we see flecks and scraps of snow left in cold dells and mountain clefts in June and July. For the genius that created it creates now something else.

In America there has been an enslavement of the idea that all men should be free; but this idea by its innate strength has broken the fetters that bound it, and now in asserting its right to breath and existence, stalks boldly over a Nation's dead.

The idea of 1787, that an enduring government could be based upon the union of Slavery and Freedom, has perished from the earth and fallen into the dark grave ever opened by newly discovered Truth for the errors of the Past.

The one idea of Freedom in the world—the full attainment of their rights by men—is a thought that would never die; for which men have firmly stood and bravely died before the enemy, when "with pennons flying and the serried lance they came thundering upon their unflinching ranks."

To the foolish ones of earth who oppose the progress of Freedom's one idea, it is a fearful rock with the stern decree, that on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder. Fallen it has and fall it will. For in the tempest of a nation's rage, that one idea has descended upon Monarchies like a thunder-bolt from God. It has disturbed society, divided states, destroyed kings, set wide empires in commotion and fired the heart of all humanity in a noble resistance to cruelty and despotic power.

It has challenged all the fiery hatred of the oppressor's soul, and centered upon itself the warmest praises of the Patriot's heart. One ideas are the masters of the world.

A. B. C.

Chimble Islands, Nov. 29th, 1862.

I sit in the early morning
With my gun across my knees
And I feel the breath of the west wind
Which rustles among the trees.

Above the east is the glory
Which heralds the rising sun,
And afar from the sky is fading
The night with its clouds of duu.

The wild ducks call from the water,
The gulls come veering round,
And on the horizon gleaming,
Are sails on the quiet Sound.

The plash and the gurgle of waters
Comes softly up to my ear,
And the sigh of the pine-tree branches,
But nothing save these I hear.

The tent-smoke rises as slowly
As it rose on yester night,
And the boat swings still at her moorings
And shines in the morning light.

Naught else can I see around me,
And the waters give no sign
Save a porpoise lumbering inward
With his brown side out of the brine.

Ah well! 'tis the same old story,
The story of wood and hill,
That the God of the Earth and Heavens
Is good to his creatures still.

S. W. D.

Our Army Correspondence.

*Head Qrs., 20th Conn. Vols.—12th Army Corps.—
Valley of the Shenandoah.—In the Woods,—
8th November, 1862.*

DEAR LIT :

YOU ought to have an army correspondent. If so, why shouldn't I be the man? Now, I have some matters of awful moment to lay before your enlightened readers. My story is of War, dreadful, bloody War? The gallant 20th Conn. is particularly concerned in my frightful narrative, and I shall confine myself to their exploits, dangers and victories. Attend then, ye young men in *civil* life, and tremble as ye hear. We left New Haven, a village of some note in the Wooden-Nutmeg State, Sept. 11th, 1862. Our first victory was at West Haven, where we frightened the enemy terribly, and captured seventeen stands of boquets. The route to New York City was a succession of similar conquests, and ended with taking a very small steamboat, at a very dirty wharf, on the eastern side of the Metropolis. With this conveyance, we puffed over to the opposite shore of New Jersey; but having discovered our position, and fearing an attack from those *large little boys* which abound in that locality, we left for "the States," and set foot in the City of Brotherly-Love, during a severe rain-storm. The only things we took at this point were fifteen stout colds. We hold them yet, and shall probably bring them back with us. New Haven fogs don't get up anything like what we captured in Philadelphia. Well, nothing of particular interest occurred on the road to Washington, except that we lay in ambush on a Railroad switch for a half a dozen hours, but saw nothing worth attacking—not even a square inch of hard bread. Towards Saturday night we entered our National Capital in glorious triumph. Hearing that there were some persons of Secession proclivities in the neighborhood, we boldly crouched in gutters and on pavements, until morning, and although our guns were boxed up in baggage-cars, if any one professing to be Secesh had happened along, it is very certain that we should either have severely punished him, or "retreated in good order." Wouldn't that have been a *Union Victory*? In the morning we advanced upon, took, and held East Capitol Hill. Here we had a

severe struggle with numerous ditches and brambles, but at last victory again perched upon our banners. After an occupation of two nights, it was thought of importance to seize upon a camp, called Chase, lately vacated by some Union troops, just across a bridge, called, and properly enough, *Long*. We started, and like the war-horse—not the Democrat, Purdy—but the old Biblical war-horse—“snuffed the battle from afar.” Arrived at the bridge, we found the same carefully guarded by a Conn. Regiment, variously called “Lyons,” and “Lambs,” and they defiantly denied us passage without “a pass.” This we had not, but charging bayonets with our fore fingers, cleared the way and crossed, in the face of Lyons *and* Lambs. Camp Chase was occupied, and several boxes of hard bread conquered. At the expiration of two weeks, news reached us that Frederick City was in danger. We *took* a train of cars, from the authorities at Washington, and proceeded to the above-named place. In two nights, our presence had rendered every thing secure, and we hastened to the rescue of Maryland Heights, which, since Col. Miles death, has been in a very dangerous situation.—Ah, Col. Miles! But, “nil mortuis,” &c., (my friend, Prof. Thacher, will translate the sentence to all your Freshman readers.) Here, again, we *snuffed* the battle, and it went out in the operation; for, when we had located our camp and looked around us, nary enemy was to be seen. Here we had many dress parades and drills. When we were sufficiently drilled, we ventured to ascend Loudon Heights, on the eastern bank of the Shenandoah river. This was a work of the greatest difficulty, as the enemy had had possession of the elevation only three weeks previously. We gained the summit and squatted, kept a sharp lookout for attacks, and watched the movements of the Rebels. One day, (the three lower classes had better not read any further, lest they should get unduly excited,) one day, a courier announced, that a horseman had been seen on the western bank of the river, riding backwards and forwards, and apparently posting pickets. An idea struck us. With a sudden impulse, the whole Regiment, except the field and staff, started—they knew not whither—*on picket*. The *object* of this piece of strategy some of your readers may not understand. Let me explain. Wholesale picketing in the face of an enemy is of the utmost importance to the safety of all hands. *For*, if an attack is made on a Regiment which is scattered through dense woods for a distance of eight or ten miles, the chances are ten to one, that nobody will be hurt. Don’t you see, my boys? Under the above-named plan, the 20th were sent out toward Richmond, as pickets. We kept well away from the main road, had our

provisions brought us by teams, and watched our chances. Yesterday morning, the idea came across us, that the chances of our starvation were about as good as any others, and we have concluded to change our *base*, and fall back to the Potomac. This the Regiment is now doing, in perfect order, having been mostly collected again. I must stop, mount old Fire-fly, and cover their retreat.

Permit a few closing remarks. The Army of the Potomac, except the 12th Corps, has moved! We are not to be permitted to take part in the advance movement, but notice what an important position we occupy. We hold Harper's Ferry, Bolivar, and Loudon Heights. Twenty Cavalry men could not begin to take either of these strongholds, and it is certain there are no more in this part of our dear country. Meanwhile, we are near the scene of J. Brown's last and fatal conflict. Who shall say that the spirit of so desperate a man may not again throw these peaceful citizens into confusion. It is ours to guard the lives and happiness of these, Virginia's noblest sons and daughters. This we intend to do well. How exalted the trust! How awful the responsibility!

Through the dark and lowering clouds which have hitherto hung about our country's future, who cannot see, dimly, faintly, but certainly glimmering, the dawning of the day of deliverance and peace? Let the 20th go on, then, in her noble work, and you shall soon see us home again, to look after you, my boys, and "the girls we left behind us." With the best wishes for you, dear sir, and all other means for the instruction of our tender youth,

I am muchly yours,

K.

Ease and the Easel.

READING, the other day, Hazlitt's enthusiastic essay on the Pleasures of Painting, in which he records his own early attempts at art, with many a longing, lingering look behind, I was led to wonder if there be any other profession so full of delight to its followers as

this of the pencil. Hazlitt assures me that there cannot be. He believes that the curse imposed upon all other labor, does not attach to that of the artist; that the conditions of pain, set for all other work, are here left out, and pain is the accident, not the necessity. At least, that is the inference which we may draw, not unfairly, from the enthusiastic tone of the essay; and, thinking over the matter, one is not surprised to find how many there are of the same opinion. There is Irving, who, in his youth, would have been an artist, along with his friend, Washington Allston, and who always spoke with more tenderness than was even his wont, of those early studies; and Thackeray, who made the same change in his plans for life, and who is never tired of telling us what a happy, enviable set these painters are.

It is not impossible that the feeling of these, and of other men in like case, may be, in part, accounted for by the fact, that their longing for this life was never gratified. They stood upon the borders of a land and looked over into it. The enchantment of distance was upon it, and they remember it as a region where meadows of peace stretched away to airy heights of promise. Perhaps, had they gone in to possess the land, they might have found that the peace was broken by many rugged tracts, and that the promise continually receded. Men find such experience in every other walk of life, and often enough, no doubt, in this. Yet, if there be one work to which less of drudgery attaches than to any other, it must surely be that of the painter.

For, in the first place, the objects of an artist's daily toil are such things as ordinary men may only study for recreation. His every-day is your and my holiday. Our little lounge in the galleries of Europe is food for the pleasant memory of a life-time. To have seen once, and enjoyed, the Transfiguration, the Marriage in Cana, the Last Judgment, the Dresden Madonna, will sweeten many an after hour of toil for any man of refinement—and here is a guild of men, whose daily study leads them to such sublime master-pieces. All that they aim to reproduce is either grand or lovely, and the essential charm of the work is, that it makes one more and more alive to that which is delightful in the subject. The study of a picture, or a landscape, in the effort of transferring it to canvas, is a very different thing from the study of any mere gazer. If an artist sits down to sketch any out-of-door object, be it a way-side group of children, or only a broken cart drawn up alongside a hedge, or the bulrushes by a pool, as he gets on, he finds a constantly increasing pleasure in his work. He is learning, all the while, some subtlety of expression, some grace, which had escaped all previous observation. I am sure that I do not exag-

gerate in saying, that there is not a single branch upon any tree, a fragment of any cloud, that is not found full of unexpected and lovely traits, by the copyist.

We cannot appreciate an artist's understanding of a bit of landscape. Our best observation fails to detect many things that his patient eye has discovered as its finest charms; and more than that, we almost never give that best observation to anything in nature. We steal from drudging time a few summer weeks for the country. We fish, we drive, we hunt, and, perhaps, are attracted for a few moments at sunset, to look at the sky. But at the end of our holidays, what knowledge have we gained about the ferns, knee deep around the feet of the trees, about the mosses dipping into the brook, the graceful valley reaches, and curves of the hills? If we had, originally, any eye for these things, its sense is blunted by carelessness and disuse. But, let us take a pencil into our hand and try sketching. We shall be awkward at first, but facility comes with use, and pleasure grows up before we are aware. We shall doubtless learn many things—it will be as though scales dropped from our eyes—and, at least, we may draw from our labor a rebuke as to our careless way of sauntering through the world. Our hands were in our pockets—our eyes might as well have been there too.

I do not suppose it is in my power to imagine the keen delight which an artist, at happy moments, has in his task. Blackstone is said to be pleasant reading; but who would ever think of envying his student, as any lawyer may envy the bearded sinner, who works so hard to copy that St. Jerome, or St. Sebastian? Watch the pleasure in his face, as he labors to follow the endless convolutions of line, and fine gradations of color. It is close work, absorbing work, but it does not tire. "Patience grows out of the endless pursuit, and turns it to a luxury." Satisfaction lurks in every well-rounded curve, and there is an unimaginable climax of joy, as the task approaches a happy issue.

A writer who had once followed art, tells how, in later life, the hours spent in the galleries of the Louvre, would come before him in his dreams. He was asking for the old pictures—and not finding them, or finding them changed, or faded from what they were, would cry himself awake. One can easily fancy any old man, once a doctor, a merchant, or a clergyman, in tears, as he recalls his youth. It is not, however, the tender memory of the dissecting-room, nor the invoice-book, nor the first intellectual delight in Edward's on the Will, that brings moisture to his eyes. He too thinks pictures. He sees the

sunset pasture, with the cows coming home; himself the boy who whistles, as he trudges after them. He sees again the lane, with its rows of maples, where he was once very foolish, perhaps, but certainly very happy. Or it is a bachelor-room that he remembers, where the evenings used to be so jolly. There were Tom, and Dick, and Harry. They were, but are not. Their wit, even, has long since paled and vanished; their song was sweet, but its last echo is very faint now. The scene, however, is fresh yet. The ale of those days was clear nut-brown; it is pleasanter to the eye than the best brewing of to-day. And it was a ring of heroes about that board; seen dimly, not so much because of the mist of years, as because of the fragrant clouds of smoke that encircled each head.

All old gentlemen spend a large part of their time in this private artist work. Is it not as we paint pictures for ourselves, in the silent studio of the brain, that, for any of us, memory is pleasant, and hope cheering? And who would not possess the power of expressing, in the loveliest of all modes, the forms that his mind holds dearest? And even though one cannot produce upon his canvas the ideal that fills his imagination—and that, it may be, is a felicity which has never been granted to any man, who, yet, would be unwilling to spend his days in so sweet a labor?

I would rather have painted the Transfiguration, than have won the field of Waterloo. I would rather have been Michael Angelo, to have drawn the cartoon of Pisa, than to have negotiated the most famous peace of modern times. Treaties and battles of fifty years ago give no one now any pleasure, save on the page of the historian; but the pictures of the old painters have more than storied life in them. Once created, they are never-failing wells of delight, and all men may draw refreshment from them. A statesman must devote much of his best work to temporary ends; his labor and its memory perishes with him; but every work of a great artist is beneficial to posterity; whatever his hand has done, waits as a gladness to the eyes, and a seed of pleasant thought for all generations.

Verily, if there is any craft blessed with happiness, it is that of the pencil. Entrenched behind his easel, shielded by his palette, and armed with his brush, a mortal man bids defiance to care. His art is a retreat when trouble attacks. Whatever other defenses may fail him, this one is impregnable. He is engaged upon things that are sublime and lovely, and finds in them an ever-growing delight. This reverses the lot of humanity. It is feeding on the strawberries and cream of existence, and finding them grow better every day. We tire

in every other pursuit, and find *vanitas vanitatum* written on the bottom of every other cup of pleasure—the cup palls, even before we can read the writing at the bottom. But we are told that in this draught there are no dregs, and that it is sweeter to the end.

I declare that I have made myself believe all that I have written. I have brought myself to that degree of faith, that I have even dared to indite a copy of verses concerning my hero. I give them as a creed. And since they are a simple statement of belief, if they have no merit as verses, they, at least, need not stoop to an apology.

The Painter.

TO THE

B. H.

The wind is cold, the sky is drear,
Dun shadows fill the hollow dells
Where hid the flowers, when June was here,
Where damp decay now dwells.
Yet still, for me, the dells are bright,
And skies are soft, and winds are low;
November's brown, December's white,
Nor gloom, nor chillness know.
My pencil glows with living light,
Each season smiles beneath its sway;
My patient hand creates a land,
Whose rudest air is soft as May.

Here flow the streams that ne'er complain,
Here graze the flocks of stainless fleece;
Here pipes the shepherd, happy swain,
Eternally at peace.
Here stretch the fields forever green,
And under trees of fadeless leaf,
My lovers, ever young, are seen,
And ever strange to grief.—
Yon town, with gleaming walls and towers,
That lies half hid among the hills,
Looks calmly down, a peerless town,
If void of life, then void of ills.—

The wealth of all the world is mine,—
Here are my purple slopes of France,
Where nut-brown maidens tend the vine,—
On me they kindly glance.
The ivy binds the abbey wall
And towers, fast yielding to decay;
Yet here its leaf shall never fall,
The wall not waste away.
My riches never can grow old,
They only wax with waning years;
The maid I love can never prove
Unkind, or vex me with her tears—

At night, the dark grows light and warm,
Sweet presences before me rise;
The virgin mother, child on arm,
Bends on me loving eyes.
The shades of heroes by me go,
In stalwart splendor shown by gleams;
And angel forms float to and fro,—
They linger in my dreams.
O happy life! O bounteous art,
That givest me the thornless rose!
My days are light, my dreams are bright,
And care is lost in deep repose.

F.

Concerning Stilts.

YEARS ago, in the golden time of boyhood, you remember, no doubt, with what delight you hailed the passage through your native village of some traveling circus-company. The long line of painted vans, the curiously marked horses, the grinning clown, and all the various paraphernalia, formed the staple of conversation at the little red school-house down the village street. And when night came, and you sat, with your big brother, under the dimly-lighted canvas, you could imagine no higher wish for the future than that sometime you might be allowed to ride such horses amid such music. It was a very fairy-palace of delight, and all your long-cherished dreams of keeping a candy-store, at some future period of your existence, faded away, into the new determination to be, sometime, a circus-rider. As the performance went on, the riding and tumbling were followed by a feat which once more dissipated your newly-formed plans for life. There was, after all, you reflected, something common in riding horses; many a man could do that, and you would then and there have declared, as your final determination, the intention to practice walking on stilts as a profession, had you not distrusted your ability ever to become a proficient in the art. It seemed to you, then, that such a man must be born with a loftier organization than was the lot of common humanity.

Life is, after all, a sort of iconoclastic process. Each year we break the cherished idols of the former one.

It has been so in your case; these visions have faded long ago. As years have gone by, you have learned that such colors as you then

admired can be produced on horses with little trouble. The potent alchemy, which changed that rain-stained pavilion into such a radiant palace, has long since lost its power. You have seen more than one man with a smile upon his face, when you knew that corroding care was busy at the heart, and experience has taught you, that beyond the arena of the circus, tinsel may take the place of gold, and the bloom of youth be simulated by paint and enamel, in higher spheres than the amphitheatre. Gradually, the memory of the music and the song and the jest, has lost its brilliancy. But, amid all changes, despite the added wisdom of years, you have never lost your boyish admiration for the man on stilts.

It is time to drop the "you." We have reached the point where you become an index of the great mass of your fellow-men. The proposition is almost universal. We all look up, with more or less of reverence, to the men on stilts.

The Greek only followed out in Tragedy his perception of the principles which governed in common life. The actor mounted his stilted buskins, concealed them beneath his flowing robe, and the thundering plaudits of the theatre welcomed his ungraceful waddle, as the majestic tread of the god whose name he bore. The broader stage of life is crowded with aspirants for honors and emoluments, to which their only claim is their borrowed elevation. It is natural for us to admire and respect those who have attained to any eminence. Distance lends enchantment to the view, is a truth as well of men as landscape. Honor is due to those who, by firm endeavor, have reached a height from which they can look down upon their fellow-men, provided always the eminence on which they stand is real, firm, and enduring. We say nothing of the question as to whether they have reared their vantage-ground themselves, have climbed its height by self-might, unaided, or have been placed there by ancestry or fortune. In either case, the inquiry of the Future will be simple, and to the point; were they what they seemed, or pretended to be, or merely men on stilts—the world's mountebanks? And yet, though they throng around us on every side, there are few among us who have the right to cast the first stone. How many of us do not stand on an unfair elevation? How many would like to have the garment drawn aside, and the buskin shown? And yet there is before us this damning fact—sooner or later we shall all be found out. Not only of us as individuals is this true, but, collectively, the same thing may be affirmed. Nations, like men, may obtain respect on false pretences; governments may go on stilts. But, before the bar of the future, will come up the same crucial ques-

tion. Were they what they pretended to be? From the decision of History there is no appeal.

Naturally we ponder, what will be the decision in our case. Absurdities had passed among us into general propositions, and finally been received as axiomatic truths. We had almost brought ourselves to believe, that he who boasted most loudly, was, of necessity, the greatest patriot. Bombastic oratory, and Senatorial slang, had passed as the current coin of Statesmanship. That which we had heard a thousand times from the bar, the stump, and even from the pulpit, we had, at last, conceived to be an undeniable fact. We had come to regard the American eagle as a sort of mail-clad institution, invulnerable, externally, to all the missiles which could be hurled against a nationality, and proof against all the disorders which usually afflict a state. "Manifest Destiny" had become the first article in our national creed. But the worst is not yet. We had come to believe that the supreme position we had claimed among the nations, was really ours, beyond a chance of loss. Relying upon this, we sat by in apathy, while others bridged the seas with lines of steamers, cut new channels of trade, and reaped the harvest of the world's commerce. The position we occupied was only that which had been forced upon us by the natural advantages of the country we possessed. Surely, that people must have been blinded by over-weening self-exaltation, which allowed itself to be made the fool of the Canadian politician. At length, however, we have been found out. Our stilts have broken beneath us. Stunned by the fall, we are in no mood to perceive the benefits we are gaining; but, once recovered from the blow, let us trust that henceforth we shall tread firmly upon solid earth, content to reach, by long toil, the position which other nations have labored for centuries to attain.

We pass, now, from the masses to the man. And amid all the characters which we as individuals assume, to gain the end of which we speak, two, especially, are to be found, whichever way we turn. They are prominent characters in society. The denizens, alike, of town and country, they are familiar to all; no community is without its representative of either class. First and strangest of these is the man that never speaks.

He assumes an intense gravity, a sort of Delphi silence; men call him "deep," and wonder at the stores of gathered information, and the wealth of unuttered thought which such a man must possess. Gaping multitudes wait in vain for the utterances of the inspired oracle. There is a sort of fascination about the mystery in which he

clothes himself, that seems to act as a charm, to wile away the senses of those who otherwise are men of solid judgment, and real discernment. And yet, of all shame, this is the weakest, when viewed in its proper light.

That were a strange logic which argued that a man is a fool because he never speaks foolishly; no less strange is that which predicates a man's wisdom upon the fact that he has never given utterance to a wise saying. Nevertheless, should you venture to hint a doubt as to the intellectual resources of this object of popular veneration, you will be met with one of those maxims of, to say the least, doubtful logic, which are used whenever a man is hard pressed for a better reason. "Still waters run deep," &c., &c. Undoubtedly, provided they run at all, but the water in a street-pool may be shallow, and yet be quiet to the last degree. The same argument would prove a wash-tub an ocean. Two facts are patent with regard to this class of men.

The man who never permits his placidity to be ruffled by an idea, is apt to be quiet.

Keep your stilts covered, is the gospel of every successful charlatan.

The truth is, these men deserve credit for just wisdom enough to hold their tongues, and no more. Intense gravity is too often the covering for intense stupidity. Bolingbroke must have had one of them in mind, when he observed, that in comedies, the best actors play the droll, while some scrub is made the fine gentleman. I have spoken of them as being prominent men in society. They take, however, no active part. They are particularly careful never to meddle with politics. The clash of principles, the war of ideas, the attrition of everyday life, are not for them.

A scratch is death to gilding. It proves at once that it is not solid gold. And so the wear and tear of active life is the true test of acquirements and capabilities. Your "deep" man is not a politician. On the other hand, the second of the two characters of which we are speaking, takes a large part in politics. He is the opposite of the first, for he talks in the loftiest strain and with the largest words. He is always chairman of the Lecture Committee of the village Lyceum. He is a lawyer, a divine, a physician, a merchant, an author, a student. In short, every walk in life is cursed by the presence of this, the most universal of men on stilts. If you believe themselves, there is nothing of which they are not capable, nothing worth knowing that they do not know. They will talk on any subject. They bid you "Good Morning," in such magnificent style, that you involuntarily put your hand to your pocket, with an indefinite feeling, that you are greatly in

their debt. So they make a remark as to the weather, in such a way that you can't help feeling as if some new fact in science had just been announced. This is not fancy. There are, really, men in the world who will tell you that it is raining, in such words, that you and every one else will give them credit for an original discovery. In fact, if you were at that very moment under an umbrella, it would never strike you that, perhaps, you knew it was raining before you were told.

Caligula once planned an invasion of Britain, gathered some shells upon the coast, and returned—in triumph. The family of Caligulas did not become extinct with the fall of the Emperors. It is no uncommon thing to find men to-day, who hold to your ear the shell they have picked up, the cast-off covering of other men's thoughts, and endeavor to make you believe that its hollow murmur is really the roaring of the mind-ocean. They are always called upon at public meetings, and are always ready with a speech. It is nothing for them to speak without notice, for, like the Lion's part in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, they can "do it extempore, for it's nothing but roaring," and yet, backed by a well-selected library and a dictionary, they have reputations as writers.

Their daily prayer is for an addition to the nine parts of speech.

I have thus endeavored to sketch, in outline, two of the characters of every-day life. It would be impossible even to mention the countless forms of false pretence by which men seek to rise. Even the College, which is little more than an extended family, is not free from them. The class who obtain exalted positions upon the Commencement schedule by unfair means is, fortunately, not to be found at Yale, but the vice manifests itself among us in other shapes. Now there is nothing essentially wrong in a man's going upon stilts; it helps him over many a mud-hole in the dirty ways of life; but when his height is measured, we must make allowance for the buskin, and first reduce him to a level with those about him. Thus many a fancied great man will find himself overshadowed by the whole-souled greatness of the few who wish "rather to be than to seem." I draw no moral. But that which is uppermost in my mind is, simply,

It is time to end such hollow shams.

K.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Several statements having been printed in the newspapers respecting the number of graduates and undergraduates, of various Colleges, who have held official positions in the United States Army, during the present war,—we have taken some pains to ascertain the number of Yalensians who have thus been in service. A roll has been kept, in the Library of Yale College, of all the Graduates who have volunteered in support of the national cause,—but it is deemed inexpedient to print the list quite yet, as additions are made to it every few days. Omitting the names of all graduates of the professional schools, and the names of all who were educated at Yale College without being admitted to the baccalaureate degree, we find the following summary.

Yale College has furnished 208 graduates to the army, including 4 Generals, 14 Colonels, 4 Lieutenant Colonels, 8 Majors, 35 Captains, 36 Lieutenants, 22 Surgeons and Assistant Surgeons, 21 Chaplains, and 63 non-commissioned officers and privates.

Election of Coochleureati.

The Class of '64, in full meeting assembled, have decided on the following Spoon Committee:—C. L. Atterbury, M. C. D. Borden, R. S. Ives, J. L. Parke, W. H. B. Pratt, G. Coles Purves, J. W. Sterling, L. Stevens.

Thanksgiving Jubilee.

On Thanksgiving evening came off, as usual, this now time-honored performance. The Committee deserve great credit for seeing the thing through in the shape in which they did, and for gathering together such a combination of talent. If we had space, we could expand, indefinitely, on this head, of the damage to the Brothers' carpet, of the general good humor, of the first rate acting and singing, of the loads—but "nuff sed."

Editor's Table.

The Board, fellow-collegians, is almost as well as usual, thank you. And just show us the man who says it isn't. There is a pair of square-toed shoes at his service, said pair being *aut bello*, *aut pace paratus*—ready for fight, or, tother thing. And here endeth the first lesson.

The Senior Class is also as well as usual. They may be seen on the rampage at any hour of the day or night, if you know where to look for them. Alas for South College! It is going to the bad, and they of '63, therein resident, are helping it to get there. The musical instruments, so offensive to the refined ear of the Board, are still to be heard, always to the fore at the wrong time, not excepting the fiddles up garret—we beg pardon—in the fourth story.

Singing prospers. Van Amburgh's menagerie has sold out, and closed the concern. The only remaining vestiges of its brilliant, but brief career, being the intimation, gracefully communicated in the 'wee sma' hours,' by some patron of its departed glories, that,

For one cent
You can see the elephant
And for two
You can see the kangaroo.

The individual whose coat was so big that he couldn't pay the tailor, has also gone, perhaps to settle that little bill. In place of these have appeared such sentimental ditties as "No one to love," and "Maggie by my side," showing that the influence of 'Germania' is spreading among the outside barbarians. Otherwise, there is silence in this line. No Ruskin pervades the ambient air near York and Chapel, or more tuneful Knickerbocker arouses the neighborhood.

Meanwhile, the question often asked and never answered is, 'Who cut the hal-yards?' If this notice should reach that erring youth, he is earnestly requested to communicate with the Faculty. Immediate suspension guaranteed. In our own minds, however, we are opposed to the practice of students being, *always*, the scape-goats of the community.

In fact, we object to a good many things. If we had our way, we'd make hosts of reformers. We would prevent all sleepiness in afternoon lecture, and when such a thing did occur, we would see that the offender was suitably expelled from the room, before all the Class had left. We wouldn't allow the Sophomores to hook books out of the Libraries, in order to skin prize compositions. Nor the Juniors to elect their Spoon Committee before the time. Nor the Freshmen to become rampant, because the Faculty has clipped the claws of their hereditary enemies.

We have been stagnating, lately. Thanksgiving Jubilee woke us up, and that was all that has done it. It succeeded in keeping us alive, enough to last till examination week, and then, you know, we must lay into the work with a will. And we of Sixty-three have got to take it then. Astronomy, Meteorology, Guizot, Metaphysics, Political Economy, English Literature, with its accompaniment of Anglo-Saxon, Chemistry, Geology, and Mediaeval History, all to be got up and recited. What think ye of that, Freshmen. And yet the Board expects to live through, and not make acquaintance with the "Law of the Conditioned," further than to rush it.

The Boating Editor has recovered, and is now earnestly engaged in circulating a petition which, we understand, is already numerously signed, and which is designed to prevent the former President of Linonia from ever attempting to turn a tune. The Deacon also requests us to state, that having been visited by a Rt. Rev. member of the Roman Catholic persuasion, he considers it his duty to inform the already-before, herein-mentioned member of the Board, and his misguided friends, that the said Pontifex Parochius keeps Two Poodle Dogs, and a Biddy with a Broomstick, and will resist, *vi et armis*, all attacks on his Personal Possessions.

The Muscular Man is still developing the biceps to the edification of the infant mind. The Deacon considers himself fully able to answer all questions about his own health, without any body else's assistance, and intends to do it, right up to the hundle.

As to the fancy Chairman, he continues to keep himself before the public, in his store clothes, and to advocate the unrestrained use of Ice-Cold Gin, as a beverage. The Board haven't had a regular old meeting for some time, but have concluded, unanimously, to go in for a "time," the night of the forth-coming Lit. Medal supper. They would also like to remark, that they ponied up their shipplasters, and bestowed on that fortunate candidate the full amount of his prize.

We would like to venture a remark or two to sundry members of College, to hint to a certain member of '63, that he'd better have on India-rubber fishing boots, when he goes to Kinney's Pond, next time; to give a word of advice to the Freshmen, and, in short, to do many things which we can't do here for want of room.

Most worshipful reader, permit us, therefore, as your sincere well-wishers, to greet you, in anticipation, with a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

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NO. IV.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Hinc nomen gratis nomen, nomen laudisq; YALENSIS
Censuræ BOBOLÆ, unanimique PATRIS."

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THE
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FEBRUARY, 1863.

No. IV.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '63.

E. B. BINGHAM,

S. W. DUFFIELD,

J. H. BUTLER,

C. W. FRANCIS,

J. F. KERNOCHAN.

Greek Revolutions.

A GREAT revolution is one of the most impressive events in human history. It is usually the result of causes which have long been in operation, and which suddenly break forth into a political hurricane that sweeps away the ancient land-marks, and decisively affects the future history of a country, a race, or the world. When it occurs in the interest of justice and humanity, and especially when it avoids bloodshed and anarchy, it possesses some of the highest elements of moral grandeur.

If we mistake not, such is the character of that recent movement in Greece, which has sent an imbecile, foreign king flying out of its borders, and given the native citizens the opportunity for the peaceful election, by ballot, of his successor.

Although a revolution is no unprecedented event upon Grecian soil, still, no one of the many attempts of that people to secure deliverance from grinding oppression, has had such a result as this one. And this is because the people were never before capable of attaining such a result. It bears witness, that all the long centuries of cruel training have had a subduing, purifying influence upon their character; that they have imbibed somewhat of the spirit of the age in which they live, and have become in a measure fitted for that freedom which has been the inspiration of her heroes, and the dream of her philosophers.

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Since the revolution of 1821, which excited such a general sympathy in this country, and which resulted in Grecian independence through the intervention of the Allied Powers, there has been a long period of comparative quiet in Greece, disturbed only by two or three minor outbreaks, if we except the bloodless revolution of 1843. The present generation in America has grown up, therefore, without having its sympathies, to any great extent, drawn out toward this interesting land, and its enterprising people. Indeed, so devoted have we been to classical studies and history, that we are more familiar with the names of the ancient geographical divisions, than those of the modern ones, and are better acquainted with events of the time of Solon, than those of the last twenty-five years. That the Greeks revolted from the Turks about two score years ago; that they maintained a long contest with them before achieving their independence; that Lord Byron went to aid them, and died in their service; that Marco Bozaris fell in a midnight attack upon a Turkish garrison, and was commemorated in a poem by our own Halleck; that Daniel Webster made a speech in favor of the Greeks; that Otho, a German prince, was finally made king, and was not very popular; these facts comprised nearly all the knowledge of modern Greek history which many of us possessed.

Under these circumstances, perhaps a brief review of a few historical events, and a statement of a few present facts, may not prove uninteresting to a portion of our readers.

Hardly any nation has had greater vicissitudes of fortune and character. We are all familiar with the story of its rise from primitive barbarism, to the glory of the classical epoch. But we are so accustomed to contemplate it at that early, culminating period of its history, that we can hardly appreciate the depth of degradation to which it sunk in after times.

Falling into the hands of one after another of its rapacious conquerors, despoiled and oppressed by all, the last hope of Grecian life and liberty seemed to have gone out in the gloom of the Turkish rule. Henceforth, Greece could only be known as a nation of slaves.

But, a wonderful tenacity of life seemed to pervade the nation; though weak, poor, and continually sinking to lower depths of suffering, the expectation of deliverance never expired. Through a long and painful way, the nation has slowly come to its present condition of hope and promise. Even in the last century, the only apparent result of the attempt of the Greeks to liberate themselves, in 1770 and 1790, was to rivet still more securely the fetters of Turkish oppression. But the people learned wisdom from their failures, and

henceforth distrusted Russia, who had incited their outbreak, and through whose treachery they failed, and relied upon themselves. They began to develop their own resources more systematically, especially upon the sea, where they gained their chief successes; they now formed a secret, political league, with the sole idea of achieving their independence.

The next attempt, in 1821, was more fortunate in occasion, method, and result. Embracing the opportunity furnished by the rebellion of a Turkish Pasha in the north, the Greeks prepared to make their final stand for independence.

Their heroic achievements and patient endurance during that long and desperate struggle, excited universal sympathy, and many adventurous spirits from Western Europe and America went to aid them in their efforts. Contributions of money and materials of war were freely sent from England and the United States. In 1829 the war was terminated by the intervention of the Allied Powers, England, France, and Russia; when those powers proceeded to constitute Greece a kingdom.

After offering the crown to several princes, they finally selected Otho, second son of the king of Bavaria, a boy of eighteen years, to be the ruler of the new nation. The Greeks were so wearied with their long war, and so disgusted with the state of anarchy which prevailed in their own ranks, that they welcomed a ruler coming from any quarter. The prospect of peace and repose was hailed with delight, and Otho entered upon his reign, in 1835, under the most favorable auspices; and had he possessed ordinary abilities and common sense, might have developed a most enterprising, active, and influential nation. The country has prospered under his reign, but it has prospered rather in spite of him, than by his aid. Only in the matter of education has he taken any decisive steps toward the improvement of the people, and even here the people led the way. The development of the internal resources of this country depends, very much, upon works of internal improvement, but they are all neglected. No carriage roads are built, save in the large towns; there was, until recently, no highway between Athens, Corinth, and Sparta. The harbors are not improved, and light-houses are very rare, notwithstanding the commercial interests of the nation. But, in spite of all the disadvantages of their situation, the Greeks have made steady progress in all that makes a prosperous, civilized people.

King Otho gave great offense, in the first years of his reign, by importing a crew of beer-drinking Germans to fill all the State offices,

and by refusing to grant a representative government. Accordingly, a revolution occurred in 1843, which has its fitting counterpart in the recent change. All the arrangements were quietly made; the army was gained over, the foreign ministers were arrested, and at midnight the king was summoned, by a large concourse of people, to make choice between a liberal charter, which they had prepared, or banishment from the country. So earnest were the people, that the king was shown the loaded cannon pointed toward the palace, and was told of the ship waiting in the harbor for him to embark on his voyage of exile. He yielded to such persuasive influences, conceded the request of the people, and the next morning they all resumed their regular employments; not a drop of blood having been shed, and no act of violence having been committed.

Nineteen years later, we beheld a similar scene enacted. On Oct. 17th, 1862, while the king and queen were absent on a tour of pleasure in the Peloponesus, the standard of revolt was raised, and on the 23d, a provisional government was formed, and, on the same day, the king was refused permission to land at the Piræus, the modern as well as ancient port of Athens.

When the king learned the actual state of affairs, and found that his own life was in danger if he attempted to force his way to Athens, as was his first intention, he decided to abandon the people to their fate, and embark for his native land, Bavaria. The queen, it is said, shed many tears, but whether of joy, at the prospect of visiting the home of her youth, of vexation at the perverse spirit of the people, or of real sorrow at leaving the emblems of royalty and the scenes of a long residence in this beautiful land, cannot be ascertained. Probably her tears cost no more heart-pangs than those of a multitude of her former subjects, who had been made to weep by her follies and extravagance.

In America, we often behold the spectacle of a ruler of one day becoming the private citizen of the next, but monarchical countries witness greater transitions, if not so frequent ones; for there the ruler not only becomes, without previous notice, plain Mr. Otho, but he cannot even remain a citizen of the realm he so lately ruled. The final issue of this movement is as yet undetermined. The people soon held an election, in which every male person over twenty-one years of age, was entitled to vote, and made almost unanimous choice of Alfred, of England, for their ruler. But his guardians did not think it safe to trust him so far away from home, and the polite invitation of the Greek nation was accordingly declined. Whether the Allies will impose

another king without the consent of the people, or whether the people, failing to secure the ruler of their choice, will go farther, and rule themselves, by setting up a Republic, time alone will determine. The tendency is, undoubtedly, toward the latter result, and many of the wisest and best of the Greeks assert, that it will finally come to that. It would appear that a people who had passed through two such revolutions as the last ones have been, without excesses, without anarchy, have exhibited the highest evidences of a capacity to govern themselves, namely, self-control and self-confidence. Two facts may be regarded as fixed; that they will never accept a Catholic ruler; that the people will virtually rule, whoever shall be king. They have already had a taste of liberty, in the participation in a general election, and will be desirous of repeating the process before many years, and no new ruler will be suffered to override the Constitution, as did Otho.

By this instrument, all citizens are equal before the laws, all titles of nobility are forbidden, and thus a hereditary aristocracy is impossible. Its provisions for representative elections make it, in theory at least, the most liberal government in Europe, except Switzerland.

From the present complicated state of European politics, causing each government to wish to make its voyage with close-reefed sails, as well as from the present condition of the Greeks themselves, there are many reasons to hope that a strong and energetic republic will be successfully established and maintained, upon the very seats where the first imperfect forms of the system were tried and failed.

A few words in regard to the resources and present social condition of the Greeks. The population numbers nearly two millions, within the present boundaries, with a multitude scattered throughout the Turkish empire, who are Greeks by birth, religion, sympathy and interest. They are fond of trade, and engage in commerce with great zeal.

Although only one half of the land is adapted for cultivation, that portion of it is very fertile; but the government managed to get control of a large part of it, and so checked industry. The chief article of export is grapes, for use in England in plum-puddings. A large revenue is also derived from the wine and silk trade. Greece has some valuable mines, and the best marble in the world is still found at Paros. The people are very intelligent, especially in the cities; their progress in this respect is quite rapid. There are at least sixteen newspapers published in Athens, some of them dailies, which, for a city of less than forty thousand inhabitants, indicates that the "cacoethes

scribendi" has even more victims there, than in America. The University of Otho, in Athens, has as large a number of students, and twice as large a corps of Professors as any College in America. It is one of the best organized and most efficient institutions in the world, though it has been only twenty-five years in gaining its position, in the face of many obstacles and much ignorance.

But Greece deserves the most admiration for its excellent system of schools. They are gratuitous and popular, and the system extends from the primary school, up to the threshold of the University. The great lack of the people is, the want of a pure religion. Although the Greek Church, to which they adhere, maintains less errors than the Romish Church does, still, it is a corrupt faith, and exerts a depressing influence upon all the intellectual activity of the people. Indications are not wanting, that the Greeks begin to realize the fact, and are inquiring into the cause of it. They have certainly observed that Protestant nations are taking the lead in the world's progress, and are not slow at guessing the reason for this. The influence of the veteran American missionary, Dr. King, is now widely felt, and he will shortly reap the harvest, from the seed he has so patiently sowed in the midst of obloquy, persecution and danger. When the Greek nation shall have cast off the shackles which bind it to this corrupt Church, almost the last obstacle will have been removed, which hinders it in a career of progress.

It is interesting to trace the similarity between the past fortunes and future prospects of Greece and Italy. Both were classical lands, and had a similar history in the primitive time. Both lost their independence, and had their glory obscured for centuries, while their conquerors despoiled them of nearly every relic of their former grandeur. In both, the recollection of their former history was cherished as a pledge of future deliverance. After a long course of trial, both take their places among the nations of the earth, with the promise of more than equaling that former state, in all that constitutes a genuine civilization. In both lands, the tendency to republicanism is decided, and only awaits the time when the people shall be ready to enter upon so precious an inheritance.

C. W. F.

Vacation Vagaries.

NOT of the last vacation, dear reader, though certainly that was a merry one, but of the summer vacation of 1862. During those sultry weeks we were rusticated at the home of our youth, a quiet spot something less than a score of miles distant from Penn's monument to Brotherly Love. In this rural retreat, just away—but not too far,—from the bustle of the city, we enjoyed serenely our “otium cum dignitate,” devoting a great deal of our time to meditation and the compounding of cooling drinks, but disporting not a little with the country lassies, much in whose quest we found ourselves. To be sure we had great pleasure in the last named employment; it was a never failing well of delight; still we have to confess that on one or two occasions when we were inhaling the breezes of evening under a full moon, and with the added solace of a genuine Havana, having let our thoughts turn to Alma Mater and the daily developing fact that we were a Senior;—on one such occasion we heaved a sigh when interrupted in our meditations by a summons to play the knight to some fair lady. But that favorite motto of Home Guards, Engine Companies, and like humane institutions, speedily occurring to us, “where duty calls, 'tis ours to obey,” we banished treasonable thoughts, and were a faithful knight and devoted.

Yet think not that these minor matters absorbed all our attention. Far from it. Our country's danger and her need of defenders, afforded us food for daily and earnest reflection. Volunteers were wanted; the offer was a promising one; should we enlist? For many days we anxiously debated the matter, and finally decided that there was a presumption, even though a slight one, in favor of *not* volunteering. So we did not volunteer, and thereby escaped a liability of certain death, either at Antietam or Fredericksburg, which after careful calculation, we estimate equal to about fifty-hundredths. It is quite possible we shall never again have so great a chance of dying honorably as if we had then volunteered.

Those six or seven weeks were momentous ones in our national history. More than half a million of men had been demanded; the Peninsula was evacuated; the enemy marching on Washington; Manassas fought over again and lost; and the status of a year previous exactly restored. All things seemed to have taken a backward turn, and no

one could foresee the end of the retrogression. Knowing editors, possessed with the blundering infatuation of the times, prophesied falsely or lied deliberately :—it matters little which, they were wrong. All sorts of rumors were abroad. Only one thing could be held certain, and that was the general black appearance of things.

Beside the exciting rumors from Washington, we had as an agreeable diversion in our rural retreat, the pleasant anxiety attendant on an enrollment for military service of all men between eighteen and forty-five years of age, and a draft immediately to follow. But for the personal interest we had in the matter, it might have given us much edification to observe the different degrees of stoical philosophy with which persons awaited the draft. Many were they who discovered weaknesses or deformities of body unknown before. Not a few became suddenly conscientious on the subject of fighting, and on so swearing, were exempted. We were unfortunately neither bodily incapable nor conscientious, but trusted that we might prove to the Marshal a residence in New Haven and therefore non-liability to an enrollment in that place. Firm in this purpose we prepared a list of arguments bearing on the point, and calmly awaited the advent of the minion of the law. He came, "suddenly and in the night," that is to say, about 9½ P. M.; he asked no useless questions, but with the simple remark that he "supposed I wanted my papers too," thrust them into my hand and turning on his heel was lost in darkness. Such haste we were unprepared for. Our labored arguments had no application. We felt hurt at the Marshal's unwonted celerity. It looked as if he were suspicious of something, and we longed for an opportunity to resent the imputation. Thus we were enrolled. Here was the proof of it, a soiled bit of blue paper and on it some penmanship of a rude character. This badly written scrawl might put me in arms, will I nill I, and for an indefinite term. Dread reflection, I was no longer myself but a thing in the hands of government!

"If I were a man, I'd rather volunteer than be drafted," was softly remarked in our hearing, and for us, by a fair Unionist. "O most certainly!" was our instant reply, but at the same time we were busily thinking how very willingly we would lend our best inexpressibles to said dear creature, if she would only don them and volunteer for one short week. What an army such soldiers would form! They would be irresistible. No body of male troops could have the heart to withstand them. Who would not go to war if you could have such enemies? (We trust our ardent feelings have not led us to speak too strongly on this point. If they have, we here beg pardon of the sex in general.)

The excitement attending battles abroad and a draft at home, are nothing however to the anxiety produced by an approach of the enemy. The fearful suspense, the thickening and preposterous rumors, the hurry-and-skurry that mark such a crisis, defy description. Such a crisis soon overtook our rural quietude. Our vacation was almost past,—the first of September come,—when danger of invasion broke up our meditations and made us *pro tempore* a modest warrior. It came about somewhat as thus.

It was a balmy morning in the first week of autumn: the sun had not yet dried the dew, and every green leaf and every spear of grass was tipped with a gem, of which the purest diamond is but imitation. A slight mist, faint and blue, hung round the hills, suggesting that fall was at hand; yet the birds sang as sweetly, and nature was as merry as if the fall of the leaf were a thing unknown. Summer would not yield to autumn without a struggle. We were returning homeward on this morning from a wood near by, whither we had early repaired to look out for squirrels. The result of the morning's sport was a dozen plump grey fellows, brought from the damp tree-tops by our trusty double-barrel. Laden thus with the spoils of the hunt, we were met by the startling news, "Enemy in force at Chambersburg! Will be in Harrisburg tomorrow! Gov. Curtin wants 50,000 men at once, and orders all to arm and drill!" (These tidings were given us by a fair cousin of ours who, knowing our anxiety to hear the good or bad news, and also by which path we would probably return home, had walked out to meet us. She was painfully agitated as she told us and almost ready to cry. So were we, but seeing she wanted cheering, we treated the matter lightly, and to show how very little, just then, we feared an invasion, we, with our usual adroitness, bestowed on her one of those delicate attentions which, like *exchange* in Political Economy, can only be fairly effected when there are two persons concerned and a mutual willingness of the parties. It had a wonderful revivifying effect. But to return to weightier matters.) Truly this was stirring news. The hostile army must be hurled back from the border of the Keystone. If necessary we resolved to volunteer at once, but we trusted that the facts were—as afterward appeared,—exaggerated. Still we prepared for war. We scoured our gun and looked to the ammunition. Ease and repose were banished. The stern pleasure of playing soldier replaced the lighter amusements of vacation.

That afternoon we attended a recruiting meeting in K—, and arranged with a friend to enroll ourself; but our friend not being able to sign then, we also postponed our signature until next day. That

meeting was a memorable one, not large in numbers, but important in its effect;—for just three days after it was held, the rebel army turned southward. A veteran of 1812, grey-headed and feeble, was made chairman, a sheet of paper, headed with a patriotic preamble and resolution, prepared, and signers invited to step forward. Inherent bashfulness—a prime element in American character—delayed any one of the twenty-five present from stepping forward for a considerable time. But at length the smallest man in the room—a bar room,—said he would head the list if nobody else would, and did so. Names flowed in freely after this example had been set, until the large number of ten—the veteran among them,—had signed, and we went home thinking the danger not yet very imminent. It may be mentioned as a matter of interest, that at this enthusiastic war meeting, there were two ministers who of course could'n't go, one theological student who didn't see it to be his duty, two bar-tenders who could not possibly be spared—they were eager to go if business would only let them,—one unfortunate consumptive individual whose health forbade entirely, and three men whose wives had taken time by the forelock and vetoed the whole proceeding, nipping in the bud any such wild plans of *their* husbands as wanting to go to war. Nevertheless K—— is a very patriotic town, has an Aid Society, and once got up tableaux.

We went next day, with some thousand other patriots, to call on the commissioner of draft in the town of N——n, and learned with regret that minors were exempt. We had hoped to have the pleasure of standing a draft, and like Mark Tapley “coming out strong, and being jolly under creditable circumstances.” But fickle fortune denied us this favor. Returning home disappointed from this mission, we learned with surprise that the company at K——, to defend the border, had grown to the size of thirty, and with still more surprise, that the veteran leader had sent for *us* to “come and drill them, as he had heard that we understood drilling.” Where he got his information was beyond our conjecture, for surely we neither knew anything of drilling, nor had ever given out such intimation. Possibly he thought that college boys must know everything. However that might be, the fact was indisputable: we *were* sent for, and we concluded to go, and do all we could to drill these valiant defenders. Indeed we could not but regard this turn of affairs as an interposition of fortune in our favor. We had almost dropped the idea of volunteering until this opening appeared. If the drill-master so suddenly appointed should become one of the company, and approve himself to them, there could be little doubt who would fill an office when the organization was completed.

Acting upon this brilliant thought, we devoted two or three hours to a close study of Hardee's company drill, and set out for K——, where we modestly declared our intention of becoming one of the border defenders. The veteran of '12 shook us warmly by the hand, the light of battle shining in his dim eyes. He was glad we had come, and quite delighted to find that we had joined the band. It was arranged that he should form the company, and after a few evolutions—which proved to be of a highly antediluvian nature,—deliver up the stick to us: meanwhile we fell into the ranks. Having exhausted his little stock of knowledge in a very few minutes, the veteran stated to the squad that "there was present another person," naming us, "who understood drilling, and he would resign to him the baton of office," which after a becoming show of diffidence we accepted, and the veteran stepped into the place we left vacant in the ranks.

It is not necessary to state how we succeeded in our first attempt, nor to describe the gallant corps. Be it enough to say that they numbered thirty—including a minister of the gospel,—of many sizes, shapes, and dispositions. For an hour or more we wearied ourself and the newly-raised company,—the sun was quite warm,—practising evolutions unheard of by Hardee or Scott, running the martial array into corners and places out of which it was impossible to get them, and giving them long resting spells while we worked out the problematic manoeuvre necessary to extricate us from our strait. The rest were still more ignorant than ourselves, and as we were determined to be knowing, we gained credit from our men, and were even rated as "pretty good" by antique critics of (what they called) "military," who years ago had been members of the Avengers, the Blues, the Leopards, or other long forgotten companies. Compliments were freely offered, cheers proposed, and the "Captain" declared a trump. The veteran said we reminded him of his old captain in the war of '12; the minister took us warmly by the hand and administered praises sweet to the ear but tedious; the small boys that looked on slung their caps and turned an indefinite number of somersaults in the stony street:—in short K—— was all agog at the brilliant manoeuvres of its company.

The meeting broke up with a resolution embodying patriotic sentiments and appointing a meeting next night at R——; meanwhile to scour for recruits. Flushed with success, we returned home to inform our friends that a day or two more would see us off for the border. Meanwhile the news had become more threatening, and men more loudly called for. Philadelphia had sent several thousand in as many hours. N——n had sent two companies. Why should not K—— send one?

During the next day we recruited vigorously, both personally and by deputies, and things were going on swimmingly. Night came dark and lowering, bringing with it the hour of meeting. R—— was distant five miles, a rough road, and a storm threatening. We would far rather have staid at home, but important interests might depend on our presence. So we saddled Topsy—our favorite mare—and to speak metaphorically, plunged into the darkness. Topsy, though a very sensible horse, has a lively imagination, and on this occasion readily converted every stump or stone or post into something to be avoided. So many little misapprehensions of this sort did she fall into, that, more than once when we had lapsed into careless security, she all but dismounted us. Now a bush, outlined against the sky, would send her sidewise a dozen feet at a bound; now a white post would stop her in the midst of a swinging trot; now again a dead leaf falling behind would start her off like a rocket. The sky above was all leaden, and the earth below all black. Topsy herself—she is as black as her name. sake,—could be felt only, not seen. But we safely reached our destination, where we found that only a few patriots had made their appearance. Perhaps the night had kept them away. At least we said so, and after some convivialities, another meeting was appointed, the time of departure fixed, the Governor telegraphed, and each man advised to make his final arrangements. “When the company is once sure to go, it will fill up in an hour.” That was the logic put forth, and we thought to try it, hoping to get the company away, though now it numbered only thirty-five.

Before the final meeting, news came from a former company of the neighborhood, that had been badly cut up in battle. This, we fear, damped the ardor of some of the brave volunteers, and led to the total disruption of the company that was to come. During the day we talked to many of the men, advised them to purchase blankets, and have rations prepared for three days, for “to-morrow we start.” We also announced a telegram from the Governor, saying to us, “come on at once,” and delicately hinted at the expediency of electing officers that night. The general desire we found to be, to choose officers after arriving at Harrisburg, an arrangement which we, earnestly and for the good of the company, deprecated. Indeed we went so far as to say that we should “object altogether to going on these terms. Men ought to know from the first whom they will have to serve.” We were detained from that meeting—from the early part of it,—little imagining what was to happen. These zealous patriots and border-de-

fenders all wanted to be officers, strangely enough, and even showed a mutinous spirit in case such and such were not elected to office along with themselves. The result was a heated and personal debate, ending shortly with a general break-up: and thus, when on the eve of doing something, the whole thing went absolutely to nothing. Here was patriotism, pure, native, and unalloyed. This too, among men who had individually and forcibly asserted, and reasserted, that they wanted and would take no office! But such is human nature. We believe in original depravity, deceit, and all similar doctrines. Rural neighborhoods are the seats of extraordinary purity.

On hearing of this last turn of affairs, we packed our trunks and, instead of rendezvousing at N——n with cooked rations, our patriotic intentions being utterly thwarted, we turned our face toward New Haven. Such, reader was our first and, up to the present time, last attempt at playing soldier. We are not without confidence, as before stated, that our action had due effect in turning back the ruthless invaders that threatened our soil. It may be proper to say—what we afterward learned by letter,—that one solitary man of the company betook himself with blanket and rations to the appointed rendezvous, but he looked in vain for his comrades. As the evening shades settled over the house he had that morning left to take up a more sacred duty, he was received again into the arms of his weeping spouse, and rejoicing in his safe return from the service of fiery Mars, he proceeded to burn up the Will, which, as becometh a prudent man in like situation, he had made and sealed the preceding night.

D. E. W.

"Smoking."

Is this to be an elaborate argument in favor of the innocent amusement, or a fierce attack on the vile habit. This is the only question, when an article appears under this old title, and each one sits down to read, firmly resolved to give to every word either an unqualified assent or a flat denial, as the argument may be, pro or con. So much

has been said on both sides, that every one has firmly made up his mind on the subject, and words, aimed at changing such a fixed opinion, are worse than useless. The first claim for originality, then, in this essay, is fully established, when it is announced, at the very commencement, that we are to travel by *neither* of the old beaten roads. I lay particular stress on this *first* claim, for it will be seen that it is the *only* one of which the article can boast. Already the old warriors, who would gladly have seen the contest, so often raged, renewed again, throw aside the article in disgust. This is as it should be—for this very purpose the confession was made—now for the excuse. The title seems to have been chosen with some show of justice, for if "smoking" is not the subject, it is the cause, or rather the atmosphere in which the following thoughts were brought to light.

When a man sits down to smoke, it is to think also; for just as the body becomes, under the soothing influence, more hopelessly indolent, so the mind grows more thoughtfully active. On this rock might be founded a most powerful argument for the smoking; but we will forbear. I am about to write, from recollection, the results of one of these smoke reveries; the thoughts not rising in logical order, perhaps, but still, just as they occurred so they shall be written.

As it is impossible to smoke and not think, so it is at least natural, that one just on the eve of graduation, should often find his mind occupied with *one* theme—College; the days now passed away forever, and the very few which yet remained.

"College is a humbug," is so often grumbled out, that it has now almost the semblance of a truth, when spoken out in so many words; when the same idea is glossed over, it meets with almost universal belief. It would hardly be urged, even by the most cynical, that the *faithful student* does not gain a vast amount of information, but objection is raised on the ground, that the major part of every class is made up from the idlers, and that they gain nothing, but even lose ground. Thus it becomes a vital question to the majority, whether they are wasting four years from the best part of their life, or not.

In the first place, it is well to consider what the course of study at College is, and what object it has in view. There is a marked difference between the studies at school and College, and a difference yet more marked in the manner of pursuing them. The books chosen at school are those which contain all the minutiae of the subjects to be followed out hereafter; the groundwork of all knowledge. Now, in order that such knowledge should be of the least value, it is absolutely necessary that continual and undivided attention should be given to

every little point, as it occurs. In this, I think, lies the great difference, and here is the strength of argument for the idlers. The books chosen in College are of a more general and comprehensive nature, and hence it is not a study of small points, but of great principles. It would be absurd to attempt to prove that the diligent student does not gain much more than the idler; but I only wish to show that the four years even of the latter are not wasted. If a man should spend these few years in merely listening to the lessons, as they are recited, I doubt if it could be proved that his time was not well occupied; how much less, when he has given to the lessons *some* previous preparation. So, the veriest idler has gained some advantage; has retained many of the great principles, has, in a great measure, profited by a course of study admirably selected and apportioned. So much he has gained, and what has he lost? Nothing. I shall take it for granted that the object for which we come to College, the education and training of the mind, is a worthy one; so that it remains to prove that the idler does much to forward the object.

The mind is educated in youth, at least by study and by *reading*, which may be considered a lighter kind of study. The lessons, now, are arranged in such a manner, that the student can pay ample attention to each one, and yet have some time for physical exercise and promiscuous reading. When the lessons are neglected, these hours are all added to the "spare time." Thus the idler has a very great deal of spare time, most of which is employed in promiscuous reading, which, next to study, is the most useful training for the mind. I doubt if there can be found any class of *young* men who are such diligent readers as these same indolent ones, who manifest such an utter recklessness in regard to their studies. Thus, by a course of reading, they are training their minds, even more profitably than in any other place; for they have time enough, and they have the advantage of the literary atmosphere, and of the great facilities for procuring books.

In the next place, the respect which is here granted to excellence in writing and speaking, proves itself a vast power in the education of the mind. The best writer gains far more respect than the best scholar—the "De Forest" shines for the student with a much brighter light than the "Valedictory." On this account the number of the inattentive in this branch is much smaller, and many a one will blush to read a poor essay, who would say "not prepared," with the most utter indifference. I shall not attempt to prove that there are not many who invariably put off writing their essays until the few hours before they are read, for such is often the case; but this neglect is by

no means so general. It will probably be granted, that almost every one makes marked improvement in composing and speaking, before his graduation, and these two accomplishments are *requisite* to a professional life, and *ornaments* to any sphere.

If it could be proved that not one word of our studies here was retained in memory ; not one step made towards the education of the mind, yet I would advocate a Collegiate course, if only for the training of social qualities.

There is, in the young of our species, (whatever may be the philosophical explanation of it,) a kind of shrinking from strangers, which is in a great measure worn off in College. This is almost a necessity from the facts in the case. A hundred young men enter College, almost all strangers to each other. At first the tendency is to cling closely to the few whom we might have known before ; but gradually the heart warms, the social qualities expand, and one after another is added to the circle of our acquaintance. So it goes on, acquaintances increasing and becoming *friends*, until the social system is brought almost to the perfection of the family. And yet, valuable as our College friends may be ; dearly as we may love each and all of them, yet they are not, themselves, in a worldly point of view, the most valuable acquisitions we have made, but rather, the advantage we have gained, is the *facility* of making friends. There is now no timidity, no shrinking away from every stranger, but the mind, sharpened by its College training, discerns, at a glance, his true character, and the honest student-heart, on the mind's decision, admits him to the sacred circle of friends, or rejects him with disgust. It is true that our system of friendship is too honest and open for the world, and many a one must turn away with disgust from the interested friendships outside ; but too much sincerity could hardly be called a fault, and this is the only failing in the system. There is a sect of philosophers, who found the entire system of friendship on self-love ; and, indeed, in the world they can find many most powerful arguments in support of this theory. I believe, however, that some friends have motives deeper and more noble, than any feeling of self-love, or self-interest ; motives which, in a true business-like view, may seem absurd, but which men will ever respect as a most amiable weakness. College can boast of numbers of such friendships, and for this cultivation, *alone*, of the noblest qualities of the heart, its utility might justly be defended. Thus it seems to me that even the most inattentive student has, in connexion with College, gained incalculable advantage. In the first place, as the books studied here are not on minor points, but contain

the great principles of science, much of what daily passes before the mind must be retained. Next, that the studies are no bar to a complete course of reading, but rather, that everything connected with College would tend to develop the taste and guide the energies. Then, from the unbounded respect which we entertain for our superiors, in composing and speaking, we are led to cultivate our own faculties, and even gain much by a species of induction.

I have said nothing, so far, in reference to the *moral* training which College gives. It is a point on which little could be said, for while, I think, there is no bar to moral improvement, yet there is little which would tend to its peculiar advancement. There is, indeed, little of that hostility and sneering at religion, which is met with in almost every collection of young men; but beyond this kind of negative stimulus, there is no peculiar inducement to religious improvement. A high sense of honor, an unbounded respect for the *gentleman*, and a thorough disgust of all that is coarse or ill-natured, unite to form a strong bond, to restrain every one within the bounds of decency.

Thus College seems to be the proper preparation for the active scenes of the world—so I was left disposed in my mind, for my cigar was finished.

J. F. K.

At the Chess.

TO NO. 24 SOUTH COLLEGE.

Do you remember how one night
 We sat and pondered at the Chess
 In very idleness;
 Still moving on from black to white
 That night,
 Failing to read each other's plans aright?

How slowly went the game! but we
 Had all our thoughts of happier things,
 Nor loved the strife of kings,

And saw each piece go carelessly ;
 Ah me !
Losing each vantage worse than fruitlessly.

I told you of the ancient time,
 Of court-yards formed in many a check,
 And squires who watched the beck
Of striving kings in their chivalric prime—
 That time,
Golden with years and in a fairer clime.

I told you of a northern land,
 Where stern old Norsemen played The Game,
 Pieces and Pawns the same
As Arabs use among their shifting sand—
 ‘Ice-land,’
Bound with earth’s peoples in this common band.

I told you how a world was hung
 On the decision of a Mate,
 And how, not yet too late,
Came skill to give the thought a tongue,
 Which rung
Year after year by one bright action sung.

How fancy hovered o’er the board
 And tipped the ivory men with light,
 From Queen to sturdy Knight !
And shades of those whom men adored,
 Kept ward
Over our heads with crosier, harp and sword.

The ages thronged Its name to bless ;
 In realms of poetry were we
 And read the mystery
Which fitly answered to express,
 And bless,
Life, war and science in the game of Chess.

Perhaps the days are fled since then,
 Perchance the woods are grown more sere,
 And in this glad New Year
We leave all follies out of ken.
 Ah, then,
Count not with follies these our ivory men.

S. W. D.

What will he do with it?

THIS novel, the last of the three Caxton novels, may be ranked, deservedly, among the most elaborate and finished, as well as most fascinating of Bulwer's later works. I say later works, for it is to his more recent publications that our author owes his great and increasing popularity. His earlier efforts, both in Romance and in the Drama, were condemned by the public voice, partly on account of blemishes and intrinsic demerits in the works themselves, but chiefly, because of the sharp and unfriendly strictures of the Critics. The Reviewers—the oracles of the literary world—up to a quite recent period, have attacked Bulwer's writings with uniform asperity, and have pronounced them wanting in the essentials of literary excellence; while, on the other hand, Moralists, as well as the Clergy, have declaimed warmly against their doubtful moral and religious tendencies. It is not impossible that the author, having become wiser under the influence of these incessant, and at times ungenerous attacks, has chosen at length to espouse more decidedly the cause of good morals; but, at all events, at present it must be allowed that even the most unsympathizing reader is unable to detect, in the Caxton novels, the profligacy of sentiment and laxity of moral principle, which were said to pervade the characters of the Romances and Plays. To caricature virtue and embellish vice, to make heroes of the weak, the vain, the profligate, is what no writer, however brilliant his genius, can successfully accomplish; nor does it appear that Bulwer has ever deliberately attempted this, even in those works that are esteemed most objectionable. If these late novels furnish any correct index of the tastes of the author, we may justly conceive him to be no craven apologist for the follies and foibles of our nature; no ungallant defender of the shifts and artifices and falsehoods of social life, whether in high or low circles; but on the contrary a foe to pretense, to legalized shams, and an ardent worshiper at the shrine of nature, intellect, beauty, virtue. Let any one read, thoughtfully, either of the Caxton novels; let him, for instance, study the characteristics of some of the leading personages in "What will he do with it?" such personages as the humorous, eccentric, simple-hearted Gentleman Waife, the chivalric Lionel Houghton, the eloquent Christian preacher, George Morley, the pure-minded Lady Montfort, and he will hardly fail to be convinced that

the genius which thus exalts, in its creations, the better qualities of human nature, can be inspired, in its best moments at least, by none other than the loftiest and purest motives.

But I had not designed undertaking any refutation of the caustic criticisms that have been thrown out, from time to time, against Bulwer's writings. I would only like to set forth some of his prominent traits as a writer, particularly as a novel-writer, and perhaps I can soonest compass this by examining, cursorily, a single work—the one whose title heads this article.

The design of the novelist in "What will he do with it?" is, if I judge rightly, to illustrate English pride of name and family—a pride that finds a counterpart in no other nation, and which an American can but inadequately appreciate. We see in the hero of the story, as the author pictures him to us, a man of superb intellect, of spotless integrity, of the highest conceivable sense of honor, consecrating himself in early life by vows at once secret and earnest as his own great nature, to the sacred work of restoring a family line, once noble, now decayed, to its old high place of honor in the land. This is an exalted end for the aims of ambition; yet not sufficiently exalted, as the author succeeds in showing, to be made the sole, guiding purpose in the life of a truly great man. Darrell is great in the strength of his collected will, great in the majesty of his splendid natural powers, but the grandeur of his character is marred by his haughty pride, by his devotion to that one o'ermastering purpose, by his becoming an "idolater to the creed of an ancestor's name." Now, it is in the successful union of these contrary elements of strength and weakness—elements which belong, perforce, to the noblest earthly character, but which novelists often fail to embody in their heroes,—that we see evinced the masterly skill of the author. Darrell, controlled by his master-passion—a passion not unworthy in itself, but to which he allows an undue sway—becomes not in any sense ignoble or contemptible, only less noble than he might otherwise have been; and when, at last, baffled by sorrow, and convinced, by the persuasive Morley, of the grand mistake of his uncompleted life, he renounces his long-cherished idol, he yet does not endeavor to crush, but simply to restrain and chasten his ancestral pride. With the intellect and heart he possesses, he cannot always be in error, but, loyal to his native disposition and to his memories of the past, he cannot give up, entirely, his haughtiness of race.

Now, this single analysis of the author's favorite character, though its evidence might be strengthened by taking up in like manner, one

by one, all the principal personages in the story, ought, it would seem, to be of itself sufficient to expose the shallowness of those criticisms which affirm that Bulwer's creations are inconsistent, and not distinguishable one from another. Darrell, Alban Morley, and Gentleman Waife, are all strongly individualized; neither are they mere repetitions of the characters in any of the author's previous works.

But, in addition, Bulwer's characters, beside being thus distinctly delineated, are also powerfully and naturally imbued with passion—they reveal, in word and act, the concealed workings of the heart. In this consists one of the highest achievements in the art of the novelist. The true scope of the novel is the delineation, or rather, the personification of absorbing passion. It is not enough to give minute descriptions of manners and conduct; to narrate wondrous adventures or extol heroic deeds; the novelist must be able to *create*, as it were, life-like characters, and make them speak and act for themselves. Thus Scott, from partial lack of this power, which Bulwer possesses in a high degree, as is shown most clearly in the novel I am now considering—Scott, I say, must be reckoned a writer of historical romance, rather than a novelist. He tells charming tales of chivalrous adventure, describes, with surpassing skill, natural scenes, and paints, in vivid colors, the pomp and terrors of the battle-field, the gorgeous scenery of court and palace, but he cannot, like Bulwer, analyze the inner life, and lay bare the secret springs of thought and action. Scott describes, Bulwer delineates.

To illustrate the remarkable success with which Bulwer grapples with the difficulties attending the portrayal of terrible passion, I refer to the description of the scene between Gentleman Waife and his brutal, reckless son, Jasper Losely, when the latter, in spite of his "hideous levity," and his inhuman coarseness, is forced to yield to his father's gentleness and forgetfulness of self, and to promise obedience to his commands—"to wrestle against hunger, despair, and thoughts that whisper sinking men with Devils' tongues."

The same vigor and versatility of genius are no less strikingly displayed in the account of the interview between Guy Darrell and Lady Montfort, which occurs at the Old Fawley Manor House, and in which Darrell is represented as giving fearfully passionate expression to the great sorrow of his life.

Another of Bulwer's excellencies as a novelist is, that he always has a clearly-defined, well-laid plot, for whose development all the characters are necessary. It is indeed true, that in "What will he do with it?" the interest of the reader is sometimes made to flag, by digressions from the main thread of the story, or by the evident exer-

tions of the author to keep out of view the intended denouement of the plot; but instances of this sort are by no means rare in others of our best novelists.

Bulwer, unlike Dickens, prefers usually to take his characters from the higher, rather than the lower walks of life. From his living much in the *beau monde*, and from his habits of close philosophical observation, he has acquired an intimate acquaintance with many forms of social intercourse. It has therefore been said, perhaps truly, that he is never unwilling to put his heroes and heroines in situations in which his own knowledge of society is severely tested. Be this as it may, he is not often haunted by the "ghost of the public," nor does he burn incense at the altars of fashionable society. Royalty itself, portrayed by him, would lose the fair proportions it has assumed under Scott's flattering pen. Bulwer even takes pains to inveigh against the pet ideas and practices of men and women in high life, as may be seen in the shrewd witticisms of the Philosopher-Painter, Vance, the bitter irony of Darrell, and the polished sarcasm of Alban Morley, the Man of the World.

We may think Bulwer's characters overdrawn—that he uses too high colors,—but it is to be noticed that all true novelists, like all true poets, are in some sense extravagant. They see wonders, which to the common eye are invisible. Dickens, as he walks the streets of London, discovers, no doubt, among its myriad inhabitants, models for the grotesque creatures with which he peoples his delightful novels. But what more extravagant embodiment of meanness than Uriah Heep? Who so Quixotically kind-hearted as "Joe" in "Pip"iana? The philosophy of common mortals is pitifully narrow—it must needs be broadened by genius.

Of Bulwer's style, "What will he do with it?" affords a felicitous example. His sentences are full and melodious, overflowing with copiousness of language, and richness of metaphor. His rhetoric is indeed dazzling, and by its brilliancy often distracts attention, both from the sentiment and the plot. His style cannot be said to have the nervous terseness which characterizes Hugo's, and to a good degree Dickens' writings, still it is pleasing, from its very exuberance. He has a discriminating taste, and is an unwearied student; he is therefore enabled to invest his productions with scholarly grace and elegance. He abounds in philosophic reflections, and classical allusions and antithesis. Horace, he makes Darrell say, should be the favorite poet of all who would derive practical advantage from the study of poetry.

But Bulwer's fame does not rest chiefly on his style. He has the

"Muse's fire," which is brighter than the blaze of rhetoric. He has much of earnestness and truth, with but little affectation; much of the true metal, alloyed with but a modicum of dross. Without the geniality of Scott, or the quaint humor of Dickens, his works, nevertheless, both in conception and execution, take rank with the masterpieces of light literature.

The appropriateness of the title, "What will he do with it?" is, perhaps, not very striking. The same might apply to many stories having well-wrought plots. What will heroes and heroines do with their impulses and opportunities, or what will they do next, is a question of interest to all novel-readers. What will they do finally—die, or be married? Novels treat properly of love; and love, eloquent, persistent, headlong, despite plottings and counter-plottings, and ten thousand obstacles, reaches, generally, its natural fruition, in matrimony.

Still, there is much of practical, even personal significance, in this title. Who can read the author's many applications of the oft-recurring question, without being led to reflection? It speaks to us of youth, full of sunshine and fresh hope, of the maturer plans of early manhood, of personal struggle and doubt and victory, and of the bright, far-off Future, when, as we fondly fancy, successful achievement is to give to us the realization of our present dreams and aspirations. What shall we do with youth, time, wealth, talent? Shall we adopt as our own the three prerogatives common, as our author tells us, to genius and resolve, namely, patience, hope, courage? The "Flying-bridge called the Moment," is our only sure possession, and as we look off from it, into the mists and darkness that surround us, how do we long to solve the old vexed question, in which is contained the science of Chaldee seers and Grecian oracles. The Past and the Present torment us with the Future. Like Merle with his crystal, we are ceaselessly eager to lift the curtain that hides the issue of our own life—nay, we even long to pierce the mystery of life itself.

We grasp after fame, but when attained, what shall we do with it? The dream-schools of our boyhood's days place before us a shadow, which is ever beckoning us on, on, away from the secure Present, into the dim, but possible Future; this we follow, blindly it may be, but devotedly. But, by and by, when the strength of youth is spent, and the quiet evening of life o'ertakes us, the phantom we pursued must vanish, and happy indeed shall we then be, if, ignoring our life-long questionings and resolves, we are able to answer calmly and triumphantly the retrospective question, What have we done with it?

Radicalism.

I HAVE noticed that a good dentist is always a radical. I have observed also that a person, after suffering with the toothache for a day or two, is generally ready for radical measures. And whenever a person is suffering any evil, whether it be from disease, or from the injustice of others, he is always ready to have the cause of his trouble removed, even by the most violent means. In short when a man's personal interest at stake, when he is the one who suffers, he is ready, in striving to remove the cause of his suffering, to go to the root of the matter,—he is a radical.

But, now let the evil be in society. Let the suffering be transferred to the community or State, and what entirely different views do most men take of it, and of its remedy. In this case, they seem to think, that the evil must not be attacked with vigor; if, indeed, it be interfered with at all; radical measures must by all means be avoided. They seem to think, many of them, that the cause of truth and justice suffers as much from the zeal of its friends as from the hatred of its enemies. And, although this may have been true in a few cases, when the persons, by constant devotion to their cause, by the persecution of enemies and the coldness of friends, have become deranged, as it were, yet it is far from the truth, when applied to that class denominated radicals. Nevertheless, there are multitudes who believe that it is true, and so join in the general outcry against the class. They seem to think that there is something in the nature of truth and right, which forbids that their claims should be advocated with earnestness, and which only admits of a kind of passive admiration, or at most but a moderate devotion. They are by no means in favor of the wrong, and yet they think it not best to attack it vigorously, lest its advocates should be aroused, and the contest should result in their favor.

So, when they see a man attacking some evil, instead of giving him their aid, they hang back, raise the cry of "radical," "fanatic," and put forth all their energy to hold him back; so that he has not only to fight the foe, but also to drag along the whole crowd of timid friends, while all their moral influence goes to encourage the enemy. Then if he fail, and disaster follow, the entire blame is thrown upon his shoul-

ders. To illustrate; there is, in a village, a rum-hole, which is destroying the peace and happiness of the community; all the good people of the village, probably three-fourths of the entire population, acknowledge that it is an evil, and wish that they were rid of it. Well, one earnest young man, who keenly feels the disgrace, and who considers himself responsible in part for its existence, determines to take measures for its removal. He prosecutes the offender. But no sooner has he done this, than a large portion of those who were so sorry for the evil, cry out, "Oh! this will never do; this will cause disturbance in the community; the people were not ready for this act." So, all their influence goes in favor of the wrong; the rum-seller gets his case; his old companions gather around him and hold high carnival over his victory, and the evil is ten-fold greater than before. And now, these good, quiet people, fold their hands and mourn over the folly and rashness of the young man, laying the entire blame on the only man in the whole community to whom no blame belongs.

So, instead of its being the advance guard of the defenders of right, it is those who lag behind, who are in league with its enemies.

It is admitted that the radicals are in favor of the right; the only trouble is, they are too much in favor of it; because, say the conservatives, although it may be true that if all were radicals the result would be good, yet the fact is, all are not radicals, and therefore the few ought not to be. It is folly for them, when they know that the great majority of the people are not ready for their measures, to strive to carry them into effect. A single glance at the world's history will show the folly of such a policy. If all the people of past ages had been what we falsely call conservatives, the world would still be fast in the mire of the Middle Ages. If all had been radicals, we should, for ought I know, at this moment, be enjoying the full sunlight of a perfect civilization.

Now, by what means do men get this idea of which we speak, into their heads? How shall we account for it? In the first place, the power of a mere name is very great. The emperor of China styles himself the Father of his people. He never inflicts punishment; but only chastisement and reproof. So the culprit suffers himself to be tortured in the most cruel manner without a murmur, because it is only the *reproof* of his *Father*. The mighty influence of the mere name of a political party is well known.

Now, it has become customary to call the progressive party radicals. There is nothing, however, in the original meaning of the word, that is bad. It means, simply, one who goes to the root of the mat-

ter. He may be radically good, or radically bad ; he may be a radical abolitionist, or a radical pro-slavery man.

But there has been connected with it the idea of all manner of evil. The radical delights in change for its own sake ; he tears down and destroys, regardless of consequences ; he glories in all kinds of tumult and anarchy.

But, on the other hand, conservative is a good name ; there is nothing horrible in that ; no struggle, no conflict ; all is calm, quiet, peaceful.

It is indeed good, and every one should be conservative, in the true sense of the word. But it is the custom to misapply this term also. Those are conservatives who are opposed to all change ; with whom "whatever is right," or, if not right, it is not worth while to try to make it right ; whose great desire is "a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." So that this word has a great charm for a large class of men. And more than this, because the conservatives have generally been in a majority, and because, as Dr. Wayland has said, "Men would rather meet the judgments of Almighty God, than be found in a political minority," many have clung to this party.

Another reason is, a wide-spread feeling, which finds utterance in such expressions as this,—“Don't fret yourself ; it will all come out right, somehow or other.” This feeling is the result, I think, of a kind of false idea, or rather of the want of any idea at all concerning the moral government of the world. The impression seems to be, that the right will, in some mysterious way or other, gain for itself a victory, independently of human influence, or even in spite of it ; that all that is required is, simply, not to do any absolute wrong ; simply to be passive. Now, if this be true, I have entirely misapprehended both the book of nature and of revelation. I have learned to believe that the affairs of this world are carried on through human agency ; that the good man is one who is earnest to fight evil, and that thus, and thus only, is the right to triumph.

But this fact is overlooked, or practically disbelieved ; and although people have such confidence in the power of truth alone, yet, as soon as men unite themselves to it, they lose all faith in it, and seem to think that even error has the advantage. They shut their eyes to history, which affords so many examples of inferior numbers, inspired with confidence in the triumph of truth under whose banners they fought, gaining the victory over multitudes of foes, and bringing whole nations from darkness and despotism, into light and liberty. Sure,

there is a mighty power in truth, if we will but join ourselves to it. But this is not believed. The power of truth to influence men, and to gain them to its side, is doubted. And when the removal of any evil is advocated, and men are urged to join in the attempt, their language is, "Yes, your measure is a good one, but it won't do yet, the people are not ready for it."

Now, I suppose Daniel, and the Three Brethren who stood out against the entire Babylonish Empire, had some reason to suspect, that there would be a possibility of quite a large party opposed to them. I suppose, if these good people had been in Daniel's place, they either would have stopped praying, or else they would have shut their windows, drawn their curtains, and mumbled over their prayers to themselves. And I can think of no case when circumstances would seem more to have justified such a course. Or, again, if they had been in the place of the Three Brethren, they would indeed have escaped without the smell of fire upon them, but for the simple reason, that, instead of going into the furnace, they would have been found bowing down to the image which had been set up.

But the people, they say, are not ready. Let us see who are not ready, and who are to blame for it. We will say, then, that one-fourth of the community are radicals. They are anxious for the measure; another fourth are entirely and hotly opposed to it. This leaves, if I mistake not, one half of the community, and these must be the great conservative party. Now, each individual of this party is in favor of the measure in itself, but they cannot advocate it, because the people are not ready. Now, the modesty and self-forgetfulness of these persons is at least amusing. If they would only consider that each one of them is one of the people, and then, being in favor of the measure, would go over to those who are advocating it, there would be three-fourths of the people on that side. It would seem that this would be a safe majority.

Now, where does the blame for the slow progress of the good cause lie? With its radical friends, or with its enemies and passive admirers?

H. A. W.

The Book-Hunter.

John Hill Burton is a fortunate man. Fortunate in his book, and especially fortunate in its American reprint. In this he is blessed with good type and unusually accurate printing, with laid paper such as now-a-days we see rarely except in old works, with binding which is thoroughly appropriate, and above all, with an Editor who has both information and good sense.

As it stands now it is a sort of anomaly among books; a book on books; one written to be read and not a mere catalogue of rare volumes.

Mr. Burton goes to work at his subject in a way which shows him to know all about it; not from second-hand, but from actual acquaintance with all its ins and outs. Classifying his remarks under four heads, he gives the Nature and Functions of the Book-hunter, his Club and Book-Club literature. Under these he groups various remarks often foreign enough to the question in hand, but always instructive and interesting. He is posted in old books. He overwhelms us with name after name in support of the most ordinary assertion. He goes with us into the book-stall and the library, into the auction and the private collection. Everywhere he is at home, Learned always, amusing always, never growing wearisome in his love of the pursuit, but always fresh and pleasant, his is the book of all others recently issued, for a quiet reading by the fireside.

And then too his style is exceedingly fine. I confess for my own part to a strong regard for learned men who yet dare to write naturally. We want no stilted Johnsonian prose in these days of ours. Our need is to use the plain Saxon speech, which best of all gives us to know the gist and the force of each point. In my own mind I have always likened it to the 'Gow Chrom' Hal of the Wyrd, ready to fight 'for its own hand' in any case. Already in these pages I said the same thing about Dr. Brown's 'Spare Hours,' and spoke with pleasure of the hold the new style (for such it really is) has taken on the people's hearts. Thanks to the world's common sense we are henceforth to drop much that has offended against simplicity, strength and grace.

It is not hard to point to old books which show this yearning for a better style. It was more common two centuries ago than it has been for the last fifty years. But look at the latest books of note and you will find that the soul of the Greek has entered into the strong Saxon English, and that from this there is a giant such as never dwelt among

the languages of men. No work daunts him in the least. He shoulders argument as easily as description, and walks off with history and fiction on his back, and none but can see how light is his load. He laughs at labor. All is but sport to him.

But seriously now, we have made an advance when we went back and took up again some of those strong old Saxon words. You know how it is in every day life. If you tell a man that anything is *false*, you *may* get into a quarrel or you may not. If you tell him it is a *lie*, you are almost certain to have instant trouble. It is therefore a well-put criticism which Richard Grant White, the American Editor, makes on the word 'superinduce.' After remarking how this affectation of big words has grown on some people, he writes:—"How many good and really sensible people have I heard painfully twisting simple English tongues around these slippery, many-syllabled strangers, when good home words which they were born to speak would have done their work much better."

There are very few who read the Lit. with whom 'Tom Brown at Oxford' is not a favorite. They read perhaps 'School Days at Rugby' and looked forward to another work with pleasant hopes that it might prove as good. And they were not disappointed, for 'Tom Brown' has taken and will hold its place in standard literature. It is a question however whether any one ever stopped after reading it; after going through the boat race; after feeling every part of it and pronouncing it good; and really sought to find the source of its power. If he did he found it mainly to consist in its style, and that style to be formed on the common sense principle which teaches a man to say what he intends, as clearly and as handsomely as possible. So with many another book I could name. All show the tendency to a better class of writing. We are yet but half in bloom. May the full flower be worthy of the parent stem!

Mr. Burton has taken up a class of men of whom we in this country know but little. We are familiar with those old fossils whom we can see at any hour in public libraries, selfishly gathering knowledge which they never use. They are like sponges, drawing in all waters, sweet and bitter, till they cease from very fullness.

I have in my mind, as I write these lines, a man whom I saw for three years almost daily, in one of our public libraries. He was always dressed poorly, never took home any books, but could be found from 10 A. M. till sunset, hard at work. Notes innumerable he had taken on one subject and another, never seeming to have any definite object but his own amusement, and, as I was creditably told, never engaging with stran-

gers in conversation but once. Then, when a would-be herald on the other side of his table attempted to blazon a coat of arms for a friend, and in it committed the grave fault of making his fire-drake couchant instead of rampant, and getting his bar sinister transformed into something more honorable, the venerable received anger enough to speak. In a few short sentences the stranger had his coat of arms blazoned to his complete astonishment, and was saddled beside with the bar sinister which he had so vainly tried to leave out. Further than this, and in one way and another putting on the right track some eager author who asked his aid, he remained as he had always been. Two years afterwards I found him in the same library and at the same table, and was told on inquiry that he had rarely missed a day in my absence. Such men make up a part of the class of which Mr. Burton treats. But he extends it to include collectors, and indeed, a man, according to him, cannot be a book-hunter unless he brings home his game. The mere reading and finding pleasure in a book is something your bibliophile knows nothing about. If he has not the ability to make it his own, he laments over it as one would over a lost gem, not for its innate value but for its variety and reputation. He runs into all vagaries in this crotchet of his. One man had a vellum library, another had one which consisted of broad-margined and first editions. Another filled his up with duplicates, and was never so happy as in getting a third and fourth fac simile of a favorite work. They dig among dusty volumes, perhaps unearthing something like the Koh-i-noor, for whose possession kings thought it no shame to quarrel. Such a stroke was made by David Wilson ("Snuffy Davie") who bought in Holland the "Game of Chess," the first book printed in England and which dated back to 1474. He got this prize for two-pence, and resold it to another for some forty pounds. It was sold twice after this, commanding at the first time sixty guineas, and, at the last, falling into the hands of royalty itself, for one hundred and seventy pounds. This was a good sum in truth to have arisen from Snuffy Davie's two-pence purchase.

The highest priced volume mentioned by Mr. Burton, is the Venetian Boccaccio, which commanded the fabulous value of some five thousand and two hundred pounds. And it has been no unusual thing for a collector's library to more than double in value through his care and skill. Indeed the excitement of chasing and securing rare copies, undoubted original works made precious by certain flaws, or dignified by better binding and broader margins than the vulgar herd, acts so strongly on some men that they make it the business of a life. They buy books as a coin collector buys coins, and stow them away never perhaps to

be re-opened. But then these are morbid in their tastes, for your true book-hunter is also a reader and a scholar. It is hardly possible to conceive of any collector who does not make friends of his books. A man meets no trustier ones in the world, and why should he not love them while he may? And it is in this frame of mind that Mr. Burton speaks of them, satirizing keenly and well the follies of such men as Thomas de Quincey and that unnumbered host who pile volume on volume to the shutting out of all comfort in library or parlor. He is full of many anecdotes of those who have thus made themselves ridiculous, and is especially severe on such as will not allow others to have access to their treasures. He is pleased above all with the efforts which certain clubs have been making to reprint scarce and valuable books, thus making the labor of the antiquary and the general scholar much less than it would otherwise have been.

I am aware that I am criticising very roughly and imperfectly, a volume which deserves no mean praise. That it is a remarkable book, no one who reads it can doubt, and that its author is one, who with great general and special information unites a quick wit, an easy and pleasant way of 'putting things,' and a love for his work, is also beyond dispute. To be known, it must be read; to be read aright, it must be accompanied with that interest in the subject which no training can give. It will therefore prove dry in parts to some, but to the majority who may take it up, the curiosity to know more of a class of men, of whom very little has ever been written, will give the needful pleasure.

I cannot close without a word on what is said of America and her book collectors. Mr. Burton grants that for a nation so young, a nation whose old books are mostly brought over from Europe, and whose opportunities have as yet been small, we have done far from badly. He awards no small honor to the manner in which the Astor Library of New York set out to obtain its copies of the standard ancients, and to the library which has resulted from the two liberal donations of Mr. Astor and his son. He speaks also with especial favor of the collections of Judge Kent and of Mr. Burton of New York, noticing an illustrated series of Shakespeare's plays which was prepared by the binding together of sketches and all matter which might be explanatory of the text. So that we are not so poor in literary wealth but that we might have been still more beggars. To the Waltonian library of the late Dr. Bethune he gives unqualified approbation. That one man should collect everything about a single book, was something exactly in accord with the European custom, and that the same man should use all his

accumulated gains to illustrate this book, which was of so much worth in his eyes, was no more than natural. Izaak Walton has certainly met with an editor who made the illustration of his meaning a matter of love.

I have written all this with the strong feeling upon me that it was not for me to attempt any formal critique on the 'Book-hunter,' that I could give expression to no more than a thought or two, and finally drop back on the sage bit of advice that he only who has read it can appreciate its beauties. It is rarely that you find a book so free from faults of every kind, and when you do, it is not wonderful that your cold censure is turned into warmest praise, and that you give it a niche in your heart with other and like favorites, for all time to come.

For my own part I should sooner by far have written the 'Book-hunter' than 'Les Miserables.'

S. W. D.

Franklin Ellsworth Alling.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Jan. 4th, 1863.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

IT will doubtless be interesting to the members of "65," as well as to many others in Yale, to learn something definite regarding the fate of their friend and classmate, Corporal Franklin E. Alling, from one who was with him on the field. Although not in the same Co. with the deceased, we were much in each other's society, both from attachments formed in the service, and from earlier considerations. We were together a great part of that long, weary Friday preceding the battle, on which we lay upon our arms in the lower streets of Fredericksburg, each moment expecting the word to go forward to the conflict. And all the while, our lamented Alling bore himself, in every respect, worthy of a noble soldier, seeming to have but one purpose in view; to do his duty to his country. We again conversed together on Saturday morning, a few minutes before we entered the engagement. He was still composed and cheerful, and

when we were ordered forward to the charge, we shook hands and wished each other a safe return. The column then turned the corner of the street, marching directly towards the rebel batteries, and I saw him no more. When, a little after dark that night, I reached the hospital, which was crowded with the wounded and dying, the first enquiry was for Alling. But no one had seen or heard of him. Next day his Company officers came in and still replied to the anxious enquiry, that Alling was among the missing. Still, the fact that his body was not found, when the dead were buried, gave some hope that he might have found his way to some other hospital, and perhaps was yet living. Such were our hopes for some time. But a letter from the front, received here a few days ago, informs me that he is entirely given up as lost. His Company was next to the Colors, on the left. He must have been in the thickest of the fight, and doubtless was among that large number of killed whose bodies could not be recognized, when the opportunity for burial was given.

His distinguished talents are too well known to Alling's classmates and friends to need mention here. But the generous impulses of his heart, and the nobility of his character, which discovered themselves after long and close intimacy, were of such a nature as could not be developed, either in the pleasing scenes of College enjoyments, or in the hard duties of the recitation-room. It was only after we had been cut off from the society of friends, and shut up, in a strange land, to the stern discipline and dull monotony of camp life, that the writer of this letter began to see the true worth of his friend and fellow-soldier, and to form that strong and lasting attachment to him, which noble qualities in one individual seldom fail to create in another. Alling is gone; but our friendship will last forever. Treason and war may blast earthly affections, and mutilate the body, but, "There is a spirit in man," which their engines cannot reach.

To Alling's classmates, to whom I know his death must be a source of lasting sorrow, I would only say, that, although his sun seemed to go down almost as soon as it had left the horizon, yet his course was complete, and none can say that his life was a failure. He started with a noble purpose, and pursued it to the grave. What could be more sublime? What more could you ask? God asks no more. Though he lies in a land of strangers, uncoffined and "unsung;" though the gloom of national defeat hangs darkly over the spot where he fell, and though his friends may weep in solitude, without even a grassy mound or a marble stone to mark his resting place, yet his course *was* complete, and his life *was* a triumph; for God has taken

him to a higher sphere, where there are no more battles or defeats, and has written his name, his honor, and his worth, upon tablets more lasting than marble.

Life's reveille was beating
When he took the soldier's name,
And its morning sky was garnished
With the tints of dawning fame.

He loved youth's golden visions
Which round his pathway clung,
His soul had caught life's grandeur,
But all his hopes were young.

His country called for heroes,
His heart obeyed the call,
For he feared no doubtful issue
Except his country's fall.

He rushed into the battle
And perished in the van,
A Christian and a scholar,
A patriot, a man.

J. B.

Memorabilia Valensia.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

At the regular society elections, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 17th, the following officers were chosen:

LINONIA.

S. A. KENNETH.

T. A. EMERSON.

A. B. CLARK.

W. H. DREW.

*President,**Vice President,**Secretary,**Vice Secretary,**Censor,*

BROTHERS IN UNITY.

C. W. FRANCIS.

C. G. S. SOUTHWORTH.

E. M. WILLIAMS.

T. BULKLEY.

E. M. BOOTH.

Bethoven Society Concert.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 17th, this Society gave its annual Concert, in Music Hall. It was, in all respects, a most gratifying success. The audience was large and appreciative; the music was well selected and well executed.

The Yale Glee Club of '63 sang several pieces, during the evening, which were warmly applauded. Indeed, the style of music furnished by this organization seems to be the most popular, and its success indicates the proper course for those who give student concerts in future. We congratulate Bethoven on the result of the concert, and on the energy of its present officers, through whose efficiency it is taking its proper place among student organizations.

Junior Appointments.

On Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 23d, the Junior Appointments for the Class of '64 were read from the Chapel steps.

The following is the list, those of the same rank being placed in alphabetical order. It confirms the reputation for scholarship which this Class has always possessed.

Greek Oration,—Charles Edward Booth.

Philosophical Oration,—George Spring Merriam.

Latin Oration,—William Henry Palmer.

Philosophical Oration,—Isaac Platt Pugsley.

Philosophical Oration,—Charles Greene Rockwood.

HIGH ORATIONS.

John Wickliffe Beach,

Henry Paine Boyden,

William Jessup Chandler,

Samuel Carter Darling,

Timothy Miller Griffing,

Charles Phelps Taft,

Ralph Wheeler,

Lewis Frederick Whitin,

Charles Mills Whittlesey.

ORATIONS.

Charles Larned Atterbury,

Daniel Lathrop Coit,

Orson Gregory Dibble,

Thomas Hooker,

James Phillips Hoyt,

David Gilbert Lapham,

Francis Englesby Loomis,

William McAfee,

Charles Fraser McLean,

Horace Daniel Paine,

John William Sterling,

John William Teal,

Clarence Lincoln Westcott,

Job Williams,

Orson Sumner Wood.

DISSERTATIONS.

Charles Henry Burnett,

Lewis Gregory,

Joseph Lanman,

Edward Taylor Mather,

Arthur Phinney,

Edward Moore Williams,

Moseley Hooker Williams.

1st DISPUTES.

Frederick Henry Betts,

George Whitefield Benjamin,

George Frederick Lewis.

2d DISPUTES.

William Augustus Ayres,
William Packer Bellamy,
Alanson Douglas Miller,
Otto Page,

Howard Eben Pratt,
James Brainerd Tyler,
Albert Harrison Van Etten,
James Harvey Van Gelder.

3d DISPUTES.

Albert Henry Buck,
Clinton Levering Conkling,

George Douglass,
Charles Winthrop Fifield,

Wilfred Ernest Norton.

1st COLLOQUIES.

William Edward Barnett,
John Jacob Edic,
Robert Shoemaker Ives,
Hunting Cooper Jessup,

David Brainerd Lyman,
Julius Leonard Parke,
William Gaylord Peck,
Thomas Edward Satterthwaite.

2d COLLOQUIES.

Chas. Dana Townsend Gibson,
Charles Dennis Ingersoll,
Frederick Arthur Judson,
Edward Whittlesey Lowrey,

James Clark Thomas,
Oliver Sherman White,
Harry Wilson,
Albert Smith Wurta.

Prize Debates.

The Senior Prize Debate in Linonia occurred on Tuesday evening, Jan. 20th.

Committee of Award:

Prof. HUBERT A. NEWTON,

Rev. EDWIN HARWOOD, D. D.,

ADDISON VAN NAME, M. A.

Question:—Is some form of 'Trial by Judges' preferable to the present Jury system?

The 1st Prize was awarded to L. T. Chamberlain,

" 2d " " " " W. C. Whitney,

" 3d " " " " G. S. Hamlin.

The Senior Prize Debate in the Brothers in Unity took place on Wednesday evening, Jan. 21st.

Committee of Award:

Rev. E. L. CLEVELAND, D. D.,

Prof. GEO. P. FISHER,

CYRUS NORTROP, M. A.

Question:—Has the Order of the Jesuits tended to advance Civilization?

The 1st Prize was awarded to W. G. Sumner,

" 2d " " " " H. Kingsbury,

" 3d " " " " C. H. Wesson.

The Sophomore Prize Debate in Linonia took place on Thursday evening, Jan. 22d.

Committee of Award:

WM. H. RUSSELL, M. A.,

Prof. TIMOTHY DWIGHT,

DANIEL C. GILMAN, M. A.

Question:—Ought the General Government of the United States to be invested with greater authority?

The 1st Prize was awarded to M. M. Budlong,

" 2d " " " " S. S. Martyn,

" 3d " " " " J. F. Dryden.

The Class of '65 in the Brothers in Unity, voted to postpone their debate to Junior year; consequently, there was no Sophomore Debate in that Society this year.

Election of Class Orator and Poet.

The Senior Class assembled in the President's Lecture Room, on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 21st, and proceeded to make choice of

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, as Class Orator, and

GEORGE C. S. SOUTHWORTH, as Class Poet.

The election was made with almost entire unanimity, and with the utmost good feeling.

Cochleareati of '64.

This election, contrary to the usual practice, was held last term, and the names of the Spoon Committee were published in our last; but, as one name was inadvertently omitted, we publish the whole list again:

C. L. Atterbury, M. C. D. Borden, R. S. Ives, J. L. Parke, W. H. B. Pratt, G. C. Purves, J. W. Sterling, L. Stevens, O. S. White.

Election of Yale Lit. Editors.

At a meeting of the Class of '64, on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 4th, the following gentlemen were elected to conduct the Yale Literary Magazine for the coming year:

M. C. D. BORDEN,	<i>Fall River, Mass.</i>
S. C. DARLING,	<i>St. Stephen's, N. B.</i>
LEWIS GREGORY,	<i>Wilton, Conn.</i>
G. S. MERRIAM,	<i>Springfield, Mass.</i>
A. D. MILLER,	<i>Rochester, N. Y.</i>

Death of J. W. Finley.

Joseph Wilson Finley, a member of the Class of '66, died on Wednesday, Jan. 7th, after a severe illness of two weeks.

His funeral was attended on Friday afternoon from the College Chapel; President Woolsey conducted the services, and made some very impressive remarks. His remains were interred in the College lot, in the New Haven Cemetery. It is a singular fact, that twenty years have elapsed since a non-resident student has been buried in New Haven, although it occurred quite frequently formerly. Although Mr. Finley had been but a short time among us, he had made many friends, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. His Classmates passed appropriate resolutions, and adopted the usual badge of mourning.

Death of G. R. Merwin.

We have received the following Resolutions, relating to the death of Mr. Merwin, of the Class of '64, while in the army:

Whereas, It has pleased God, in His all-wise Providence, to remove from this world, our friend and Classmate, GARWOOD R. MERWIN, one who had but recently left our midst for the service of his country, and who, while commanding our respect for his energy and perseverance as a scholar, had endeared himself to us all by the more genial qualities of the heart,—

Resolved, That we do most sincerely sympathize with the bereaved relations, and that, as a token of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Class assume the usual badge of mourning.

Resolved, That a copy of the above Resolutions be transmitted to the family, and to the Yale Literary Magazine for publication.

C. L. Atterbury, C. H. Burnett, R. S. Ives, Wm. McAfee, A. D. Miller, J. W. Sterling, Committee in behalf of the Junior Class.

Editor's Table.

SPACE for only a few words with our readers is left us. We had prepared a 'Table' of more than two pages, written in a very sprightly style, containing discussions upon various matters, theoretical and practical, interspersed with a few new puns and striking witticisms. Inasmuch as this No. is issued on Valentine's Day, we had also indulged ourselves, to a slight extent, in a poetic line. But the printer says 'Nay,' and we submit. That our readers will never know how much they have lost, is our only consolation.

Skating, this season, has proved almost an entire failure; reason, lack of ice. Even the indefatigable efforts of our City Fathers to flood the Green, have failed to coax the congelation of the abundant waters. Skate dealers, the ladies, and certain students, are in bitter grief in consequence.

We can only inform our readers that Tom Thumb is married; that the Mississippi is about to cut a canal, and thus cut Vicksburg; that Gen. Beauregard can't see the Charleston blockade, but is likely to have his eyesight improved before many days. Our friend Atherton, being off to the war again, has gone down there to see about it. We send our best wishes to him.

Exchanges.

The New Englander, Atlantic Monthly for Jan. and Feb., Vanity Fair, Harvard and Wabash Magazines, have been received since our last issue.

VOL. XXVIII.

NO. V.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"*Ipse mens grata mabet, nomen laudisque YALENSIS*
Centabunt SODALES, unanimique T'ETER."

MARCH, 1863.

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MDCCLXIII.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII.

MARCH, 1863.

No. V.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '63.

E. B. BINGHAM,

S. W. DUFFIELD,

J. H. BUTLER,

C. W. FRANCIS,

J. F. KERNOCHAN.

Doubt.

THIS is really a very queer world. Many people, I know, speak thus every day, and the remark is exceedingly common-place. It has become one of the reserve forces stationed in the rear of conversation to protect weak points and relieve exhausted columns. There is, however, a certain truth expressed by it, which gives me a sufficient excuse for repetition. Every individual is thought peculiar in regard to some particular habit or appearance; and the aggregate must in a degree possess the qualities of its components. This combination of realities, called World, then, is queer.

Birth, Life, Death, each event connected with circumstances as various as its frequency, the dangers and pleasures of existence, the multitude of incidents befalling the countless throng of individualities is so strange, that few entirely comprehend its intent. Life is progress. But the progress is through seas filled with sunken reefs, bars of sand and inhospitable coasts. The sky is unclouded, sweet melody pours in from every waving branch, harmonious hearts are around, yet the bow strikes the precipitous side and the hopes of a life are engulfed in a moment. The course of life may be checked by a blighting sorrow, and while the world passes gaily on, wastes away waiting for the friendly tidal wave which shall lift it from despondency

and send it gladly onward. This idea of Life is so vast, the phenomena of Nature so numerous and inexplicable, that the most capacious intellect will oftentimes miss its pathway and wander helplessly in the darkness. Notwithstanding the world's wisdom has firmly established that every event is the result of vital causes and governed by immutable laws, Mind cannot always remain above Doubt.

Doubt will steal into the firmest belief, and cherished opinions which have been the guiding stars of life speedily vanish. You have heard of the majestic tree of the Western forests, which rears its crowned head high up towards the heavens, like our noblest aspirations. The evening sun, as it sinks into its golden couch, kisses it a cheerful goodnight, and lights up the summit of the century-king with its richest rays—of deeper dye than Tyrian purple. The Hunter, as he hurries on to his camping ground, glances at its stately proportions and vows allegiance to the forest monarch. As the last ray leaves the topmost cone, he hears a thunder crash, as if a whirlwind had uprooted the primeval wood. The worm which has gnawed for years at the trunk at last severs the few remaining fibres, and the royal tree is dethroned. Mother Nature will soon give it fitting burial beneath the red tipped moss and forest grasses.

Similarly have the great in all ages experienced the silent workings of Doubt tugging away at ancestral opinions and instilled principles. Many have fallen from a noble and orthodox eminence into scepticism. Simple Faith, confiding with a pure trust in the lessons which she has learned and teaches, warns the heart against the activity of the Mind. This intellectual energy is always aiming after Truth. In this generally unsatisfying labor, Hope, which arises from the emotions of the heart, is led on through vast wildernesses of thought by mental curiosity. It seems strange that, amid the multitude of ideas, some one can not be noted as true, and intellect cease its wanderings.

There is also the desire of Happiness, and its wonderful influence over human action. An End: all the world is a means for its attainment. This one thing for which men are continually searching, is, however, rarely found. A single mind may revolutionize the ideas of an age. Washington transformed a wilderness into a grand continental garden. A Scotchman discovered a secret which has changed completely the customs of intercourse and business over the entire globe. Prosperity for the masses has grown up out of the cloudy and mysterious oppressions of monarchy. Everything, almost, is available, except a key to Happiness, for which there is a constant struggle.

It is even a matter of wonder that the gigantic intellects of antiquity did not fathom the mystery with all that strength of national life and individual eagerness to urge on the pursuit. But it is still more wonderful that during the past nineteen centuries the same search has been so assiduously maintained. Neither individuality nor mutuality finds a theory which can receive universal adoption. There is, truly, no combination of effort. Each person trusts his own unaided strength and chosen route. The goal recedes as the runner approaches. At times, Happiness may be just within the grasp, and might be preserved, but by some rash act it is removed. Rarely does it linger like a true and faithful friend. Many never know it. Few experience its possession. Like the fairies of the olden time, it has only left a name. Its presence has departed. But satisfaction for all has not yet been found, and away fly the adventurous, out into the realms of thought, ever seeking after light.

These vain efforts to reach real and perfect joy, are often the cause of Doubt, which, acting like a prejudice, leads the mind into unnatural and sad conceptions. Truth and Happiness thus become disastrous to those who attempt to find their retreats unassisted by the appointed guides. This is the darker view of the influence and effects of Doubt. We mourn over the perversion of great powers which it has occasioned. We gaze, with moistening eye, over the rich fields and beautiful domains made desolate by its inroads. With feelings of pity and sadness, we look upon the encroachments of business, as it enters the sacred aisles of metropolitan churches, grown venerable with the holy worship of centuries, tears down the altars before which our forefathers were accustomed to kneel, and converts consecrated halls into commercial exchanges or saloons for revelry and debauch. The metamorphosis is inevitable. Improvement demands it. The tide of human progress sweeps over the relics of earlier advances, and piles up grander monuments with each succeeding flow.

Doubt is virtually belief. It may be, that it rejects correct principles, and accepts those which are vicious in tendency as well as false in theory. Herein lies its corrupting power. This is the path which leads to Atheism, although the traveler, perchance, has not reached its termination. There are many outlets along the way, which offer ready escape to him who is watchful. It is well for some minds to take a short journey, to gain experience and learn instructive lessons. There is, however, a danger which only a manly spirit, with candor and liberality, can avoid. The misanthrope, morbid, self-wrapt

and conceited, will surely reach the end if he even takes the initial steps. Gibbon inherited a misfortune from his birth. His misfortune led him into misanthropy, which in turn gave way to scepticism, tempering his whole life. He wandered without anchor and helmless through the sea of religious inquiry, clutching at many straws, and, for a long time, retaining none.

This is, as we have previously observed, the unpleasant, the deplorable effect of Doubt. Yet in such unfortunate mental phases it may, it must serve a definite, a desirable end. There must be utility in it, even when considered as a disease. It works with enormous power on the individual soul, and may contemplate and complete a permanent mental and spiritual revolution. The body, wearied by protracted extravagance and intemperate living, requires febrile attacks of the severest character for its entire purification. The soul, tossed about from theory to theory, never resting, ever unsatisfied, is swallowed up by Doubt. The renovating forces commence, dangerous yet necessary, which may become a life-boat to the wrecked. Then will the mind begin its life again, weak at first, but gaining strength by its true and healthy nutriment. Soon discerning clearly the path, it will soar aloft to the sublimity of pure love and veneration.

The positive utility of Doubt is the eradication of customs and institutions which have finished their appointed task. Under its guidance, reformatory measures arise and become permanently established. The False lays aside the victor's power and submits to Truth. The old belief, blinded by age, weakened by disease, leaves the stage as the fresh, firm, self-reliant idea leaps into view. Religion, Art, and Science, have been purged by this universal and important influence. Its effects are seen in every department of life. Liberty owes its birth to the innate desire of freedom, which will not tolerate, passively, oppression. But the ideas, the theories, which underlie all power and every institution, must be destroyed before a benefit can be obtained. This labor is accomplished by increasing a disbelief in their fundamental support, which clears the way for advanced opinions. All permanent change must be gradual. The primary step of the gradation is taken by Doubt. It was a theory of absolutism that the masses should remain uneducated. Freedom of thought was too dangerous in tendency to be trusted to all men. Supported by two pillars of such strength, it hoped to secure a lasting triumph. Experience made men doubt the correctness of these principles. The New England school house and the village churches mark the result.

Doubt destroys belief. It also creates. The human mind could not exist—it would no longer exhibit its power or capacity—unless it retained and cherished opinions. The activity of the mind is thought, the father of opinions. Its passivity, if the application of the term is proper, is the satisfied belief in the result of its activity. Action, then, is the support of mind. This action consists in the displacement and construction of ideas or opinions. A requisite for the adoption of a belief, or in other words, the opinion of a theory, is the rejection of its predecessor—(supposing, of course, that they are conflicting). This is the work of Doubt. It thus becomes the incentive to all Theological and Speculative inquiry. It urges on investigation, and is a real live motive to intellectual progress.

Such, then, is the Scepticism which is universally denounced, yet promoting world-wide prosperity. The church views it as her natural enemy. No sympathy is extended to the man who finds a new access to the Eternal Throne. It has always been the peculiar feature of religion that the Present considers its revelations and understanding as perfect and immutable. Yet the element of change has never been absent from a single age. The Rabbinical Faith, the Apostolic Succession and the Presbytery, are typical of constant mutability. Does the nineteenth century assert its arrival at the goal? Has Thought completed its labor? Is the Mind no longer needed? Must the Heart alone become responsible for the great revival among the nations?

There are yet some obscure recesses and a few monstrosities in the sacred edifice, which the Future will disperse. Let a spirit of liberality be extended to the great thinkers of to-day—they are solving problems of eternal interest. We should have respect for every man's honest opinion. He whom our age contemns for scepticism may, in some after time, receive veneration as a founder of the accepted belief.

J. H. B.

Linonia, and Brothers in Unity.

THE theoretical value of our Public Literary Societies is, with only an occasional exception, universally acknowledged. Neither the thoughtful student, nor the intelligent friend of liberal culture, will

hesitate to assign great importance to the specific influences which public debating societies are designed to exert. A moment's reflection will also lead to the conviction, that whatever may be the importance accorded to these influences, they are, at least, peculiar to the organizations in question. Nowhere else, in all the range of his opportunities, can one who is conscious of the want find an adequate supply. He may, indeed, gather from books that exact and statistical information which is requisite for the discussion of historical or technical issues; he may in private reflect upon those broad and fundamental considerations which determine questions of principle and policy; but, after all, it is not until he turns to the public debate itself, putting his research and belief to the test of actual discussion and opposition, that he reaps the full measure of intellectual discipline, and so of intellectual growth.

It is possible, perhaps, that in his subjective and personal investigations, he may hold himself to entire dispassionateness of judgment, not shrinking from that 'enantiopathy' which is the true food and medicine of the mind; but experience will go far toward proving, that though this be possible, it is still scarcely probable. The tendency, inherent and well nigh ineradicable, is to conduct our lines of inquiry with reference to the undisturbed continuance in some chosen belief, or the repulsion of some unwelcome truth. In his familiar, yet profound remark, that "what we wish, we believe," Demosthenes has given us a maxim of common observation, which Bacon has elevated to the dignity of a philosophical principle. Thus writes the great master of modern wisdom, with that incomparable union of discrimination and poetry which distinguishes him among all the teachers of mankind,—“the eye of the human intellect is not dry, but receives a suffusion from the will and from the affections, so that it may be said to engender any science it pleases. For what a man wishes to be true, that he prefers believing.”

Let now the investigator, whose only thought has been to gratify his own taste or preference, place before himself, as a distinct end, the exhibition and defence of his views before those who are neither pledged to his theories nor restrained from challenging his statements. He finds that he is weak, both in attack and defence, so long as from any cause he has failed to examine the question at issue in all its bearings. He learns that others have investigated, where he has turned aside; nay, have accepted as their faith what he rejected as beneath his notice. And thus, whether he desires it or not, the necessity is

forced upon him, to listen to views the very opposite of his own, and to meet them with clear, reasonable argument, or confess his defeat. In place of narrowness and superficiality, he is driven to that generous habit of mind which seeks to comprehend the subject matter in its entirety.

But while the spirit and method of investigation is thus corrected, it is also energized and encouraged. To most minds, the silent, painstaking process of mental discipline is distasteful. There is need of some auxiliary excitement to support and inspire it. The avenue through which this needed impulse may act is the social nature of man—one great arena for its development is the Public Literary Society. For not only does the actual contact there of mind with mind kindle new aspirations, reinforce and re-duplicate the old, but the anticipation gives new zest to even the preparatory labors of the closet and study. The generous emulation, the vehement opposition, the hard-earned victory, all unite in calling to patient, honest effort. Moreover, the living questions of the hour are brought to view, and the scholar is reminded that the highest end of study is to be able to contribute to the life of humanity something earnest, practical, helpful.

But we are reminded here that, after all, no analysis or enumeration can, by any possibility, display the inestimable value of a well-conducted, well-sustained Literary Society. There is something in its influence which evades all definitions, just as there is truth beyond the reach of logic, and worth which no standard of utility can measure; or rather as in all high, personal character, there is something which belongs to no one of its elements, yet is greater than they all.

We turn now to the actual condition of our own Literary Societies. And, let it be premised, once for all, that we are speaking, not as the partizan of either, but only as the friend of both. Their objects are similar, their interests indissolubly connected, and he must be short-sighted who does not perceive in the real prosperity of the one, the advantage of the other. It is impossible to conceal the fact, that the present condition of our Public Societies is the occasion to their well wishers, of no little regret and anxious foreboding. A magnificent history stretches back across a century, but it only serves to make the present decline a more hideous and unmistakable reality. A spasmodic awakening to the task of an annual campaign for new members, symptoms of some public life on occasion of prize-debates and term elections; meanwhile, inaction and torpor, meetings without a quorum, debates uninteresting or omitted—such is the sad record.

'Tis true 'tis pity,
Pity 'tis 'tis true.

Twenty-five years ago the decline, apparently, had not commenced. The testimony of living graduates, and the records of the Societies, unite in assuring us, that the *active* members at that time included the large majority of the students; that the regular exercises were enthusiastically sustained, and a sound, vigorous progress seemed assured and inevitable for the future. Has this progress been realized?

Since then, indeed, the old distasteful, inconvenient places of meeting have been exchanged for new apartments no less beautiful than commodious—apartments built by the munificent enterprise of the Societies themselves. The libraries also have been placed on a better foundation, and removed from their former insecurity to safe and permanent quarters, while prize debates have arisen as an entirely new feature of interest and improvement. All this, it is true, is in the line of progress; but it is of that material, external sort which by no means precludes the existence, at the same time, of radical unsoundness—the insidious working of mortal disease. How much better—were this the alternative—to go back to unadorned poverty, with its strenuous, manly activity, than to linger out a living death surrounded by upholstery, statues and frescoes! How cheap the price—were this the necessity—could we exchange both library and hall, for a permanent return of the primitive spirit! There are not a few, at the present time, who, having watched for years the vicissitudes of their fortunes, seeing all end in final decline, are forced to confess to a growing fear that our Public Societies will be given up at no very distant day. Let us, then, in the light of the causes which for the last twenty-five years have thwarted the promised advancement, and even set the current backward, examine the reasonableness of this fear.

Careful investigation has led us to the belief, that one cause, or occasion of decline in the Societies, has been an increasingly higher standard of scholarship. The terms of admission to College have become more and more exacting, and the whole subsequent course extended and amplified in all directions. It is likewise to be remembered, that the entire system of scholarship prizes, with a single exception, has arisen within this period. The Bristed, Hurlburt, Woolsey and Clark Scholarships, the prizes for solution of Mathematical Problems, and the Berkeley premiums for Latin Prose, are all of recent date. Their influence in awakening emulation and elevating the

scholarly sentiment of College has been by no means insignificant. Now all this, we believe is, in itself, a most desirable change. No one who appreciates the true mission of the College will hesitate to recognize it as a healthful progress. If there could be shown to be an incompatibility between the severe, exact studies of the recitation-room and the cultivation of public debates and distinctively literary excellence, we should say, let the duties of the strictly collegiate course have the precedence. For with a broad foundation laid in the facile mastery of the classics and higher mathematics, in a thorough, familiar acquaintance with the principles of mental, moral, and political philosophy, we might hope ultimately and in other spheres to add those various accomplishments which fill out the proportions of a culture liberal and harmonious. On the other hand, he who allows this true order to be reversed, commits a mistake whose disastrous consequences are absolutely irreparable.

But at the risk of a seeming inconsistency, we affirm that there is in fact no incompatibility, and, indeed, no necessary antagonism. Scholarship is no more opposed to the legitimate objects of a Literary Society, than it is to friendship and social enjoyment. In asserting, then, that a higher standard of scholarship has operated disadvantageously on our public debates, we refer to an actual but not a necessary phenomenon. The real cause of this lamentable perversion will claim our attention at a later point of this discussion.

Intimately connected with the above considerations is the fact that the College curriculum includes, at the present time, a wide range of literary pursuits, which originally belonged to the Public Societies. The alternative is no longer presented to the student, to find his strictly literary culture in the Societies or neglect it altogether; but he is even obliged to cultivate the excellencies of composition and oratory, as an integral part of the prescribed course. We may say, in general, that the departments of Rhetoric and Elocution have chiefly grown up within the last twenty years. Here, again, as in the province of the Classics and Mathematics, the system of Prizes and Honors has been widely employed. Prizes for English Composition and for Declamation, Townsend Premiums and Deforest Medal, all offer themselves as incentives to exertion, and opportunities of renown. And we must not forget here, that while the College has inaugurated these various reforms, the students themselves have opened a new field of intellectual discipline. The Yale Literary Magazine scarcely antedates the period under review. This also claims, of course, its

share of attention, and presents itself as a means not only of general communication but of literary improvement. It may not be inappropriate to add here a single word on an aspect and influence of the modern Prize System, which has been already casually mentioned. Our Prize System not only operates directly to sustain the departments in whose interest it was established, but indirectly affords an opportunity for securing that reputation which, both within and without the College world, is a prime object of desire. It affords an opportunity, too, as we have seen, for gaining this reputation in those very fields of effort which, in earlier times, were found only in the Literary Societies. There are, however, many counter-balancing considerations connected with this subject of Prizes, which we are compelled to pass by without notice. Such, in brief, has been the change in the public features of the College life, which has been consummated within the last twenty-five years.

Let us turn now to a more direct cause of the decline—a cause, moreover, which is chargeable with much of that mischief which we have set down as incidental to other influences. Beyond a question, the greatest obstacle in the way of our Public Societies is the swarm of Class organizations which infest the first three years of the College course. With the possible advantages of these smaller societies, in themselves, we have no direct concern; we have only to consider their actual influence upon the larger Societies, and their worth in comparison with them. Neither are we concerned with the question whether these organizations ought to be secret or open, for their injury to the interests we are here advocating would, in either case, remain essentially the same. We confess, however, to the decided conviction on other grounds that secrecy is far preferable. But the discussion before us is upon the direct issue that, with any such prominence as is at present attached to them, their existence in either form is detrimental to the welfare of Linonia and Brothers in Unity. The rationale of this is clear both to experience and reflection. For presenting themselves at the very outset of the College course, they monopolize the time and enthusiasm of at least their own members. Now it is not difficult to perceive, that where this membership includes nearly the entire body of a Class, they must, from this simple fact, exert a powerful influence. But their effects outrun the circle of their own members. Gathering to themselves the great majority in point of numbers and of talent, they not only withdraw from the active support of the large Societies the best portion of every Class, but

inevitably mould College custom and sentiment, paralyzing the originally good intentions of the little remnant they exclude. Does some one interpose the plea, that the Freshman societies are schools of discipline preparatory to the higher advantages of the larger bodies? They are in theory—they might be to a certain extent in fact; but, as in many another instance, the actual result disappoints the design. Absorbing, as they now do, the chief attention and interest on themselves, it is impossible that they should fail to conflict with whatever in similar fields makes the same requisitions. The same is true in a still greater degree of the societies of Sophomore and Junior years.

But, in all fairness, let us look for a moment at the comparative importance of these claims, lest, having marked the fact of a practical conflict, we may yet have erred in assigning an inferior place to that which is in reality of preëminent importance. What, then, are the merits of these modern aspirants to the lion's share of attention and respect? Forsooth, some are literary societies. But is this characteristic peculiar to them? We speak advisedly when we say that in our own experience we have found a single participation in the literary exercises of Linonia, of more value than a half-dozen in our Freshman society, though that was the best among them all. But some, again, present a field for the development of the social qualities! Is there, therefore, no room for community of interest or feeling among the active members of the larger Societies? Let us picture to ourselves, for a moment, the spectacle which might follow the annihilation of all these class organizations. In the first place, we should certainly miss a special phase of social culture which they afford, and which in itself is desirable. We should also, no doubt, miss the petty jealousies, the undignified recriminations, the childish rivalry which they at present so actively foster. We should, above all, miss that false eclecticism and pitiful conceit of literary culture, which usually finds its culmination in the third collegiate year.

What, on the other hand, might we gain? We might gain College Societies worthy the name,—Societies inviting to generous emulation, to solid intellectual discipline, to a fraternity of feeling truly social and disinterested. We might, in fine, establish a Republic of earnest thinkers, where the incoming classes seized with the contagious inspiration, should find a home for their enthusiastic affection, an arena for their manliest development, and rewards of honor open, and open only, to the competition of worth and talent. Who then can doubt which of the parties in this conflict of interest should yield? "Under which

king, Benzonian? Speak, or die!" For ourselves, we are ready to say, let the class societies referred to all perish, rather than allow these vastly higher interests to languish and be lost; for, in the comparison, the former are an imposition and a nuisance.

Thus far we have considered the general tendency of these Class associations to injure the large Societies, by the withdrawal of the healthful interest which belongs to them. But their influence stops not there. Not content with having accomplished this, they return to increase the mischief. Could the Public Societies be left to themselves, they might endure the neglect which they receive. He who takes the solemn pledge "to do his best to promote their welfare," and forgets from that hour that they are in existence, is no apostate in comparison with the man who remembers them only to filch away their honors by selfish coalitions and packed meetings; nay, is true and loyal beside the man who takes the honor, without either the ability or disposition to meet the attendant duties. How, we ask, shall a Society flourish, when such as these presume to lay their hand upon "the ark of her magnificent cause."

There remains one great fault, which may be said to inhere in the Societies themselves. It is the adoption of a criterion of success, not radically false indeed, yet inadequate. No sound judgment will ever recognize in numbers, or College Prizes, or in any incidental Honors, the ultimate standard by which to try superiority. It is the weekly debates, and not the summary of the *Banner*, nor the Libraries, nor the Treasurer's reports, which reveals the essential excellence of a Literary Society. Of the system of electioneering which has arisen under this partial conception of success, we have little complaint to make. It has its faults, yet it is unphilosophical, as it is unjust, to make it the object of sweeping attack. Experience has enforced what reason teaches, that it is the only system which is germane to the end in view. Moreover, as we have suggested, this end so far as it reaches is a legitimate one. The only practicable way to secure a preponderance of talent, is to secure a majority of numbers. But the rivalry should not, as at present, stop here. So long as you reckon triumphs chiefly by success in any *annual* contest, you must be content with the present disproportion between the earnestness displayed in "campaigns," and in the subsequent weekly exercises.

We come back, now, to the vital question.—Is there any remedy for this decline? The question must be answered in the light of the underlying causes which have been partially enumerated. The higher stand-

ard of scholarship, the wider range of study, the popularization of the regular course, and the founding of a system of College Prizes, have all been steps in a progress not only proper but needful; and thus, though these have been an occasion of evil to the Societies, the remedy does not begin there. We do not, indeed, affirm that it begins with, or requires, the entire abolition of those class societies, which have preëminently caused the decline. What we do affirm as our abiding conviction is this; the needed reform demands that the Public Literary Society be ranked as next in importance to the Recitation and Lecture. It demands that nothing be allowed to oppose these highest interests. If the *abuse* of any pleasure or pursuit transgresses this law, then *let the abuse be corrected*. If there be a necessary conflict, *let the pursuit be abandoned*. And finally, let the Societies themselves, putting aside their factitious standards of success, find their boasted glory in realizing the true ends for which, as literary organizations, they exist.

In closing this discussion we only ask, that if we have seemed to any to have drawn the present in too sombre colors, the blame may be suspended until the picture has been placed side by side with the reality. If we have failed to point out the true causes of declension, it is only because our honest reflection and observation has misled us. If we have placed too high an estimate upon the value of the Literary Societies, it is because we have spoken from the fullness of grateful recollection. Our confidence in their future existence and progress is unshaken. For our hope is not in any renown which has immortalized the past, but in the preëminent utility which makes them still a blessing and a power. Never, indeed, was there such necessity for precisely the discipline they are capable of conferring, as at the present day. The scholar can no longer dwell in the "serene and secret mountain top" of his aspiring thoughts, but must enter the stern conflict and stand face to face with grim reality. He finds he must bring the severity of classicism and the slow processes of the schools, into contact with the issues that affect humanity, or they will lose their arterial freshness. And thus uniting in their natural harmony the duties of the Study and Public Debate, he comes forth, at last, versatile in acquirements, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful in all the relations of life.

L. T. C.

The Hymn of Ages.

HEAR those grand, triumphant voices
Chanting e'er that hymn sublime!
See that host of star-crowned heroes
Marching through the fields of Time!
'Tis the Army of the Ages,
They of faith and courage strong,
Who with pen, and tongue, and falchion,
Battled with the tyrant Wrong.

Prophets, Warriors, Sages, Martyrs,
Men who dared, and men who fought,
Men of patient, brave endeavor,
Men high-browed with lofty thought.
Some in dungeons prayed and wrestled;
With their blood some sealed their vow;
Ye may know them by their glory,
By the flame upon their brow.

All undaunted, on they struggled
Through the long and gloomy night,
Till they hailed 'amid the darkness
Streakings of the morning light;
Till up-sprung Truth's golden harvest,
From the martyr ashes strown,
Till the Right dashed off her fetters,
Hurled the Wrong from off the throne.

Now they march, one host triumphant,
Clad in bright, immortal youth,
Trampling o'er the graves of Error,
God-like in the living Truth.
Hark! again swells forth the anthem,
'Tis the Pæan of blest souls,
Fraught with joy and holy triumph,
Glorious to the stars it rolls.

Let us listen to those voices
'Mid our weak and wandering cries.
We too march, one mighty legion,
'Tween the vast eternities.

And before us walks an angel,
 Pointing to that distant land,
 Where, for aye, the great Ideal,
 Sits enthroned at God's right hand.

Shall we linger, idly gazing,
 With the multitude aside,
 While the Truth stands 'mid the soldiers,
 Mocked, and scourged, and crucified?
 Shall we build unhallowed altars
 To a Falsehood hoary grown,
 While the world speeds ever onward,
 Nearer to the central throne?

Upward then, ye workers, upward!
 Shouting nobler battle-cries,
 Wielding stronger, truer weapons,
 Winning fuller victories.
 Upward through the mist and darkness,
 To the ever-broadening light!
 Sing, O conquering host of Ages
 Breathe on us thy hallowed might!

W. W. B.

Spaulding's English Literature.

BY WILLIAM SPAULDING, A.M.,

PROFESSOR OF LOGIC, RHETORIC AND METAPHYSICS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF SAINT ANDREWS.

"Hule, thu axest me, (ho seide,)
 Gif ich kon eni other dede,
 Butë singen in sumer tide,
 And bringë blissë for and wide.
 Wi axestu of craftës mine?"*

THIS "Prose Poem," which has become so popular with lovers of hyperbolic *mélange* among us, that you can scarce enter the sanctum of the Senior, but you find his table graced with the volume, cannot

* Spl. Eng. Lit., Pt. II, Cap. III, Sec 4, p. 123.

but claim a notice among your critical pages, dear Lit., where so many literary stars have risen and set.

Even in eclipse, the sun must be surveyed through a smoked glass ; so we must approach this literary Drummond-light with caution ; for, though the rays have not yet come to a focus, they may at any time, and the smaller the focus, the more intense the fusion of ideas. This may be a philosophical paradox ; but only remember that this work denies philosophy, and we find the aptitude. We are at a loss for magnifying power enough to resolve this intellectual nebula ; and *apropos* of nebula, the author's style has fallen into such a milky-way, that he has become decidedly a scholastic wet-nurse. Our author is like a porcupine ; the more his quills fly, the more defenceless he is. He is like a bird, for the higher he flies, the rarer the medium that sustains him. He is like a fish—Why ? Because his most finished efforts are scale-y. So much for him in the light of Natural History. But we want an analytic discussion of his merits. Patience, gentle Reader ; we must not be hasty, for “the magnificent panorama does not meet the eye at once, as a scenic spectacle is displayed, on the rising of the curtain,” but, “standing at the point which we have now reached, we must wait for the unveiling of its features, as we should watch while the mists of dawn, shrouding a beautiful landscape, melt away before the morning sun.”* That is the idea. Look at the mist which surrounds the title. “Do you see it ?”—Well, wait a minute.—Now look at it again. It is true, that it is like the vapor which arose out of the little brass pot in the Arabian story ; but the pot had the seal of Solomon on it, and the vapor wasn't all smoke,” after all.—What are those characters revealed through the circumambient mists ? Ah !—Oh !—Yes !—WILLIAM—SPAULDING.—Why ! The man celebrated for Prepared Glue, and Cephalic Pills. Hail ! Physicio-bill-poster. Welcome ! Thou princely Advertiser.—No. Wrong.—A. M.—The Pill and Glue man is not an A. M.—PROFESSOR OF LOGIC. Open his work and read. “ Mightier than all these forces, in outward show, and strong in its slow and silent workings on the hearts of the nation, was the influence exerted by the Reformation, which, now completed, had moulded the polity of the English Church into the form it was destined to retain. More gentle than the gales that blew from the new-found islands of the ocean, was the spirit which pure religion *breathed, or should have breathed,* over the face of society ;

* Spl. Eng. Lit., Pt. III, Cap. III, Sec. 1, p. 196.

and ten-fold more welcome *was, or should have been*, the voice that announced freedom of spiritual thought, than the loudest blast with which a herald's trumpet ever ushered in a proclamation of civil liberty."*

"Plato, thou reasonest well." Oh! astute Logician! Logic and Poetry.—Sisters, join your hands.—The gods preserve your life, Mr. Spaulding, and we shall have Locke in hexameters. A new era opens to the scholar: A few more authors of this school, and you will hear the mother lulling her babe to rest with,

Hey diddle diddle,
"Ambiguous middle," etc.,

and the school girl playing Euclid on the piano.

But, the mist is still dissolving. What!—Professor of RHETORIC too? We see it all. This is the secret of those glowing vagaries. Hence those enthusiastic ambiguities. What a knowledge of distinctions! What an acute perception of ability you display, Professor, as you tell us of the poetry and baldness, the spirit and insipidity of the same author! What discrimination you exercise in criticism of character! You remind me of the fabled executioner, who was so skilful with his scimeter, that his victims did not know when to stop breathing, till he told them. Would the worthies, of whom you treat, were living to enjoy your negative compliments and sympathizing reproofs! Is Algebra added to your other accomplishments? I fear not. For had you been aware that plus and minus, on the same side of the equation, cancel, you would have been saved the anguish of so many conservative spasms. But, with all of your excellencies, you need to correct one or two little points in your style, viz.: Remember, first, tautology is not poetry; second, that ambiguity is not philosophy. And, if I was you, I would not cultivate anti-climax, when I made a strong point; but, as you don't make strong points, this may be allowable.

But see; another substantive is unfolded, amidst the vanishing clouds—METAPHYSICS.—Why, Mr. Professor, according to your own account, you might fill all the Chairs of a Western College; but, this is too much. We, on this side of the continent, can swallow almost everything; but we can't go this.—We don't see it, Horatio.—*We've read your book.*

* Spl. Eng. Lit., Pt. III, Cap. III, Sec. 3, p. 200.

The mist has gone, and we gaze on the pregnant words, "IN THE UNIVERSITY OF SAINT ANDREWS." We believe *this*. We don't impeach your mendacity, *here*: We thought you were something more than an Englishman. We didn't find "Spaulding," in the "Saxo-Norman dictionary." We understand it all, my Cymric Celt. You may wear among us the skin of the British Lion; but we are not deceived by your "bonnie braes."

Fancy the "daintie" Professor, gentle reader, in kilt and trencher, copying those tumultuous lists of names from dusty encyclopedias in the cloisters of Saint Andrews. Behold him, with your mind's eye, in labor with those ponderous thoughts. Follow him through those verbal gymnastics. Think of the Scotch ale and whiskey it must have taken to start that mental enginery. "Perhaps he is, was, or should have been, possibly," a musician, and played the "pibroch;" perhaps he will tell you, if you ask him, that he is professor of that, too. Who knows? When the next itinerant bag-piper comes by, shut your eyes, gentle reader, think of William Spaulding, and see if you don't break out into "Auld Lang Syne," to the tune of "Bonnie Doon."

Now, fare ye well, W. Spaulding; good-bye my paragon of verbosity; adieu Highland Laddie. I have only one piece of advice for you at parting; don't issue any more American editions of your works.—We like such style only on Fourth-of-July's; and, as that honored anniversary was abolished by the last Congress, we can wholly dispense with your literary pyrotechnics. s.

The College Book-Store—its History.

Historians, only things of weight
—with truth and clearness should relate.—*Heath*.

THE early history of this Institution, like that of Rome, is involved in myths and fables. But, unlike the historians of that great Empire, we shall not attempt to unravel the tangled web of fable and story in which the embryo was enveloped. We shall not attempt to pierce

the dark clouds that hang over the birth and infancy of this matured Institution. We shall not even offer any theories of others, or originate any of our own, in regard to the childhood of this great notoriety. Suffice it to say, that the idle superstitions that are in vogue in regard to its early history are merely the creations of ignorant curiosity and a prurient imagination. The foolish myths that are so generally believed by the College world, in regard to this Book-store, such as that it sprang up in a night, like the gourd of Jonah—that it leaped forth, as Minerva from the brow of Jove—that it was created by a league of the New Haven booksellers, that it might be a wholesome counter-irritant to their unlimited profits—that, Topsy-like, it “never was born,” but exists because it “grew”—all these fanciful traditions we shall not deign to refute. Let us then—though to do so, must cause bitter disappointment to the many who will expect a great feast of mythological fancies in this pretentious history—draw the veil over the long night and the dusky twilight that overshadows the primordial existence of our subject, and let us look at the bright, clear facts that distinctly gleam upon us since that twilight has reddened into the lustre of day.

In the Fall of 1851, Mr. C. T. Seropyan, of the class of '52, was selling books in North College, front corner room, first floor. At the same time Mr. Samuel Johnson, of the class of '50, then a Divinity student, was amusing himself in the same way, in the room now occupied by Prof. Fisher. These were not probably the first who sold books in College—but the names of their predecessors have not yet been recorded on the scroll of Fame. They are hidden in the night of the past. In the Summer of 1852, Mr. Pliny F. Warner,* of the class of '55, took the branch of the business conducted by Mr. Johnson, and continued to have charge of it for some time in the Fall. He then gave up the establishment for that year to Mr. T. D. Hall of '53, under whose management the business considerably increased. In the following year, Mr. Warner again resumed the proprietorship, occupying 17 South College. During the first of that year, he met with various opposition from other students in College, and more especially from Mr. Fitch, who kept what was then called the College Book-store, a few doors below the New Haven House. The contest,—to use the unfulfilled prediction of our American Napoleon,—was “short and desperate,”—Mr. Warner was triumphant,—and the *Institution* became established and acknowledged. During the next

* To this gentleman we are indebted for many of the facts herein contained.

year, it enjoyed the monopoly of the sale of Text books, not threatened by rivals within or foes without. The year of 1854 was a critical one for the *real* College Book-store. Hands joined with hands to destroy it, but their cause was wrong—they could not prosper. Darts of malice, of envy, were hurled by hostile rivals, but they glanced off—they could not penetrate. But it grew rather by opposition—it fortified itself—it enlarged its borders—it strengthened its stakes—it became a power in Yale.

At the end of his Senior year, Mr. Warner gave up his right to Mr. G. A. M., of '57, who turned out to be a bad ruler, and injured the reputation of the store. He left College in the Spring of '56, and then Mr. Warner (at that time residing in Brooklyn) returned to New Haven, at the request of the N. Y. publishers, and reestablished the business,—which he left for the Summer Term in the hands of Mr. J. Edgar, of '55, then a Divinity student. At the opening of the next year Mr. Warner resumed the business, at 155 Divinity, and christened the establishment with the name of "*Student* Book-store," to distinguish it from sundry pseudo-College Book-stores in town. Again its popularity was established. Again its star was in the ascendant. Again the day dawned from darkness, and prosperity's sun shone brightly in the sky.

If "we" were Macaulay, and the heroes whose names are here immortalized had all departed to the "bourne from which no traveler returns"—as they have not—we should take great pleasure in contrasting and comparing the administrations of these various worthies. We would show how imbecility ended in ruin, how energy secured success—how adversity tests and develops character—how prosperity enervates. We would accumulate a brilliant array of moral hints, of business maxims; we would collect a heap of startling antitheses, of original metaphors, and shower them like gold dust over these pages. We would describe the personal appearance of each and all of these illustrious men; we would place them side by side, take their relative measures, weight and color—stab one with a metaphor, and kiss another with a simile, until we had depicted such a long, startling and sanguinary picture, that all the dailies would haste to copy, and pass it down the centuries for the admiration of unborn Yalensians. But, for the sake of those characters themselves, for the sake of impatient readers, we forbear, and return to our narrative.

In the Fall of '57, Mr. E. DeCost McKay, of the class of '60, took the place from Mr. Warner, and kept it for the remaining three years

of his course. Under him, the business, though good before, very much increased. In the Fall of '58, a handbill was issued by a well known firm in the city, advertising to sell text books at *wholesale* prices. By this strategic manœuvre they thought they were sure of success. They were foiled in their own nets. Into the pit they had dug for another, they themselves fell. The guiding Minerva of the Book-store inclined the students to meet, and to agree by unanimous vote of the several classes, to patronize Mr. McKay; and the enemy retired to his intrenchments. By Mr. McKay's shrewd and energetic management it became more than ever a necessity in Yale. At the end of his Sophomore year, the Faculty voted that the store should be open only at certain hours, if kept by an undergraduate. These hours have been somewhat observed ever since,—although in the hands of professional students.

Mr. Selah Merrill, a Divinity student, took the establishment from Mr. McKay, on his graduation, kept it for a few moths, and then sold out to Mr. C. G. G. Merrill, of '61, in whose possession it remained for two years, when it was transferred to the author of this history. It was removed from 151 Divinity to 34 S. M., where it now is, by Mr. Merrill.

Such is a bare sketch of the records of the life of what is now known as 34 S. M. Though sown in weakness it has been gradually raised in power. It has become a fixed fact in Yale. It is a convenience, a necessity, for teachers and for students. No where can second-hand books be obtained in greater variety; no where can new books be more cheaply furnished. It is an accessible office for the Lit., the Banner, and the sundry issues of College. It is a convenient maelstrom wherein may be thrown the despised text books of the course, when their services no longer are needed.

The proprietor is in rather an anomalous position. His life is a checkered one. Light and shade alternate over his sky. His cup is both sweet and bitter to the taste. He forms pleasant acquaintances, enduring friendships; he meets with vexations both from publishers and customers. The Faculty will persist in changing text books, even though a long row of old ones adorn his shelves. The publishers will delay their parcels, though the tutors growl and look daggers. For all the tardiness of publishers and faults of authors, *he* is of course responsible. All classes will persist in calling for Banners that were sold out four months ago. Freshmen, Juniors, Seniors, even, will ask for the *January* Lit. that never existed—and never will. All classes will inquire

for ponies to works that have never been translated. Theologians will call for German Metaphysics that have never been imported. Scientifics will ask for works on Sciences not yet discovered. Theologians, Scientifics, Academics—all will continually betake themselves to this city of refuge to look for books that have been stolen. And here it is proper to say, that if there is any one who has suffered more by these entry book-thieves than the subscriber, we should really like to see him.

But these clouds have many silver linings. The occupant of 34 S. M. lives in an atmosphere fragrant with literary and classical associations. He can ever say, as did Southey, on entering a library—

“ My days among the dead are passed ;
Around me I behold,
Where'er my visual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old.”

Moreover, the friendships formed with the leading publishers of the country, with the great body of Yalensians, are more than pleasing. They are not all evanescent ; they will be—some of them, at least—permanent and life-enduring. Unnumbered little kindnesses, scattered over his daily routine, can not all die—they will grow up, blossom forth, and store the rich garner of Memory with golden fruit.

But we have said very much more than we intended—more than the warmest friends of the Institution will care to peruse.

We close, with a word of sympathy for the many who are now arrayed in mourning over the loss of their favorite text books, and whose efforts to ferret out the thieves have been as unavailing as our own,—with a word of thanks to our many friends and patrons, and with a word of professional greeting to all the future unknown and unknowing proprietors of this time-dignified Institution. May it live on—may it live ever,—and die only with our own loved Alma Mater.

G. M. B.

Army Correspondence.

CAMP OF 20TH CONN. VOLS.,
Stafford Court House, Va., Feb. 11th, 1863. }

DEAR LIT.

YOUR correspondent hasn't been killed, died of disease, or been taken to any tobacco warehouse, that he has neglected you so long, but offers as an excuse for such neglect, "*sickness.*" Not sickness which prevented him from *walking abroad*, for a few of your readers can bear witness to his late visit in the Elm City; and yet, an indisposition to literary effort—possibly chronic in this case—has postponed this letter, till many have doubted that you have a *regular* war correspondent. Let me then, even at this late day, dispel such delusions, and prove to the incredible, that you "can't most always tell, sometimes." About the 10th of Dec. last, I was put on "detached service," and my duty was to cope with and vanquish that arch-fiend, Typhoid. Not to weary you with details, I met the enemy in Baltimore, cleaned him out, and returned to the 20th about two weeks since, crowned with the victor's laurel. During my absence, the Reg. has not been idle; for I learn that our gallant boys have marched from Loudon Valley to Fairfax Station, and thence to this place, where I joined them. It is this kind of work that wears men down. One could measure the depth of the mud on the march, by the height it reached on the coat-tails of the men—in some cases approaching the neighborhood of the waist. This is a muddy country. In fact, I may say that the sacred soil is exceedingly soft, and that the blockade which holds us here, is eminently efficient. Before this reaches you, it will undoubtedly *be out*, that an expedition has started for North Carolina. One entire corps, the Ninth, has already embarked, and it is said Burnside is to have 40,000 men, and undertake the enterprise of forcing the back-door of Richmond. Success to him. As he will have everything his own way, and not be blocked by jealous and mulish generals, we may hope to hear good news from him.

Whether we are to stay here, fall back to the defences of Washington, or follow the old Ninth, is a matter of curious conjecture at present. One thing appears pretty certain, that there will be no bat-

tle at Fredericksburg. It is understood that Hooker's plan, from the first, has been to throw a force in the rear of the rebel army of the Potomac, and crush them between two armies, or force them to evacuate—don't think I am coming the heavy, Herald correspondent's style—I only give you the general impressions which seem to prevail in this vicinity. *Nous verrons.*

Our present camp is in what, when we came here, was a pine grove. but now a wild waste of stumps. A little village of log huts has sprung up, as if by magic, and we are quite comfortable. We are getting very expert in house building, as we invariably move after furnishing our shelters. In this view of the case, we may expect an early movement, even if it only be across yonder creek. The Picket fever, of which I spoke in my last, still rages among us, but now a little more sensible than before, for rebel cavalry occasionally appear in front of our lines—and a little more agreeable too, for there are a few houses on the line, where a good looking officer may get a warm breakfast, and chat with the buxom lasses, of whom one dwelling contains five, as fair as any in your Northern towns. To be sure, these dames say, "I reckon," and "right smart," but the heart is right, and if they connect your name with these two expressions, the *style* is quite endurable. I assure you, Picket is all the rage, just now.

As we go out on this enchanting duty, we pass an old Episcopal Church, built in 1775, of which the Rev. John Moncure was the first pastor, and John Lee, said to be an ancestor of the rebel General, a Vestryman. It has been a beautiful edifice in its day, but is used now as a sort of head-quarters for reserve Picket. The last time I passed, there was a blazing fire inside, kindled on the marble floor. This old relic of the past should not be desecrated thus, but the deity called Nemesis appears to be the only one worshipped in this Christian Church. The poorer classes about here are in a very destitute condition, and are glad to beg a few hard tack from Union soldiers. Nevertheless, there is not a man, woman or child, but glories in Secession and Rebellion. Their pluck is admirable—their sense, nonsense. But I'm telling you everything in one letter, and that is contrary to all rules of writing. More next time. Meanwhile, may those glorious Seniors, self-satisfied Juniors, troublesome Sophs. and troubled Fresh., pursue their literary avocations in harmony and with success. Then shall the coming generation abound in learned men, and cheerfully, in the woods of Virginia, shall wreaths of smoke curl from the briar-wood of

Yours,

K.

The Wooden Spoon.

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!

Rogers' Pleasures of Memory.

THE charm which antiquity sheds over both nature and history is something mysterious, yet universally real. It makes its appeal to every sensibility of the soul—to reverence, affection, imagination, reason. How often does the eye look out on the stars of heaven and watch their splendor, while the mind, wrapt in thought, forgets the visible glory, or sees it gathering a new radiance from associations with the eternal Past. Those “golden lamps of heaven” were shining when man began his strange career, and the centuries have brought to them no change. These are the same heavens under which patriarchs pitched their tents, and prophets waited for the Creator’s visions; under which nations have risen to sink in ruin, human passion marked battle fields with its sanguinary deeds, and all the tragedies of human love and hate been enacted in smiles or tears. This affection for what is ancient is not only an element in our purely aesthetic taste for the sublime and beautiful, but enters largely into our love of home and country. It also gives to many customs and institutions of common life their highest charm, and even perpetuates them from age to age. We hear the church bells of our New England villages ringing out the evening hour, and are reminded that it is in deference to that ancient time when William the Conqueror bade the villagers of Old England cease the day’s activities at the toll of the curfew. So mankind is ever charmed with what unites the Present with the Past.

But our College community is itself a microcosm. Like the great world without, we have our venerable institutions—institutions at least whose source is known only in story and legendary myth. To this class belongs the “Wooden Spoon.” It is by no means our purpose to rob it of any of its reputed antiquity, but rather to show that its authentic history reaches back beyond even our common traditions.

The earliest mention of the Wooden Spoon, which we have found in the course of our somewhat extensive researches, is in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1795, then under the charge of Sylvanus Urban. The

passage occurs in a reply to a communication of Dec., 1794, relative to the academical archæology of the *Grantâ*, one of the colleges at Cambridge. It is as follows: "Before I proceed to notice the queries of your ingenious correspondent, it may not perhaps be improper to mention one very remarkable personage which, either through inadvertency or design, he has passed over in total silence. I mean the 'Wooden Spoon.' This luckless wight (for what cause I know not) is annually the universal butt and laughing-stock of the whole Senate House. He is the last of those young men who take *honours* in his year, and is called *junior optime*; yet notwithstanding his being in fact superior to them all, the very lowest of the *ὁ πολλοί*, or gregarious undistinguished batchelors, think themselves entitled to shoot the pointless arrows of their clumsy wit against the *wooden spoon*; and to reiterate the stale and perennial remark that '*wranglers* are born with *gold spoons* in their mouths; *senior optimes* with *silver*: *junior optimes* with *wooden*, and the *ὁ πολλοί* with *leaden ones*.'" We have also in the course of our investigation strayed upon the following, from another rare old book:

"Who while he lives must wield the boasted prize
Whose value all can feel, the weak, the wise;
Displays in triumph his distinguished boon—

The solid honors of the *wooden spoon*."—GRAD. AD CANTAB. p. 113.

These incidental references give us indeed no clue at the date of its origin, but only assure us that, even at that remote time, it was a recognized and permanent institution. So much for its transatlantic antiquity and fame. But without crossing the water, we may vindicate its claim to a venerable old age. There are many traditions still preserved among us which connect the Wooden Spoon with the times of the ancient and now obsolete "College Commons." The story runs thus: a jack-knife was given to the homeliest, a cane to the handsomest, and a spoon to the one who ate the most. However it may be with the spoon and the cane, the knife was certainly presented as recently as the year 1829. If the curious and inquisitive inquire why the spoon thus bestowed was of *wood*, we must leave the answer to their own ingenious reflections. Should we, however, venture any explanation of our own, it would be as follows: The man who was the victim of such an appetite as to be compelled to signalize himself in consuming the bad rations of "Commons" was regarded as a very *unfortunate* fellow. To him, then belonged a *wooden* spoon, in accordance with our familiar maxim respecting those unusually unlucky.

And now, leaving all traditions and ancient records, we come into the regions of certainty. The institution of the Wooden Spoon in its modern form was established in the Junior year of the class of 1848. We take pleasure in according the merit of originating the present custom to Henry T. Blake, Esq., who is still a resident of this city. The idea, as we have learned from conversation with that gentleman, was suggested by the tradition we have cited above, and the historical fact of a similar custom at Cambridge, Eng. Thus we find that at first the spoon was given to the student whose name was last on the list of appointments at Junior Exhibition. Gradually the principal control of the affair was placed in the hands of the non-appointees. It may be interesting to note some of the principal features in this second stage, when the plan had become organized and established. It appears that the Editors of the Yale Lit. Mag. selected at the commencement of the second term of each collegiate year some reliable individual from the Junior class, whose duty it was to call a meeting of the class for the choice of three from each division to be the "Spoon Committee." It was then the duty of the *Cochleareati*—an appellation which at that time belonged to all non-appointment men—to meet at the call of the committee and elect their representative, "The Knight of the Wooden Spoon." The Spoon Committee also made all necessary arrangements and selected the "President" of the occasion, on whom it devolved to make the presentation, with such reflections as might be necessary and appropriate. It is scarcely needful to state that in many respects this earlier arrangement has been modified and in many others entirely abandoned. Thus the Editors of the Lit. have no longer any concern in the arrangement,—the election meeting of each class is called by the previous committee, and the title *Cochleareati* is applied only to the members of the Spoon Committee. It may be further added, that at present the officers of the Spoon are always chosen by the Committee from their own number, which is no longer confined to the non-appointment men, but includes also the lower appointees. The first design of bestowing the Spoon upon the last of the honor-men at Junior Exhibition, after the analogy of the English custom, has of course been set aside, and now the Spoon-man is selected as being par excellence generous, affable, upright, and in fine a high-minded, thorough gentleman. He is the representative of no particular party, but of the friendly, social element of his entire class. So, too, the Spoon Exhibition is no longer held at the same time of Junior Exhibition, and as a burlesque on its exercises, but vin-

dicates its position as one of the chief attractions of Presentation Week, by its independent display of literary excellence, wit and comic humor, set off with music and song.

We take this occasion to note the fact which may not be generally understood, that for many years the Cochleareati have constituted a bona fide secret society. No new committee can enter on their duties until admitted by regular initiation into the fraternity, nor otherwise come into the possession of its archives and valuable effects. It may not be improper to add in this connection, that the steel plate of the INSIGNIA COCHLEAREATORUM, now the property of the Committee, was designed by Henry T. Blake, the founder of the Society, and engraved through the generous efforts of friends of the Spoon in the class of 1852.

We give below a list of the Spoon-men from the commencement—

Class of 1848, Franklin F. Plimpton, Sturbridge, Mass.

- " 1849, No Spoon presented.
- " 1850, J. D. Keese, New York City.
- " 1851, No Spoon presented.
- " 1852, Henry C. Blakeslee, New Haven, Conn.
- " 1853, Joseph A. Welch, Brooklyn, Conn.
- " 1854, Alexander H. Gunn, New York City.
- " 1855, D. L. Huntington, Charlestown, Mass.
- " 1856, Sidney E. Morse, New York City.
- " 1857, Samuel Scoville, W. Cornwall, Conn.
- " 1858, Brinley D. Sleight, Sag Harbor, L. I.
- " 1859, Henry M. Boies, Saugerties, N. Y.
- " 1860, Edward G. Holden, Cincinnati, O.
- " 1861, Stanford Newell, St. Anthony, Miss.
- " 1862, Robert K. Weeks, New York City.
- " 1863, G. C. S. Southworth, W. Springfield, Mass.

Such, in brief, is the history of the Wooden Spoon. We have taken pleasure in tracing its progress from an unhonored and remote beginning, up to its present dignity and renown.—We beg leave now to offer a single suggestion to those charged with the immediate control, or interested in its welfare. One reform in the exercises of the Spoon exhibition would add vastly to its success, and secure the thanks of all to those who should effect its inauguration. It is universally felt that the *exercises are far too long*. It may be urged that this cannot be a very strong conviction, when tickets of admission are in such extravagant demand, and few leave the hall until the very close. But while all

this is to be admitted, it still remains true that it would give very much greater satisfaction to the audience, and much less perplexing labor to the Committee, were the performances shortened by a full hour. It would, indeed, be viewed as a merit in itself, apart from the consideration of the present late hour of closing, were the plays more simple in their cast and the addresses more brief. Knowing the temptation of all committees to underestimate the time required for their various parts, we feel justified in earnestly recommending a radical retrenchment and reform. Other points may be, and doubtless will be, greatly improved, but this demands the first attention. Our best wishes attend the cause.

"Gift of Honor! Friendship's testimonial!

Twine the wreaths around this ever cherished boon,

Welcome now this joyous ceremonial,

Forever hail, thou glorious Wooden Spoon!

Hail, all hail, the gold and gems upon thee!

Hail, all hail, the Hero who has won thee!

Hail, the eyes of beauty turned upon thee!

Welcome, welcome, jolly Wooden Spoon!"

L. T. C.

Downcast.

It is not so bad, this sitting with your head on your hands, thinking. It is the "open sesame" into another world than the one in which you usually live, a world into which none but yourself can enter. And yet, some men are afraid to pass into this realm, whereof each is king; afraid to hold high state and grand carnival, all by themselves. Therefore they miss pleasures, the purer because the more deeply felt, and, in their shyness, shut themselves out from that which befits them best.

'E cælo descendit γυνῆς σκαυρον.' So said the Latin sage, and every would-be philosopher since then has taken the expression as creed and gospel, and stopped not to inquire why. With my head on my hands I see deeper, perhaps, than they did—looking in on this mystery, the full revealing of which shall not come before the Last Great Day. Of what avail are wordy dissertations on faculties and powers, sensi-

bilities and sensations, if we do not know, in familiar converse, the one from the other; if we do not make of each a companion worthy to be loved.

Perhaps you have had cause, in your life, friend reader, to be sometimes misanthropic. The world has, possibly, hedgehog like, rolled itself into a ball, and showed you all its spines. Whereupon, in your wisdom, you have left it to its fate, and gone to work where it does not intrude. It may have knocked in the head your pet scheme—that coddling of your fancy which you kept warm and dry, waiting till it might be of age to walk alone. Very well, you let the poor thing meet its fate, and resolved to care no more about it. Downcast, yet not sorrowing in the sense Rachel sorrowed; suffering, yet enjoying your semi-affliction; you have sat as I sit, with your head on your hands, and visited fairy-land. Such are the times when men go back into themselves, pull out the long closed drawers of memory, and gather together cherished records of the past. So do you in your reverie. You open the doors of that long gallery of the mind, and solemnly, and with a pleasant awe, you walk in the stillness by each well-remembered picture. Deeds and scenes of years ago come fresh on the canvas, as you gaze, and the portrait-hall becomes the source of many a happy thought. One idea suggests another; one picture comes forth out of the gloom from some association, unperceived perhaps, which binds it to the rest. And you think, ‘What if, instead of being in heaven, the recording angel of God was in each man’s heart? What if the life of earth was written thus, second by second, on the mind, to be renewed when all hearts are read?’ Worst of all, ‘What if the curse of the blank Hereafter was to be in the hell of the unfettered evil which exists in each sinful mortal?’ Best of all, ‘what if the glory of the life to come was to consist, in part, of a freedom from all this evil—a wiping away of all which offended, in thought or deed, and the gift of a clean soul, with which to live through a sinless eternity?’

And so, like all other human children, you get off into the Infinite; into that boundless vast, where are grouped the mind’s problems and all the yearnings after the Good, the Beautiful and the True.

And out of that shoreless sea come to you many murmurings. A cry goes up from the deep waters; a wave comes sounding across the waste. You may not understand what it means, but let a Mozart or a Handel take it, and forthwith there arise strains of sublimest symphony. You may not understand it, but let a Tennyson hear it, and he will grasp it with the strong hand of poetic power—and, be-

hold before you the realized vision. Let the artist be with you, and perhaps a strange transcript of the unseen world will result. Alas, poor artist! While poet and musician can enter into the other realm fearlessly, and take thence as they will, you must leave at the gate all your bright fancies. Yet a milder spirit pleads for you, and you are granted the favor of expressing them by earthly signs. And so, sometimes, you go back for your bundle of fancies left in pawn, rich enough to redeem a few and bear them off in triumph.

I can see it all with my head on my hands. To me there is a shore to this otherwise unbounded sea—an island where pearls may be had for the seeking, whence come songs of unwritten melody, and the fairest visions man ever saw. That land, that island Atlantis, long unknown to timid voyagers, I do not possess alone. It is the equal dowry of every true heart, the world over. Among men it is known by no name, save that of the realm of fancy. But woe to him who bears thither a thought which fits not to the place—who comes there of the earth, earthy. He is dragged back again, even before he has more than glanced within.

It is said that the solitary confinement system works admirably with the most stubborn cases. Shut a hardened felon away from his kind, and, like the scorpion, he turns on himself. The conscience, held in abeyance so long, now takes complete mastery, and he feels all gradations from remorse to despair. Take, on the other hand, the man who lives in thought and deed righteously and purely, and he desires no better companion than his own mind. A book to him is a friend. A painting, a strain of music, a little chanson, go each to his heart, and furnish food for reflection. The greatest coward is he who fears himself; the most truly brave is he who finds that self an ally tried and trusty, even unto the 'imminent, deadly breach.'

Well is it for us, if we can, as St. Augustine says, frame of our thoughts a ladder, by which, though slowly and with pain, we may climb upwards, till the last step shall be into the Eternity for which we are at length prepared.

S. W. D.

Obituary.

DIED, at Troy, Mo., Jan. 24th, EDWARD BATES BLOCK, formerly a member of the Class of '64, Yale College.

The Junior Class, having learned with deep regret of the death of their late Classmate, desire to express publicly their sorrow at his loss, and to convey to his bereaved friends their sincere sympathy. In the varying scenes of College life, it is rare that a Class is called upon to mourn the loss of one so gifted and beloved. As a scholar and writer, he early took a leading position in his Class, and was looked upon by all as a student of unusual promise. The extent and accuracy of his literary attainments are well attested by the award of scholarship. Added to his eminent abilities were, a manly character and cheerful disposition, which won for him the affectionate regard of all his associates. As a companion and friend, his conduct ever exhibited rare generosity, a high sense of honor, and genuine good-will. His earnest, simple life and unobtrusive piety, gained our sincere respect. Though called to disappointment and suffering, he endured all with patient submission to the Master's will, and his death was a glorious triumph. To his family and friends, upon whom this affliction must fall so heavily, we would give assurance of our heart-felt sympathy, with the hope that the Divine Comforter may pour his healing into their hearts.

IN BEHALF OF THE CLASS.

Feb. 14th, 1863.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

At the last election meeting of the Literary Societies, the following gentlemen were chosen to serve as officers:

LINONIA.

T. A. EMERSON

L. T. CHAMBERLAN.

C. M. WHITTELSEY.

E. W. HAYDEN.

Orator.

JACOB BERRY,

President.

Vice President.

Secretary.

Vice Secretary.

BROTHERS.

G. C. S. SOUTHWORTH.

W. G. SUMNER.

C. L. ATTERBURY.

W. C. DUYCKINCK.

Censor.

C. W. FRANCIS.

Editor's Table.

Another month has passed away, and again we greet you, Reader, in our social chat. Only once before have we, personally, raised our voice, and even in this second attempt, we have the sad feeling, that it must be a word of parting and farewell. Other, and we hope sweeter voices, will soon take up the song which has given us such great delight.

The laborer goes out in the cool, fresh morning, full of energy and activity, toils diligently during the passing hours of the day, and reaches home at night-fall, wearied with his labor. After the refreshing cup has exerted its influence, and the household duties performed, he gathers around himself, before the cheerful grate, his favorite friends, and enjoys the evening in pleasant conversation. No palace hall gives half the comfort which is derived from the simple sitting-room of the Farmer or the Mechanic. The responsibility of the day's labor has gone, and no brooding anxiety clouds the mind. Such is the picture which painters and poets have always loved, for its simple sociality.

So we, after the hard work over the sober, solitary matter of the literary efforts, come, with feelings of peculiar pleasure, to the end which has been so constantly before our mind. It is the choice bit at the feast. We can only hope, that you will be as well pleased to listen as we to talk.

We are now intending to introduce the subject of the weather. In other localities, not only in this, but in all climes, the weather is subject to variations of such regularity, that it is impossible to discover new eccentricities, and ridiculous to mention the subject at all. But, inasmuch as in this city it is subject to no laws whatever, and is continually unfolding natural phenomena of the most remarkable peculiarities, common courtesy admits, with cheerfulness, the propriety of its introduction into all discussions and conversations. This Winter has been what the farmers call "open"—we should say it was most decidedly open to objections of the severest nature. For instance, there has been no skating, which offers an abundant reason for the great amount of illness in the Senior Class. Until within a few weeks, there has been no sleighing of any importance. Now, to persons of sedentary habits, no exercise is so beneficial, as riding in an "Albany," or "Portland," towards either Westville or West Haven. It adds such spirit and vigor to body and mind, that it is like a renewal of life. The very air, rich with frosty crystals, braces the mind for hard work, and intoxicates the soul.

Our old friend, Eli, is receiving a reward for his patience, during the "Carnival," and the lovers of good steaks and delicious fries, are gratifying their desires at his bounteous tables.

As we write, the sky is clouding, and the prospect for a continuance of snow is unusually flattering.

We notice with pleasure the general excellence of the theatrical performances during the Winter. Those who have recently entered the "classic, &c.," cannot readily appreciate the advantages of the new Music Hall. They should have attended the "Theatre," or the "Exchange," through a dramatic season, in order to value sufficiently the present opportunities. Instead of inferior troupes with mis-

erable conveniences, we have quite extensive scenic arrangements, patronized by the first tragedians and comedians of the country.

It has come to the ears of the "Board," that the sober citizens of this city consider the morality of our Institution in an unfortunate and dilapidated condition. It is even rumored that watchful Church organizations of the community are exercising themselves in our behalf, to a most laudable extent. The method which has been adopted—per rumor—for creating reformatory steps, is one worthy of respect and reverence. The outward show is a representation which every honest man must admire. But it is with difficulty that we can restrain from our usual burst of laughter, which seizes us on such occasions, when we look the matter in the face, and take the uncommon, or sensible view of the facts. There are many honest, sincere people to whom we extend our thanks and cooperation. But some men are disguised so perfectly that they fail to recognize themselves. People become so impregnated with a sense of holiness, when they get on their Sunday suit, that they forget their *week-day* peculiarities. The good tradesman of New Haven, while he mourns over the sinfulness of Collegians, fails to remember the little plans, formed with his partner on the previous evening, for sticking "those students" during the coming week.—People labor one day to overthrow the work of six—with personal interest on the side of the majority of days, it is not difficult to prophesy the victorious party. Fashion rules and honesty submits. It is undoubtedly all right for the men constantly calling American, French; cotton, wool; and imperfection, magnificently perfect, to earnestly accuse of immorality the very victims of their own falsehoods! We can't pursue the subject farther—for the idea of Uriah Heep has been suggested to our minds—we cannot perceive the connection, or why it should occur to us—we turn to Hamilton's law of Association for information.

Is dissipation on the increase at Yale?—We candidly answer, No! It may be more open in its manifestations, but its roots do not enter so deeply into our life here, and it is not possessed of great strength.

Ask the keepers of Saloons and Bars—they will give give a reply, not uncommon with them at present, that they wish the glorious days of the past were back again, when the "boys" had plenty of money, and spent it lavishly. They will tell you, with wry faces, that the College is degenerating. This does not indicate a laxity of morals greater than formerly among the children of Alma Mater. Let the sentiment of the students themselves regulate the morals of the Institution. The more checks put upon them, the more will intemperance be increased, and open, manly sociality, destroyed.

We love Yale for these feelings of honor, liberality, and sociality, pervading all departments of the University; for the sympathizing, sensible men, who guard her interests, and we believe she never had, among the students, a truer, more devoted, or temperate body. Another proof that our idea and belief is correct, arises from the wonderful and encouraging religious feeling which is now springing up among us. All the Classes are joining in the good work, and taking personal measures to effect a thorough revival of interest in the religious affairs of College.

We hail with joy this glorious fact, and most sincerely hope it will be fruitful. Those are the most effective reforms, among a body of men, which have their origin in the feelings of the body itself.

The accompanying epistle was left on the Sanctum Table some time last week. The paper upon which it is written is superfine Bath Post, which looks very much as if it had come out of the Sanctum Drawer,—and, indeed, one of the Board is mean enough to question whether it didn't. However, as we are the organ of free speech here in College, we propose to overlook this, as well as the fact that the communication is anonymous, and treat our readers to its contents, verbatim.

The Complaint of the College Sweep.

MISTER EDDITURS:—

i can't stan it no longer i must let out colledge sweaps is an abuzed set ime
glad i resined wen i did an went inter the penny poast i sen u sum scraps uv
mine witch a fren uv mine he rote tuther day ive tutchted em up a litle but u no
that dont matter heze goan tu copyy it an giv it tu u.

ures an settery

X. Y. Z.

NOTE BY THE EDITORS:

We really have to correct some of our friend's orthography, in his piece, but we leave enough to show our readers what a job we have had of it.

I can't see why a sweep's to blame
For all the trouble students make,
An' yet they git it all the same,
No matter what the pains they take.

Now here's young Smith, whose room I fix,
He never thinks I du it right,
But allus gits as cross as sticks
Whenever I heave roun' in sight.

When I go in I never knock,
(I've as much right in there as he,)
An' yet it gives his nerves a shock
To hev it done by such as me.

He's gut to take his ashes aout,
Thet's somethin' I'm not goin' to du,
I'm boun' by College rules, no dæoubt,,
But he'll find work to put it thru.'

I allers shet his bedroom door,
That he shan't see me make the bed.
Twicet in the term I sweep his floor,
An' raise a dust about his head.

I've gut a reg'lar decent style
O' dustin' things about the room,

Five alaps is all that's wuth my while,
I can't afford to use my broom.

Brooms you must know cost money, but
I make mine last a thunderin' time,
In spite of all the work an' soot,
Like me it's only in its prime.

I don't forget him ever, more
Than twicet a week at furthest guess,
An' then I come an' sweep his floor,
Whenever he's jest goin' to dress.

Of course he swars an' cusses roun'
An' sens me off a kitein' straight.
I leave him sudden, I'll be boun',
Them isn't times to fool an' wait.

An' then he says that them segars
He used to leave aroun' so loose,
Has gone an' went in spite o' bars,
An' when I cheer him says, "The deuce!"

I've gut a notion that it's right
Tu hear as much as I can hear,
So when they think I'm out o' sight
I'm allus listenin' somewheres near.

But thet's all in the line o' trade,
I listen 'cause it pays me tu ;
You don't think when I'm allus paid
I'm 'feared to tell what students du!

If this man sets up late o' nights
An' then sleeps over, 'sick' nex' day,
I go and red his room tu rights,
An' tell some one how matters lay.

If that 'un has a little 'bum'
An' leaves his lickers sittin' aout—
When he's away I try his rum,
An' tell on what he's been ababout.

I can't do better'n I can,
I an't so bad as some I know,

There's ———— *
 He's meaner'n all dirt, I swow.

I wouldn't travel in *his* shoes,
 The fellers would't 'bide me long,
 Fur then they'd notice all they lose,
 An' smell a mice quite thunderin' strong.

Yes *sir*, I'd rather be's I am,
 An' let my entries growl away,
 Then be so mean's tu go off 'slam,
 An' tell on fellers *withaout* pay.

I'd jest as lief they'd file their claims,
 An' specify 'em cussed full,
 Then tu be made to hev my names
 The same as that old Bashan Bull.

I kinder think I'm pretty good,
 I ain't a watchin' where they go,
 I ain't like some an' stint ther food,
 An' so I theought I'd tell 'em so.

We extend our sympathy to South College for its recent affliction, and express the hope, that they may not be troubled again. We little expected in our midst a second storming of Ticonderoga, conducted with such zeal as the first. We understand our garrison did not march out in arms, but that the besiegers left in high spirits. No Æneas was found who would go forth to the modern Carthage, and establish new cities with the heterogeneous population.

We feel it our duty to take a passing notice of the great rage which exists, in this city, for Billiard playing. Almost every one is becoming an expert and scientific disciple of the great Phelan. We were conversing with a gentleman not long since, who gave us quite an insight into the unseen amusements of the College, as they existed years ago, when our Southern Brethren were the style boys of the Institution. It seems that he used to keep a Billiard Saloon on the corner of College and Elm Streets, where friend Hoadley formerly had his shop. At that time (and it was but a few years ago) he was obliged to have closed doors, and only the initiated could obtain an entrance. The Faculty, and public sentiment, were emphatically down on the present popular game. A strict secrecy was compelled, where now all is open. We shall say nothing of the game, either as to its immorality or harmlessness, and therefore can shock no Reader's feelings. We only speak of the dulcet tendency which it exerts in drawing stray shin-plasters, &c., from the pock-

* Name Editorially omitted.

ets of its devotees. Everybody sings about the same song, when they leave the Table, and if unlucky as to the number of games, make strong resolutions to spend their future in diligent and improving study.

We cannot close this subject more appropriately, than by inserting an impromptu poem, which a waggish friend rattled off in our ear, as we were leaving Eli's, the other day—we vouch for its originality.

"A fool is known by his folly—
So said the wise of old, and said most true,
And by this very thing, to-day, I'm known to you—
A fool!—
And as a fool would do
I still persist in doing,
What every one, at least—what you
Would think 'twere well eschewing.
Nature's not all at fault—
She doesn't lack the tools
For making men, that makes so many fools.
No! lay it not to that,—the point is not obtuse,—
The man who says I'm not a fool, is certainly a goose.
Then let it be decided thus:
That folly cannot die
So long as such a silly —
Is living on as I.

The "World" is unusually quiet, just now, and all the Classes are, we think, becoming seriously studious. We will not encroach longer upon your precious time, and will extricate ourselves immediately, with many thanks for your kind attention.

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BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



**"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."**

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the quickening power of poetry upon the sensibilities, the imagination, the intellect itself? Poetry is, indeed, the "consummate flower" of literature, the repository of the choicest thoughts, the mirror of the beautiful and sublime in nature. The orator, therefore, whose end is the acquisition of the faculty of exciting, persuading, or convincing men, must look to poetry for much of his knowledge of the human heart, and for much of his best inspiration.

But while it is thus true that there is this evident connection between poetry and oratory in every age, in our own as well as in ancient time, the truth is perhaps more strikingly applicable to the age of Cicero. In his time, on account of the rarity and costliness of books, those who would instruct and direct the popular mind must accomplish their work orally. Hence the orator, the dramatic, and even the epic poet—for epic poetry was publicly recited—had not only essentially the same end, but must reach that end in one and the same way—by influencing in public large bodies of men. Poetry and eloquence, therefore, must have derived their power from the same sources. They must equally have illustrated the philosophy, the individual tastes and characteristics, and the social customs of the times.

It was not, however, the poetic and oratoric arts simply, that Cicero would join by a common bond. Side by side with poetry, though perhaps not equally powerful as a means of æsthetical culture, must be placed the fine arts; and, besides, there were cultivated among the Ancients, with great assiduity and success, logic, history, and mental and moral philosophy, all the joint products of the human intellect, all exerting a concurrent influence in moulding society, and all closely dependent one upon another. This inter-dependence and union, we shall readily admit still continues. The principle announced by the Roman orator, that *all* those studies which favor man's intellectual, social and moral growth, are intimately related to each other, has as yet lost none of its pertinency and force.

A distinguished modern historian testifies to the "inevitable alliance" of philosophy and history, and shows by the course he himself takes, that the province of history includes something more than the mere recounting of isolated facts. Indeed, history, if it follow the example of the ancient historian, Thucydides, has to treat not wholly of the exploits of renowned generals, the projects of kings and princes, or the lives of remarkable personages: it must trace the development of institutions, elucidate national manners and laws, and reflect national thought and national life, as manifested in literature and the

arts. Thus does history become a common bond, linking the Past with the Present, and in the light of experience prophesying concerning the Future, and also combining and representing in itself those varied and changing elements which make up the peculiar character of separate epochs, or of particular nations.

Leaving, now, for the moment, those studies which the Ancients chiefly pursued, let us turn to the physical sciences, the most important of which may be considered as belonging properly, and almost exclusively, to modern times.

And, first, between modern science and invention there is an intimate relationship. That an accurate and thorough knowledge of scientific laws is conditional to the application of those laws in the highest forms of inventive skill, is obvious and undeniable. We may borrow here an illustration from the relation of pure to mixed mathematics. None will deny that a familiar acquaintance with abstract mathematical principles and axioms is absolutely essential in order to apply mathematics as an art to the solution of the various practical problems that arise in the course of investigations in other departments of science. In accordance with the general truth now insisted on, political economists assure us that the best method to excite invention is by popularizing scientific knowledge. To the wide diffusion, among all classes, of scientific information, is probably due, in great measure, the remarkably active inventive talent of the American people. What example can be adduced in the whole range of modern invention, of marked progress in the useful arts, unconnected, either directly or remotely, with a corresponding advance in purely abstract science? The immense superiority of the sailing vessel or steamship of the civilized man over the rude raft or canoe of the savage, results primarily from profound and continued study of philosophical laws. Invention, unaided by science, is helpless.

But, to pass beyond a narrow and wholly practical view of physical science, may we not affirm, that, in the wonderful scientific revelations of our own time, there can be discerned indications of a symmetrical unity, a sisterhood existing among the sciences? Thus, for example, in geology, the central truth relates to the regular advancement of the earth from the condition of a molten, chaotic mass to its present finished state; but the successive steps in this single process are not distinctly traceable by the light of geology alone. Our guide here is the science of zoology. If we reflect that the fossils, which require to be studied as affording the only satisfactory information concerning the earth's historic development, are often not complete but

fragmentary, that they are innumerable, and include every variety of organic remains, both vegetable and animal, from the lowest to the highest types, and that these remains must be most accurately classified in order to determine with any reliable exactness the comparative age of the different rock-strata in which they are found, we shall be able to conceive how exclusively, as it were, the successful prosecution of geologic investigation is made to depend on an exhaustive knowledge of another and a kindred science.

If, now, instead of regarding the earth as a gradually perfected unit, a "world-kingdom," we proceed to inquire concerning the constituent elements of which its crust is composed, the laws for the destruction and formation of compounds, the theory of crystallization and the principle of organic growth and decay, we encounter a new relationship—that of geology to chemistry. And so, likewise, if we pass to the department of dynamical geology, or would comprehend the atmospheric and climatic changes to which the earth has been subject at different stages of its progress, the aid of yet another science, the science of natural philosophy, must be invoked for the perfect unfolding of geologic truth.

But that which most ennobles the science of geology is the relation it bears to man. In geologic history no event is insignificant; the fall of a leaf, the crumbling of a minute shell, as well as the sinking of ocean beds, or the lifting up of lofty mountains, are important steps in preparing the earth to be the abode of man—the being to whom is given dominion over all inferior creatures. This teaching of geology accords perfectly with Bible history; and it is here that we find the union of science and revelation. "There can be," says Dana, "no conflict between the two Books of the Great Author. Both are revelations made by Him to man,—the *earlier*, telling of God-made harmonies coming up from the deep past, and rising to their height when man appeared,—the *later*, teaching man's relations to his Maker, and speaking of loftier harmonies in the eternal future."

Thus far-reaching and suggestive are the teachings of geology, and yet the harmony, the *varied unity* of scientific knowledge, is perhaps most forcibly illustrated in the science of astronomy. This science, the oldest, and in its final development, the noblest of all, the simple star-craft or astrology of the Ancients, imperfect and erring in its earlier stages, has at length, in the fullness of time, afforded revelations at once startling and grand almost beyond conception. It has shown the true relation of the earth to the Universe. It has revealed, through the universality of the law of gravitation, and the unflinching

analogy of form and motions among all the heavenly bodies, the existence of a single universal system, of which the earth forms but the minutest portion. But how much does astronomy owe to kindred sciences ! Her handmaids are philosophy, invention, mathematics, crystallography, meteorology, even geology itself.

Mathematics alone play so important a part in the perfecting of all the physical sciences, especially in astronomy, as to reach the dignity of a *commune vinculum*. Thus we read of Le Verrier, by the aid of the calculus alone, applying himself to the discovery of a hidden planet, and after the most arduous and ingenious calculations, predicting with astonishing accuracy what would be the position in longitude of the planet at a particular hour of a specified night, its apparent magnitude, and its diurnal motion. This is but one of numberless instances which might be cited of the inestimable value to astronomers of the science of abstract mathematics. It would seem as if the attempt—which Hamilton ridicules—of the early Pythagoreans “to explain the problem of the Universe by the properties of number,” had been, in modern times, at least approximately successful.

Possibly, at this point, sufficient has been said, though in this cursory manner, to show that many of the physical sciences are related by a “certain common bond.” I have now only to refer to the possible relationship of physical and psychological science. And here the first thought that naturally suggests itself is, that if there be any junction between mental and material laws, it must be at best mysterious and undefinable. But is this mystery any more inexplicable than that which shrouds the union of the mind with the body ? Nature, in her myriad forms, furnishes to the mind treasures for thought. *Art*, the product of *mind*, is but the imitation of nature. And not only art but mental philosophy cannot, if it would, be wholly independent of the physical world. The faculty of cognition, imagination, or perception, in short, even consciousness itself, is conversant with natural as well as intellectual phenomena.

But perhaps only a word on this head is needed, for in addition to and beyond all other considerations, however slight may be the connection of the various sciences with each other from their own nature, it cannot be doubted that there still remains in language a bond of union for every form of knowledge whether pertaining to literature, science, or the arts. Language reflects human life, the mind, the world. It is the voice alike of genius, of the moral reason, of natural law and of revelation. The records of history, the discoveries and changes of each passing hour, the thoughts and impulses of individu-

als or of nations, language alone can embody and preserve. And to be truly valuable, language must needs be thus all-embracing. For suppose every science had a language of its own in which its truths were contained, and through which they must be known, if known at all; how slow and painful must then be the progress of the human mind! Differences in studies or pursuits, as completely as present differences in nationality, would then separate men and render them strangers to each other. By so simple a supposition we may see how precious are the offices of language, and how happily it illustrates our theme.

And now, finally, as a set-off to all that has been advanced, it may properly be urged that the "common bond" of knowledge, if any there be, is at the best transitory and imperfect. To this the reply may be given, that knowledge itself is imperfect. We now "see as through a glass darkly;" beyond the partial, the half-revealed, we may not hope to penetrate. All have read the story of the Eastern Magician whose life was spent in seeking not for knowledge, but for the *source* of knowledge. He held communion with the Demon who personifies the principle of life, in order to learn the germ, the essence of all things by which he was surrounded. That which he sought was given him. He saw the mystery of life, but the sight was fearful and overpowering. There was no longer in the wide earth such a thing as Beauty; trees, mountains, verdure, waters, all were but so many forms of festering corruption. The very sunlight was an unnatural glare, reflected from the decaying earth: all things evinced the reign of Death in the midst of Life. So terrible was the penalty of striving to know what is unknowable.

And so, in a similar manner, might we, with our present feeble faculties, be overpowered by the full conception of the perfect unity of all events and forces in the Universe. We should then see, as it were, "face to face;" but such sight is not finite; it partakes of the Infinite. We have then only to believe in a partially-apprehended unity which shall become more and more apparent as our vision becomes clearer and stronger—a unity which corresponds to *oneness of design* on the part of the Creator.

E. B. B.

The Genius and Poetry of Thomas Hood.

THOMAS HOOD was one of the world's prodigies. Like many men he at first mistook his strength. He essayed things good enough in themselves but unfit for him. From these early and misdirected efforts sprang 'The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies,' 'Lycus the Centaur,' 'Hero and Leander,' and others which his later poems far surpassed. Moir, in his admirable critique, says, and truly, that he was like the intinerant musician who, supposing himself fit only for his ordinary work, suddenly found himself no mean adornment in a concert among the very best.

His literary life was a strange one. Passing from the classical and imaginative he tried his hand at description, at wit, at pathos, and in each he added fresh laurels to his crown. Metre, rhythm, rhyme, owned him as master. He commanded at will the genial smile and the sympathetic tear. He was *sui generis*; like to older poets in part, but in the grand whole he was Hood alone. He had Wordsworth's love of nature, Keats' power in words, Coleridge's imagination, Richard Harris Barham's skill in rhyming, Tennyson's music, Herrick's quaintness, Motherwell's pathos and Burns' tenderness. In short, he was and is the epitome of the British poets;—

'We ne'er shall look upon his like again.'

Most who read this poor attempt to set forth his genius, have been in his train of admirers since they could first appreciate him. They know him and love him, and to them I commend him as one worthy of all regard.

Hood was perhaps led to his almost constant use of wit by the fact that in this he soon found himself above the crowd. Literary fame was to him not merely an object of desire but one of real need, and if he could get it thus better than in any other way, it was natural that he should act as he did. The life within him was always beating, full and strong, through the pulses of a merry heart. Sickness, care, the drudgery of literary labor, could not crush it out, and in his latest letters the same old spirit still appears. Who but Hood would ever have written so cheerfully of that wasting of nerve and strength and life itself, which was soon to take him to another home than that of

earth? 'As happens to prematurely old port wine,' he says, 'I am of a bad color with very little body.' And all this when he felt like Keats, that his mental powers were never stronger, and that with health he could double his fame. That of itself would kill most men. The fretting and chafing of the eager spirit against the check of the flesh; the longing for strength to write, for strength to think, for strength to live; the leaving life when life was worth most, is the saddest thought a man of ability can own. No light, no hope—the words fall like clods on a coffin, each one ringing the knell of a thousand fancies, a thousand happy schemes. Yet Hood saw only the things which cheered. '*There was the smell of the mould,*' he writes again, '*but I remembered that it nourished the violets.*'

Nor can you accuse him of levity in his latest hours. A pun was no proof of that. He knew the depth of feeling there was in his heart, but in his very melancholy he could not exist in gloom. So these sparks of wit, like rockets in a cave, light up for a second the darkness beyond, but only to leave on the mind a fuller sense of the blackness from which they rose. A jest was his life, and as this brings us to his powers of wit and humor, we may as well speak of them here.

To pun is one thing. To pun well is another and a far different gift. Now a man may be a wit, or a humorist, and not pun; but if he is wit and humorist together he cannot help it. Such was Hood; genial or satirical, his puns gave him many a strong point, and knowing, as he did, how to use them, they became of course his favorite weapons. Perhaps he never made a better combination of the articles than in 'Faithless Sally Brown,' where 'young Ben' closes the ballad with his mournful fate:

'His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell,
They went and told the Sexton,
And the Sexton tolled the bell.'

But his humorous vein always joins in with and helps them out, as witness 'Miss Kilmansegg,' 'The Monkey Martyr,' the 'Tale of a Trumpet,' and 'Singing for the Million,' with many another equally worthy.

There is nothing forced, nothing strained, no striving for effect—your best machinery works the quietest, and the ease of true genius never allows you to wonder how much labor this or that cost. You may think I use genius wrongfully here, but stop a minute. Soyer has the genius of cooking, Rarey of horse-taming, Blondin of rope-

walking, and Paul Morphy of chess. Genius, to give a rough definition, consists in the ability to do a hard thing in an easy way, and we, generally restricting it to literature and the higher fields of imagination, call him a genius who, *with ease*, excels therein. It is essential that he should be no plodder. A 'dig' may be at times a genius, but a genius can never be a 'dig.' He must love his work, and have a perfect strength, not acquired, but rather self-possessed, with which to grapple it. And therefore I say that Hood has the genius of wit. It is all spontaneous—for no one can read, for example, the ode 'To my Infant Son,' and believe it premeditated. No, you must admit here as everywhere, that in this, his specialty, Hood stands supreme.

And then in pathos. What heart does not beat quicker as he tells of 'one more unfortunate gone to her death?' What man but is moved to pity at the 'Song of the Shirt?' Here, as ever, the simple pathos strikes deepest, and the love, the tenderness, the sublime compassion of Tom Hood, win him a place denied to many a more ambitious rhymers.

In wild and weird conceptions, too, he almost surpasses 'Monk' Lewis, or 'Festus' Bailey. 'The Last Man,' and 'The Forge,' are enough to prove this were there no more that I could cite. There is a strange wealth of fancy which he possesses, which comes in at every turn, always adding to the beauty of the piece, but nearly as often astonishing the reader by its very quaintness. There is material for thought in every thing he wrote, though it is not so often expressed as hinted at. Ideas are brought out by delicate touches, accumulating till the connected whole appears in all its symmetry. In the 'Demon Ship' he steadily enhances the feeling, till at last the grand catastrophe, so different from what one could conceive, bursts suddenly on the mind. In this last art he is very successful, delaying the denouement till the latest instant, and never hinting at the final design.

I have spoken incidentally of his rhythmic abilities. A man may have all the poetic fancies imaginable, and yet, if he cannot express them, away they go into thin mist again. But Hood could express his meaning always—never lacking in clearness or point. The polished verse of 'The Schoolmaster,' and 'The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies,' shows his power there; the easy swing of his ordinary poems show him to be at home there also; while in 'Miss Kilmansegg,' the adaptation of sound to sense is wonderful. The old Latin line,

'Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,'

rendered into English by the phrase,

'Shaking the thundering plain with the tramp of the galloping horse-hoofs,'

does not express more plainly the sound of the tearing gallop of a horse than does the series of verses descriptive of Miss Kilmansegg's terrible ride. Posts, trees, houses, go whirling by, and at the close you feel as much relief as if you had been there and had seen it all. This gift of rythm (what Dean Swift called 'a knack at verse') is displayed everywhere. 'Our Village,' doleful at the best, is rendered ludicrously so by the 'needless Alexandrines' which tell the story. 'Eugene Aram' has a touch of the old ballad in it, and as specimens of this last, 'Faithless Nelly Gray' and 'Ben Battle' will more than answer the demand.

He is happy, too, in words and expressions. 'The Tale of a Trumpet' is full of felicities of thought and style, and you cannot lay your finger on many of his poems in which this is not shown beyond all cavil. In fine, we may say with great truth, 'Quicquid tetigit, ornavit.'

Thomas Hood has left behind him a lasting fame. He has spoken to the English people in joy and sorrow. In their suffering he has felt his own; in their mirth he too has been merry. The world was better that he lived in it. It has learned new lessons of pity from the over-driven writer who loved its poor so well, and in honest sadness it has dropped a tear to his memory. Wit and humor may pass away like autumn leaves; pleasant fancy and grace of style be reckoned as things of naught, but for all that the 'Bridge of Sighs' shall hold for aye its place in England's heart.

S. W. D.

Academical Recollections.

IN view of the bellicose aspect of things in this State, and in other localities where secesh abound, I had drafted a company of pugnacious words, which, being suitably drilled, I imagined would afford some aid in putting an "effectual quietus" upon this *peace* party, whose members, as nigh as we can learn from their threats, intend to obtain peace by killing everybody who dislikes their way of getting it. Judge, then, of my dismay when I learnt that the supply of warlike articles in the editorial market exceeded the demand. I betook myself to my

intellectual garret, and sought diligently for the wherewithal to manufacture a *literary* article, but after a thorough survey of my mental possessions, I reluctantly arrived at the same conclusion I often arrive at in surveying my material possessions; to wit, that I am in a state of deplorable destitution. In this sad condition I fell to turning the leaves of a "Lit" that lay within reach. Mechanically I muttered aloud the titles of various articles, and Echo muttered back "Vacation Vagaries." There was something fascinating in the sound, and fancy kept repeating it. As I mused, it became clear to me that I also once spent a notable vacation. If I could faithfully picture the scenes of those swift weeks, I felt sure I should please myself if I pleased nobody else, and perhaps, I might lead back the fancy of the reader to the happy days of his own academical career, which, I am sure, it is pleasant to remember. At any rate I should have a peaceable article. So I made another ascent into the garret aforesaid, and, after much rummage, I succeeded in finding some records of the time, dim and obliterated here and there; but may be they can be restored and made presentable, and with the kind permission of the benevolent editor, I will undertake the task.

The winter term was numbered among the things that were, at the famous old academy of E——. My friend X and myself were spruce young sprigs in that nursery of rising genius. Feeling somewhat at home there, and not feeling able to go home, we concluded to stay and study up during vacation. Through the kind offices of a friend we procured most excellent lodgings in a quiet part of the town, which lodgings the excellent superintendent of our club house was kind enough to pay for.

The first incident I remember, after getting established in our new domicile, was the advent of a man with a bill—not an ornithological bill, dear reader, but a wood bill, and a very hard one too. Contrary to my fears, he presented his bill to X, who very gravely assured him that it was all right, and returning it politely, bowed him out. As the man gained the street, I remarked that he regarded his bill with a peculiarly fond and admiring look, through one eye half shut—such as a father might bestow upon a small son, who is expected to become a man in the course of time. Then X and I became studious—and strange as it may seem, we made considerable advance during that vacation, both in classical acquirements and in social requirements. Chum was a good-looking fellow, and always in demand, and owing to the scarcity of beaux, occasioned by the absence of a great part of the students, I myself had more calls upon my gallantry than a man

of my inconsiderable personal attractions could expect. The day we devoted to the muses, and the night to philosophical investigations. Our opportunities in this latter direction embraced an extensive range of subjects, and I need not say that we cordially embraced our opportunities. With our zeal in the march of truth, we mingled a laudable spirit of benevolence, and contrived to make ourselves generally useful. As a specimen of our praiseworthy endeavors, permit me to narrate our labors of a single evening.

Reluctantly closing the pages of Homer the divine, (I will add, for the sake of clearness, that this Homer was an ancient Greek, not a modern *divine*.) we sallied forth and soon found ourselves by the tea-table of Mrs. Easy. For the benefit of genealogists, I would remark that it is highly probable that this family is remotely connected with the family of Midshipman Easy, who became so famous in the royal navy. At Mrs. Easy's we found a pleasant little party, with whom the evening passed very agreeably. In looking back upon that evening it always seems as though it passed a hundred years ago. The house was one of those old residences which were built in the highest style of the time, by the gentry of the last century. The ceiling of the parlor was so low that a tall man might drive his head through it if he rose erect in haste. I suppose this may account in part for the dignified deliberateness which characterizes gentlemen of the old regime. Around the doors, windows, and mantel, there was an abundance of small mouldings and some scroll work, once showing a polished surface of dark wood, but now a coat of modern white paint had blotted out its lights and shadows. But the furniture was old and quaint, the dames elegant and stately, with the manners of olden time, and an ancient piano, rising nearly to the ceiling, completed the illusion. As a melody of our forefathers floated out from its curious recesses, we all seemed set back into the days of Georgius Secundus. Regretfully taking our leave of antiquity, we stepped out into the moonshiny streets of the present.

A Young Ladies' Sewing Circle was in session in another part of the town, and fearing they might be in want of an indispensable article at such gatherings, we bent our steps thitherward. The result justified our proceeding. We found thirty young ladies assembled, but the masculine portion of the assembly consisted of only one student, one married man, two small boys, and a baby. We felt as I imagine the seven loaves and a few small fishes must have felt when they found themselves about to be devoured by the five thousand. We humbly hoped that we might be of some benefit, although the age of

miracles was past. After due care for the safety of the most precious fragments of the Circle, a sense of duty led us to inquire after the welfare of a later assembly.

We found it ready to resolve itself into disintegrated particles. Our powers of persuasion, however, prevailed upon them again to coalesce. Divers refreshments for the inner man appeared, and after some light-footed hours had passed away, we found ourselves again in the moonlight, which now smote level on church-tower and house-top, while darkness poured softly along the streets in a rising tide. A walk of uncertain duration, with delicious partings under dim porticos, closed our labors for the night. Then wending our way homeward, we and the sleepy stars shut our eyes till another eve.

That evening, X, true to his nature, became an unknown quantity, eliminating himself from his side of the table in our sanctum by a process unknown to Day. Feeling unbalanced, I strolled down street to the residence of a little dame in whom I felt somewhat interested. Unfortunately she was not in, but her mother assured me that she would return soon. So I awaited her coming, and listened to the gossip of the agreeable old lady. Among the rest she told me the story of a servant girl she once had. It so interested me that I will try to relate it, the more as it may afford a hint of character to some undeveloped Collegiate novelist.

The girl was an only child, and remained at home till she was seventeen or thereabout. Then she saw somebody whom she thought very handsome, noble, and all that, but, as happens sometimes, her father saw with *his* eyes, and through them things looked different, especially that particular thing which appeared to her as a *man*. But she liked him—in after years she said “she didn’t love him much, she liked him—” and being a girl of spirit, said she must have him. They were married and went to Lowell to get work. The father sent his curse after them, and the mother a trunk of clothes. She remembered her youth. Wonder if all mothers do. From Lowell the young couple went to Boston and there the husband died. She dropped a few natural tears, of course, but did not die of grief as would have been proper. Shortly she married an Englishman, and with him went over the water to visit his ancestral domain. It turned out that he never had any, and they came back to Boston. On their return passage a baby was born—but she had no nourishment for it—and so the poor thing died—“starved to death as much as anything—” she said. They buried the baby in the deep—and one is tempted to say, better this than such a life as lay before it. They kept a saloon in the city,

to keep alive. Here she discovered that her husband was unfaithful to her, and fell upon him and beat him to a jelly. She "wished she had killed him." He disappeared, and she never saw him again. Then she turned to the "North Enders," and burnt eight buildings before she left the city. Then she wandered about the country seeking adventure—getting work as a nurse here and there, and frightening timid women out of their wits. While she was with the lady who told me the story—she showed her her arms—ridged with muscles like a man's, and covered with scars. The lady wondered how they came there. "Guess you wouldn't if you had seen me fight," she said. She was lithe and quick as a panther, and had dangerous eyes like such an animal.

By and by the little demoiselle returned, but I forgot her presence, thinking of that strange woman of whose life I had caught a glimpse. Her image flashed before me in dreams all night.

Thus passed our days and nights. Their scenes seem now like a dream, unquiet, and filled with a strange longing for something, I know not what, yet very pleasant.

I cannot pass over a series of odd surprise-parties which came off during that vacation. The mode of proceeding was for the half a score or so of students left in town, to make a raid of a few miles into the country, collect all the available damsels in the neighborhood, and make a descent upon some devoted housekeeper. As I know of no description of anything of the sort in print, I will endeavor to narrate the incidents of one which remains bright in memory. Perhaps my feeble lines may, in coming time, aid the historian to picture the manners of the age which is now passing.

It was about seven in the evening when our party set out for Pig-wacket. This, kindly reader, is the name of that delightful district for which we were bound. There were five of us; two long-legged Missourians, a thin, dark-visaged man from Illinois, X and myself. A rapid walk of an hour brought us to the house of a classmate, which was the rendezvous. After we arrived, and some half a dozen more, those acquainted with the country were sent out on a foraging expedition. In the course of an hour and a half they returned laden with pretty plunder, which they deposited at the dwelling to be surprised, and returned to the rendezvous to acquaint the rest with their success. After taking a sip of excellent cider, we marched in solid phalanx to the depository of the aforesaid plunder. If ever a family of steady habits were surprised, that family was. The good man of the house had gone to bed, and his wife was sitting up with

her daughter, dutifully darning his stockings. Such blank astonishment as fell upon that poor lady, when our party of fifty noisy boys and girls inundated her house, never before was pictured on a mortal face. But there we were, and she must make the best of it. After the bustle of entrance there was a lull of suspense. In a short time the spirit began to move. A clothes line was found, and the lively play of Copenhagen was introduced. Then came slaps, bumps, and kisses—and such kisses! In political language they had the true ring to them. One-half the assembly had never before seen the other half, but that made it all the merrier. All hands entered into the sport with such zest and complete abandon that they speedily seemed like old acquaintances. By and by an amateur violinist began to tune up; but here was a trouble—no room to dance. Some enterprising genius, however, soon discovered an unfurnished apartment. There was in it some pans of milk, some kegs of butter, and a spinning wheel. The milk and butter were carried up stairs without opposition, but at the moving of the spinning wheel the good wife was somewhat disturbed. She was sure it would be broken, and that her words might not prove untrue, the old thing very kindly tumbled to pieces of itself. First came a leg rattling down stairs, then the wheel slipped off and bounced down into the hall, and at last the whole concern tumbled over the banisters, greatly to the astonishment of various couples below in the dark.

But the dance began, Virginia reel to start with. (For the sake of the future historian I would say that this reel is not the *reel* so common among the Virginia chivalry of the day.) This first endeavor to trip the light fantastic toe proved a breakdown. Better success attended a cotillion. The derivation of this word might suggest an admirable sermon after the style of Dean Trench; and one wonders almost why the old fellow omitted it. Meanwhile, those who could not dance busied themselves in innocent flirtations. In a cosy corner of the kitchen a susceptible student and the daughter of the house were seated in contiguous proximity, trying to convince each other of the reality of material substance. A significant "*Ahem, Ellen,*" caused the youth to look up and find the countenance of the maternal relative of his companion glowering over him in awful majesty. One look was enough, and he took the wings of the morning and fled away.

But we must leave minor details to the imagination of the reader. Suffice it to say, that after a parting smack all around, we saw the dear creatures safely to their respective domicils, and returned to the house of our friend. After being steeped in tobacco smoke, we sought

and found tired nature's sweet restorer, much to our satisfaction. This was the finale of the Pigwacket surprise party. There were many others of the same sort, but this will do for a specimen.

Among the memories of that vacation, is a hint for clearing the atmosphere, given in a sermon one Sunday. Said the minister, "The air is purer when the breath of a villain is stopped." This hint might, perhaps, be advantageously put in practice to-day.

I cannot refrain from speaking of a pleasant little incident which happened to us late one afternoon. Our study for the day was about finished when a knock sounded on the door. "Come in!" but nobody came in. X, being nearest the door and not having his feet on the mantel, rose and turned the latch. There appeared a great waiter, covered with all manner of goodies, and behind it stood the dear old maid who lived up stairs, bashfully asking if we liked such things. X assured her very warmly that we *did*, took the waiter, and she vanished. We showed our appreciation of her gift in the only possible manner—and felt great faith in the human race.

About this time the Heenan furor was abroad. News from England was looked for more anxiously than the news from Dixie now. Chum and I grew pugnacious, got a set of gloves, and had a daily set-to in the back yard. We also got a great bag of sand and hung it up in the shop. After bruising our fists upon it for a day or two, we concluded to let it alone. At last it fell down and split, and that was the end of it.

Among the other notable incidents of the vacation, was a great fire. I happened to get in early that night, and congratulated myself upon a good sleep in prospect. I had just fairly got into a doze when the fire bell rang. For awhile it worked into my dream, but the racket increased and I woke up, dressed hastily and went out. Not far off I found three buildings in a blaze. A few men were carrying goods from a store, and an ancient machine was rumbling down the street. Chum I found among the busiest of the busy. He had arrived among the first, and found the doctor, the deacon, and the leather-dealer in consultation as to whether it would be best to break open the store, and carry out the goods. He decided it for them by smashing the door with a big stone, and the goods were saved. In such towns all the people turn out at a fire, somewhat to help but mostly to see. When a sufficient force appeared in the street, X and I made a reconnaissance in the rear. There we found a bridge of wood fast becoming a bridge of fire—and an ancient saw-mill which was also growing quite animated and fiery on the occasion. By the aid of some idlers

and buckets, the bridge was brought back to a sense of its wooden condition, and the ardor of the saw-mill was dampened to such an extent that he became quite black in the face about it. He seemed to think it a burning shame that he could not be permitted to have a flame as well as his neighbor. I am sorry to be obliged to mention here, that, while we were engaged with the saw-mill, a bucket got tight and turned a somerset from the roof, striking the cranium of a water-carrier below. The poor man turned pale and let his pail turn. It seemed a great relief to him when at last he put his hand carefully up and found his head on his shoulders.

After doing all that appeared needful, X and I determined to retire and be content with the laurels we had already won. When I got to a cool place I made a survey of myself and found that my garments, unlike those of Shadrach and his friends, had the smell of fire upon them. But the only loss I felt was that of my felt hat. Some sinful cinders had alighted thereupon and burned two great holes. I wandered about among the crowd trying to find an acquaintance, but I might as well have sought among the maskers of a Roman carnival. Each individual wore a fancy costume hastily extemporized for the occasion. With the aid of night and the glare of the flames, these operated as very effectual disguises. But in passing a yard I heard a familiar voice, and turning aside I found the little damsel before mentioned in these pages. She was enveloped in a huge shawl which she generously offered to share with me. As I was shivering, I did not refuse to come within her protection, and I will add that we were both much warmed in consequence.

We sat and watched the grog-shops fall in one after another. The fire pried into the cellars without a warrant, and proved himself an excellent search-officer. And when he found the barrels and demijohns, he leapt out through the ruins for joy, and shot up a spire of white flame far into the overhanging darkness. But at last he was satisfied and died out—and the crowd scattered to its homes. After a cup of coffee with my little friend, I went home and slept ten hours without a dream.

And so vacation vanished. We moved back to our club-room, the boys came back, and we fell into our old habits again. Pressed in an old memorandum is a tiny blue bud which a little, roguish, black-eyed witch shyly laid on my window-sill, one warm spring morning. This is the only tangible memorial left of the romance of those short weeks.

J. M. E.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

THAT brilliant company, who made the Court of Elizabeth the centre of the civilization of her times, embraced masters in many spheres of thought and action, but it was adorned with one person seemingly able to excel in all things,—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Now winning laurels on hard fought fields, now astonishing old admirals by the naval victories of Cadiz and Fayal, now penning glowing love sonnets, now swaying Parliament with speeches of profound statesmanship, now curing the queen's sickness by his skill in medicine, now exploring the wild regions of the new world for that golden dream, El Dorado, now the fascinating courtier, and now writing, in prison, his "History of the World." Such in genius was Raleigh! He was one of those few favored ones whom nature seems to have endowed with the power of doing all things, and doing all things well. His achievements show, by contrast, the littleness of common men, and the possible dignity of man. Idle genius, however, finds no support in Raleigh. "He is a terrible worker," wrote one of the Cecils. His enthusiasm was proportioned to his genius, rarely, if ever, its master.

The moral character of Raleigh has been the theme of much discussion. He appears to us to have had noble, generous sentiments, but not a love of the right sufficient to restrain him from gross wrong, when this seemed most advantageous. His sympathy appears in the fine efforts he made to relieve the ill-starred colonists of Roanoke, his domestic love shines through those simple letters to his wife, written on the eve of execution; the Indians of Guiana would not have loved him as they did, had they seen nothing lovely in him. Facts like these reveal a kindly, amiable spirit, but they ought not to blind us to facts of a far different character. We pass over the seduction of Miss Throgmorton, the popular hatred of him, his acceptance of bribes, and the conspiracy, of which he admitted he had knowledge. Some of these things must lower our respect, though peculiar circumstances palliated them; but we are forced to acknowledge blacker stains. In Ireland, his forces put to death a Spanish garrison, which had surrendered unconditionally. His most enthusiastic admirers have brought forward no proof that he did not approve of the deed.

The times do not justify him, for even then, English civilization had advanced far enough to condemn the act through the queen, who was displeased with the massacre. In his last expedition to Guiana, he sailed under explicit instructions to avoid the Spanish colonies, yet he landed where, as he admitted, he knew they had a settlement. While in prison, he attempted suicide by stabbing. While solemnly calling the ever-living God to witness, that in his last voyage to America the honor of James was his only object, he was assuring the French ambassador, that should he succeed, he would first offer the results to Henry IV, and his duplicity is blackened by the fact that he denied these proposals. In reference to this same expedition, he finally acknowledged, that he had purposed to capture the Spanish Mexican fleet, had he fallen in with it.

These are sure facts of history, and they exhibit several defects in Raleigh's character. He stands convicted of actual or intended falsehood, violated faith, suicide, and piracy. Had he made an ingenuous confession, we could have pardoned him; the lack of this greatly mars the sublimity which would otherwise attach to his sayings and bearing at execution.

Two things have especially led to an over-estimate of Raleigh's character. We are loth to see moral defects joined with brilliant genius, and as time wears away, we love more and more to ignore their existence. Besides, Raleigh was foully wronged. He was executed for high treason on the testimony of a single witness, whom Hume, no friend to Raleigh, terms a thoughtless man, of no fixed principles. That testimony was urged, then retracted, then re-alleged, but that witness was never brought before him. The bench insulted him with the vilest abuse. What a mockery of justice! No wonder that we forget the sins of Raleigh, in our contempt for the weak and wicked James. Yet sympathy with his misfortunes, and admiration for his genius, must not blind us to his evil deeds.

Raleigh seems to us fallen, yet sublime; guilty of crimes which deserve only detestation, yet persecuted by a weak king, and illustrious in industry, in generous sentiment, and in transcendent genius. z.

Early Influences.

It may seem unmanly to revert to boyhood, when we are so soon to adopt the rigid manners of active life. Perhaps it is idle work to busy ourselves with the Past, when the problems of the Future, involving anxious thoughts and threatening labors, remain unsolved. But we owe a debt of gratitude to those years, that taught us lessons of truth and virtue which, we hope, more recent temptations and associations have been unable entirely to remove. There can, indeed, be no harm in the consideration of that period of our lives when ignorance freed us from responsibility, and the moral influences around us were good.

Oh! Memory, lead us back, with true and sure guidance, through the courses already trodden, and point out to our eager minds those pleasant retreats, where careful love excluded evil and enmities, and bitter jealousies, with their train of disappointments and sorrows, were denied admittance. Kind forgetfulness will place a curtain around the little, temporary griefs and vexations, while we retrace the influences which formed the characters by which we are distinguished.

The thought of youth and "childhood's happy hours," immediately suggests Home, and the innumerable faces of dear kindred and friends. In some mysterious way, the evenings at home are more potent than the bustling hours of the day. The employments which absorb the care and create the anxieties of life, are laid aside. The mind then delights in more quiet, congenial themes. The Father throws off the pressure of business, and assumes an interest in family associations. The Mother, forgetting the duties of the household, listens attentively to the pleasant conversation. It is a charmed circle. Discord is unknown. Every subject capable of creating unkind or angry words, is disallowed. There is mutual forbearance, joined with a common adherence and concurrence. We can all remember those happy evenings, in the time long ago, when in the home group, our age compelling us to be seen, not heard, we drank the first quaffs of that pure, healthful wine, common to every land, which flows from the lips of the old to the minds of the young. There, may be, was the old gray-haired man, whose memory stretched back more than three-score years, calling up from the depths of his mind the personal experiences of his varied life. The customs of his youth were enchanting, from

their very strangeness. Old-fashioned notions caused great glee among us, and furnished theme and conjecture for much boyish conversation. The ghosts, of which we heard then, have haunted us through many dark nights, sending a lasting influence into our susceptibilities. The soldier told his story, and warfare was thought romantic adventure, until ripening reason disclosed its stern realities. The traditions of '76 and 1812, increasing in beauty and power by constant repetition, during more than half a century, have formed a valuable auxiliary to patriotism, in swelling the army of the Union. Many who envied the old revolutionary hero as he thrilled their young hearts with his modest story of strife and danger, are now acting the same sad part in the awful tragedy. A neighbor, who had been across the waters and was familiar with the language of the sea, filled our minds with the exciting tales, which seem so peculiar to all ignorant landmen.

Thus do these fireside gossips weave into our souls a web to surround and protect us against life's hardships. At this holy altar we are taught our primary lessons in history and morality. The customs of former generations are handed down and made prominent by their juxtaposition to present habits. Simple narratives, acting by their imagery and interest, instil principles of right and wrong in the simplest and truest light. In this way the experience of one age becomes a lamp to its successor. The action of friendly minds upon each other awakens emotions which touch the tenderest chords in human nature. This power is strongest when the heart is fresh. It will then, in its earnest trust in age, receive the sayings and proverbs of loved ones with perfect faith, and adopt them as ruling motives.

Such is the school where the foundation of character is laid. Self-examination, a candid noting of each personal peculiarity, will bring up to us these early formation influences most clearly. Our minds were then plastic and exceedingly impressionable. Incidents, which if occurring now would seem trifling, affected us so deeply, that in the hours of meditation they appear with almost the distinctness of reality.

Reflection summons a deep array of events, which greet us like friends from whom we have been long parted. One by one they go passing by, giving us a cheerful nod of acquaintance. Occasionally, from out the throng, a prominent incident attracts by its familiar appearance. We are surprised to find it no recent friend, but first known in the remoter years of boyhood. In themselves, these events are insignificant, but their action upon the youthful nature is intense. A

life-time may be unable to eradicate habits or prejudices early acquired.

Courage and cowardice owe their existence, in many cases, to the training of the child. I still possess a peculiar feeling, perhaps of dread, for that class of people known as Shakers, which it is difficult for me to overcome. It was my fortune, when a boy, to live in a village between two families, as they are called, of these queerly dressed people. My friends formed the effective habit of correcting or checking my boyish pranks, by threatening me with expulsion from the parental roof, and a residence for a season with the Shakers. They at the same time painted, in the most terrible colors, the sufferings which their pupils were obliged to undergo. Every boy has his "bug-bear;" this was mine. For the time, they may operate for good, but parents should beware, lest they affect the ideas and thoughts. Another instance: a former schoolmate, subsequently a classmate, had cherished an early antipathy against cats. The moment a member of the feline tribe came into his presence, whether an innocent, playful kitten, or a fiercely whiskered mouser, he became intensely excited, and could only be quieted by the removal of the offending animal. Many similar circumstances might be mentioned to show to how great an extent the whole life is tempered by the little events of childhood.

It is commonly believed that Genius is born, and that it will appear perforce, whatever may be the education which it receives. It is possibly true, that it possesses power to triumph over obstacles, yet it cannot fail to profit by the aid which can be given it, while still preparing for the contest with the world.

From out the crevices of the hard flint-rock, may spring the lichen, and array itself in a modest beauty, which the hot-house exotic can scarcely equal. Amid the coal dust and up from the rank air of Scottish mines, rose a poetic strain, of such transcendent pathos and beauty, that all men give it homage. But the poet might have been nobler, if his inspiration could have caught some little aid, instead of constant opposition, from this hard, bitter world. The reading in youth is an important element in the cultivation of the mind. This is rarely recognized sufficiently. Our reflection, oftentimes, will show us where we failed, or where we profited by our selections. There are millions of books prepared for the young, and thrown broadcast through the land, which create more of the so-called effeminacy of our aristocratic gentlemen, than the entire rôle of other refinements which wealth can give. The literature for children, so popular in this country, instead of strengthening the mind, only weakens it. There is little

healthy or invigorating power in our early educational processes. It is undoubtedly the best that could be devised for the masses, but in too many instances there is lacking the correlative influence of healthy home lessons. Young America finds mental nutriment from the penny liners, long after the English youth are puzzling over the classics of ancient and modern times. This is not an age of mental activity, as far as the sciences and literature are concerned. The common taste has chosen a class of books for early reading, which enfeebles the powers that demand stimulants. They pave the way, by a natural process, to the intense thirst for light literature which distinguishes the students of our colleges, as well as the people in other walks of life. Perhaps in this may be found the source of that popular literary ease which is itself the cause of the prevailing skepticism of the age.

But this is a fruitful theme, and we find ourselves extending it beyond our prescribed limits. Yet it is well to study these influences, which are so much a part of ourselves. In pointing out the faults of early training, the effects of which we can relate from experience, it is difficult to adjoin remedies. The disease is patent, but the suitable medicines are, or may be, unknown. Reference to the past, through the lives of its heroes and the teachings which their self-examinations have unfolded, are of inestimable value. Mr. Smiles has supplied a national want, in his incomparable "Self Help!"

The remark of Macaulay will apply to young as well as old, and contains the pith of what ought to be the motto taught the youthful reader: "It will be found more nutritious to digest a page than to devour a volume." It might be added, more applicably to our subject: better for the youth, one *real, earnest* book in a household, than a voluminous library, filled with the cheap, though universally adopted publications.

Although we long ago bade adieu to the days of our childhood, we have not yet entered upon manhood's laborious life. We are standing on the borders of the great World, waiting to plunge in and struggle manfully for our rights, and for a noble fame. We are in a state of preparation still—the engine is not yet completed—there must be more work accomplished, before it will be ready to take its position on the track, and make its mighty strides across the land.

These finishing touches—let them be made with care and skill, so that the machine may enter upon its career as perfected as possible. Thus its mission will be accomplished, and it will have only the regret, not for what it has done, but for what it has not the mortal power to do.

J. H. B.

Palæontology.

WHILE reflecting recently upon the immense antiquity of the Geological ages, I was naturally led to meditate upon the possible duration of the historic period. After following human civilization in half a dozen circuits round the globe, I alighted finally—in my imagination of course—upon a new continent in the South Pacific. While my fancy stalked through these Hesperian regions, I thought I entered a Philosophers' Grove, compared with which the famous Grove of the Academy was a mere jungle. In it was a great company of noble youths; they all rose to their feet as a professor entered, who delivered a lecture on Universal History. I took it down in short hand, and after much labor have succeeded in translating it, very imperfectly though, into intelligible English. At your kind request, Messrs. Editors, I consent to its publication for the benefit of the *savans*, and the illumination of the *Theologues* and *Geologues* of Yale. It reads as follows:

Discipuli:—Having recently been elected to the chair of Archontic Palæontology, I propose to deliver a series of lectures which shall comprise every topic of historic interest from the earliest age of man. My remarks to-day will be chiefly preliminary, giving you an outline of the subject, with some pointed illustrations. I certainly need not inform you that the study of antiquities generally possesses little fascination for the student. Nor is this at all unaccountable. You are aware that the historic age now probably equals the geological. We have thus an array of facts which it is equally impossible and useless to learn. My illustrious predecessor, *Confucius Obfusticus*, though a very learned and excellent man, would insist on teaching everything in minute detail.

Now I propose to simplify the matter by comprehensive generalization. Sages that lived myriads of years ago predicted that we would have to do this. Even as the Geologist has his Silurian and Old Red-Sandstone periods, his Carboniferous and other formations, in which to pursue his studies of fossil plants and animals,—thus shall I break up the past into great divisions. Instead of the petty distinctions of a Greek or Roman age, I will grasp under one term ten thousand and twice ten thousand years. Accordingly I shall divide the age of *Archonts*,* as follows:

*Archonts,—the highest type of Mammals,—Man, (alone).—Prof. J. D. DANA.

I. The Anarchontic; II. The Palæarchontic; III. The Mesarchontic; IV. The Cenarchontic; and lastly our own, or the Hesperian Era.

You perceive from this how close the analogy between Historic and Geological developments. We have an Azoic, Ancient, Mediæval and Modern age in each. So also the expansion of the Flora and Fauna may be compared to the growth and progress of ideas. But as ideas, or the great facts of history, are represented to the mind under the generic condition of Time, I shall, whenever I can by so doing create a more vivid picture, project them into the medium of Space by the symbolic use of the language of Geology. I shall therefore employ figures and metaphors with the greatest freedom and boldness.

The first age comprises all geologic time. It affords nothing of interest till its close, when Man was created. Here a new epoch begins, as he was the first being capable of an intelligent survey of nature and her laws. He was the spirit that was to worship in her beautiful temple. How mortifying to read the works of that ancient heathen, Darwin, who contended that the first man's father was an Orang-Outang; his grandfather a Baboon; or, in other words, that Adam's Adam was a toad,—a monad. But wise men now consider it a new era in which mind was added to matter, and thus God completed the duality of the Universe. As the ancient Tennyson beautifully sung,—

Star and system rolling past,
A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike his being into bound,—
And moved through life of lower phase,
Result in man, be born and think.—

The next age is the Palæarchontic, called also the Hieroglyphic, or age of symbol languages. Like the Palæozoic in Geology,—availing myself of the license I claim,—its formations are of continental extent. To it belong all the ancient gigantic ruins, as those of Central America, the Cyclopiian walls in Italy, those huge *tumuli* found all over the old continents. But, as the Archonts of that age possessed no lettered language, but only a sort of picture or sign-writing, everything is so obscured in the twilight of antiquity that no generation seems to have known any more about them than we do. Cicero says that even in his time there was scarcely any erudition about those huge Cyclopiian ruins still visible in Rome. Supposing it to be synchronous with the antediluvian period, it would be 1600 years long, according to the Hebrew Chronology. It is probably nearer 16,000.

The Mesarchontic age is marked by the introduction of letters. It begins about 2000 B.C.—the date of the earliest literature. As Ho-

mer calls men *μέρορες ἄνθρωποι*—"articulate-speaking mortals," it has been contended that the race of the preceding age had not even a spoken language, but held communication by signs and symbols. We can not tell whether this is so; but this is certain—that with the invention of letters, tradition ends and history begins. In order to give you an exact picture of the intellectual and moral life of this period, it is necessary to employ the boldest figures and metaphors. Corresponding to the Mediæval in Geology, the Mesarchontic is eminently the Reptilian age in history. It produced a greater number and variety of monsters and prodigies than all the ages since. A very common genus is the Warrior, the Hero Martialis—"more horrid," in the words of an eloquent divine, "than any Plesiosaur or Dinotherium that inhabited the Pre-Adamic caves of antiquity." He employed himself in setting innocent men to cut each others' throats, so that whole nations became extinct. It was a blood-thirsty, vindictive, brutal age, whose shrines were Pharsalia, Austerlitz and Waterloo. To their interminable wars, Providence added famine and pestilence; but they would not desist until they were exterminated, and the world re-peopled with a better race of men.

But you will get a more correct idea of the ferocity and selfishness of this age from a description of its strata and fossils. A very extensive formation is the *Mill-stone Grit*, a rock of adamantine hardness, said to be composed entirely of sharp bargains. It extends over wide areas, and covers, I believe, the whole of New England. In it are found those huge reptilian fossils, the "Leviathan" and "Behemoth" of Hobbes, the inventor of locks. A still larger formation is the Nummulite—from nummus, a coin,—composed almost wholly of pennies, (Caprei Cephalæ,)—Shin-plasters in some sections, also poor men's earnings, the blood and sweat of slaves, and the tears of widows and orphans. It is of enormous thickness in Great Britain and the Land of Chivalry. Another characteristic strata is the Oolite, composed of little eggs, supposed to be unhatched iniquities;—for you remember that the pious old German mystic, Jacob Behmen, held that every evil thought was an egg laid into the mind by the devil, which if men meditated upon, would be hatched out into full fledged wickedness. This deposit is of vast depth in Rome, Washington, Albany, and wherever political and ecclesiastical conventions were held. In the Trent Epoch, (Council of Trent,) no bottom has yet been found to it, and it is now thought to extend down to the infernal fires. In our Palæontological Museum, you can see the Mayor's chair of Fernando the I, made of this Oolite, in which he tried to hatch out the cockatrice's eggs of treason. You

also see there a strange piece of Mosaic of the same material, inlaid with priceless gems. Some say it is a piece of Henry Ward Beecher's pulpit.

But let me invite your attention to some of the characteristic Fauna and Flora of the age. Of political fossils, we have the Archont *pacificus et furiosus*, (Vallandigham *et* Greeley,) Cotton-mouths and Copper-heads, *et id omne genus*. A bed of these was found recently, near the place of the celebrated Hartford Conventions. There was also discovered in the same locality, another very curious fossil, which greatly puzzled political botanists, who once thought it was the acorn of the grand old Charter Oak, *Quercus Chertalis*:—but how sober Science lost her wonted gravity, when at last a chemist proved it to be, what the Germans call *Teufelsdröck*—a *Coprolite* of the Old Serpent, (*Diabolus infernalis*.) Of the Flora of the age, I will only describe the celebrated Chivalry tree of the South—*Arbor dignitatis equestris Australis*. It belonged to the Synthetic types, being ostensibly a phaenogam, but was in reality cryptogamous. Now, however innocent and lovely this characteristic might be in the Geologic flora, in the moral epoch it was an abomination; and as it was moreover, a poisonous Upas tree, watered by the blood of millions of slaves, and honored by sacrifices of virtue, humanity and religion, God blasted it with the lightning of war, in the nineteenth century. We have no specimens in the Cabinet, for on account of its intolerable odor, no Christian could endure it.

In this figurative and emphatically suggestive manner, shall I lecture upon the historic ages. The method must prove both instructive and interesting. But if you can not even remember this, and you forget what were the leading characteristics of this period, just think of the two words, Materialism and Selfishness, and you have the whole category. It was preëminently the age of selfish utility. But false as was the basis of such a civilization, we may not think contemptuously of its achievements, whose views rival in magnitude and grandeur those of the preceding Cycloplan age. In Architecture, however, they were far inferior, perhaps owing to the fact, that they had no God, or else because they put him so far off in the heavens—at least, beyond the Nebula of Orion—they forgot his omnipresence. But, as I said, these Mediæval Titans performed immense labors. They cleared up both the old continents, and exterminated more monsters than the race of Hercules and Theseus. With steam and lightning as their ministering spirits, they outwitted Time, and wrested the scepter and the trident from the ancient divinities of Space. But when the earth was encir-

cled with iron coils of roads and telegraphs, she had a most wo-begone look, as if in conscious misery and degradation,—even like the wretched old Laocoon in the murderous embrace of the serpents. It was because all this vast array of forces was solely in the service of Mammon. If a poor soldier, who had left his limbs on the battle-field, wished to return home in their steam chariots, Mercury, the conductor, would thrust him out like a dog. Little, however, did these traitors, government jobbers,—for such owned the Railways,—gain in the end. It affords me great pleasure to inform you, that there is little doubt that ages ago, unsparing justice stripped these younger brothers of Dives, of their “purple and fine linen,” and put upon them a Nessus’ shirt of fire which they will never wear out:—while in the lofty panegyric of Pericles, those brave men who in that age laid down their lives for their country and for liberty, have now become immortal like the gods.

I will conclude this lecture with a brief remark upon the literature of the time. Here is material for whole volumes of comment. There were their Magazines, weeklies, dailies, dime novels, jingling verses, and rum-inspired speeches, but high over all in “exuberant diction,” and all the “pride, pomp and circumstance” of verbosity, Spalding’s English Literature—how I would delight to swing the satirical scourge over such frog-spawn in the Castilian springs. But I pass to the Philosophy of the age. Here I notice first, that the Archonts were as yet Marsupials in intellect. It is even contended by some scholars, that in the first epoch of letters they were oviparous. You are all familiar with the story of the Tyndarian egg. Now though that was a scandalous affair for Zeus, if true, I rather think we should interpret it as the first rude attempt at Astronomy. You remember in Horace, “*fratres Helenae lucida sidera*.” But be that as it may, we know that the leading characteristic of the Mediæval Archonts is, that they were marsupial or semioviparous in thought. Whenever they brought forth a new idea, it was immature, and they took it to themselves again and concealed it. Moreover they had to do this for prudential reasons—for you well know that the Pope’s Bull, backed with the thumb-screw and the fagot, would soon put an end to the idea and its origination together. Even the pious Herder, who lived in a Protestant country, used to say that he only blotted out the finest passages in his sermons—so it may be doubted whether any man really loved to utter all his thoughts. But how could you expect any thing different, only a few thousand years after the race had been juggled out of Paradise for a few apples. That same materialistic spirit, which corrupted their morals, also ruined their Philosophy. They did not know that every

intellectual growth is like a tree which is planted in the atmosphere as well as the earth, and imbibes with its leaves and upward-looking flowers, the free pure air, and God's glorious sun-light. But in this ancient darkness commenced also, the first dawn of our great day, for this age can boast of a Plato, a Bacon, a Kant—those primeval explorers treading alone,

“The silent desert of a great new thought.”

All honor to those great and good men, that battled so nobly in the dark and stormy periods of our history. I can not conclude in more appropriate words, than those of the worthy Jean Paul,—“In the world's infancy they stole the Promethean fire, and already stood midway between the hand-cuffs and foot-chains they had burst asunder, and the lofty rustling liberty tree of Philosophy, which has conducted us into the free battle-arena and coronation city of the Earth.” B.

College Morality.

THE moral sentiment of a community, is at once a standard for moral action, and a restraint against vice. It is the outgrowth of a multitude of blended influences, being greatly affected by the intelligence, pursuits and social habits of the people. There will therefore be an inevitable tendency in a community constituted as ours is, in College, toward some peculiarities, in the application of those fundamental principles of morality, which are common to all Christian Society. Yet so far as this tendency compromises those principles, or encourages their false application, it is vicious in its nature, and is therefore to be rebuked and restrained. It has long been our conviction, that the general tone of our community in regard to many points of practical morality, has been lamentably low. We fear that this still continues to be true.

That in a company of five hundred young men, of diversified tastes and training, removed in great measure from the restraints and influences of ordinary society, there should be many peculiar manifestations of social life, is most natural and reasonable. They cannot have, and do not need the stern discipline and regularity of the prison or military

camp; they will not, and should not manifest upon all occasions, the staid dignity of a convention of conservative old gentlemen. But freedom is far removed from license; and social enjoyment, from disgraceful spreeing. It is not so much particular actions, or classes of actions, which we have in view at present, as it is the prevailing sentiment of the community with which these actions are regarded, and of which they are symptomatic.

We allude in the first place, to an idea quite too common among us, that the ordinary rules of morality are suspended, or modified, when applied to the practice of College students. Perhaps few would admit the principle in its bald form, and yet this is the logical result of a belief which is quite extensive. The idea is without foundation in reason, cannot be defended upon any just grounds, and has a most pernicious tendency in its influence upon all our conduct. To illustrate: the taking of others' property, even though done in mere wantonness, by a company of students, is theft, and nothing but a shocking indifference to moral distinctions, or a long continued perversity, can cover over the essential nature of the transaction. We are quite well aware, that many acts of this kind admit of palliation, and are often the result of mere carelessness rather than perversity; but where permanent injury is done, and feelings are wounded, carelessness is itself a crime. Again; the intentional conveyance of false information approaches very near to what is given by the dictionaries as the definition of lying. How the fact, that it is often done deliberately, and over a person's signature, removes the moral significance of the action, we cannot comprehend.

There is another idea closely connected with the one just alluded to, which is, perhaps, still more pernicious. It is to the effect, that the consequences of immoral action are suspended, or at least work no permanent injury in the case of College students. It is the old theory of "sowing wild oats," though not often expressed among us in that form. We are pointed to the example of some prominent members of the community, who, while in College, may have been notoriously intemperate or even licentious, but who are now justly esteemed for piety or moral worth, and from such cases the principle above stated is sought to be drawn. The experience gained by such a course of conduct, is often asserted to about compensate for any moral risk or injury incurred. Indeed it is argued that in some cases, positive benefit is received. Now to us, there is in all the immoral codes of the degraded heathen, hardly a principle more horrible; for if carried to its logical consequences, it is utterly subversive of all morality, by removing al

moral restraints, and furnishing powerful incitements to immoral action. It is falsely deduced from such examples, because it takes no account of the much larger number of individuals who make shipwreck in the experiment, and so soon pass out of thought and memory. It overlooks also in the case of such exceptions, the hard and rugged road by which a return to virtue has been made, and the moral possibilities of their natures, which they themselves are conscious have been forever destroyed. The principle deals with moral action, and moral natures, as though they were wooden toys, which if damaged can be easily repaired, or if destroyed can be as easily replaced.

May we not be allowed to specify some points, in which we fail to have a proper moral standard, as a community. In the first instance, in regard to *truthfulness*. We have already alluded to the practice of falsehood, in our dealings with the Faculty. To know the almost universal prevalence of a low moral tone upon this topic, we have only to recall the significant smile which passes around almost any circle of students, when the phrase "unable to walk abroad" is quoted in conversation. Probably scores of instances occur every week, of the use of this phrase in a false sense, by men who ought to know better, and who do know better, but who are drawn into the action by the prevalent sentiment of the community. Many moral men, and good men, seem to have been led to adopt as a fundamental article of their creed while on College ground, that deceit, falsehood and cheating, are justifiable and honorable, provided only the Faculty are the persons designed to be affected thereby. The same low moral tone in regard to truthfulness, is seen in our justification of the conduct of elections and campaigns among us. Some prominent members of our community, when detected in sharp practice in these matters, have manifested an innocent, and apparently genuine surprise, that moral principle professed to be regarded in such transactions. We seem to have adopted the old Spartan doctrine, that the actual crime in such cases consists in being caught in the fault, rather than in the commission of it. The views which are commonly held among us in regard to matriculation are another instance of a defective moral sentiment. Before many weeks shall have elapsed, the members of another class will have signed their matriculation pledge. While we trust their minds are not imbued with the prevalent opinions in regard to the act, it is probably too much to hope, when we look at the past, that all will have comprehended the nature of the step they have taken, or will have entertained the sincere purpose to carry out its obligations. The deliberate subscribing of our names to a written pledge, with the half boasted de-

sign of violating it upon the first occasion, is in our view, but little short of perjury, and certainly can admit of no excuse or palliation.

The ceremony is either an unmeaning farce, or it has a deep, moral significance. It occurs near the beginning of the course, after a period of probation, and is doubtless intended as a guide and restraint, during all these years of our residence here. It is sometimes urged, that many of the regulations involved, are obsolete, and that, therefore, the obligations are impracticable or impossible. If this was the fact, as it is not, in any essential particular, it would not release us from the consequences of a personal act, performed with ample knowledge, and entire freedom, in regard to all those regulations, concerning whose virtual repeal there can be a reasonable doubt.

Another vice which is regarded with far too little reprobation, is *intemperance*. We have euphemisms and slang phrases to describe the practice, which conceal its wickedness as well as its shame. Even the man who is habitually intemperate, provided only he can succeed in his recitations, and postpone the day of reckoning for an enfeebled intellect, a debilitated body and shattered nerves, can hold up his head with the assurance that his conduct will receive little or no rebuke, that he will suffer no loss of outward respect, but will rather gain credit and admiration for his ability to be a 'bummer,' and at the same time a scholar. The habits of College in this matter have, we apprehend, been much changed within the last twenty years. Public carousals, and street broils, are much less frequent than formerly, but we cannot *hence* conclude that intemperance is less prevalent. Public sentiment, and the vigilance of the authorities, have driven these performances within doors, but the evil is in many respects aggravated. The number liable to be affected, is naturally increased, and the means of gratifying the appetite are more constantly on hand; added to this there is the introduction of a multitude of new fangled drinks with delusive names and remedial properties to catch the unwary. Convivial entertainments and treats are much more frequent than formerly, while the facilities and occasions for indulging in them are continually increasing. The peculiar form in which the evil exists at present, is to us as conclusive evidence of the low moral sentiment of the community in regard to it, as its extent.

Another point in which we fail to have a healthy, moral tone, is in the matter of *impurity*. The vileness of much of our current conversation is beyond expression. The temptation to slight delinquencies in this direction are so insidious that few escape their power. The song, the jest, the story, are all corrupted and corrupting. We have

such a passionate admiration for smart sayings, that we often overlook the subtle poison conveyed by the sprightly words. For all this, the remedy is most obvious. We must begin to have a higher respect for a sensible and true saying, than for a smart utterance tainted with impurity. We must abstain from, and frown upon the slightest approaches to the hateful, pestilential topic. In regard to the grosser violations of the great law of purity, we have facts in our possession which we should not dare to publish, but which would startle the most careless of us into anxiety for the reputation of our Alma Mater, and the welfare of the present and coming generations of young men within her walls. We have no right to be indifferent to such things. The delinquent, who frequents the house where the memory of mother or sister cannot be carried, should in kindness to him, be a marked man in the community, and be made to feel the lashings of an outraged public sentiment.

In all these respects and many others we believe that as a community we are far from having a sufficiently elevated moral standard. Nothing has been said of Christian sentiment or Christian obligation, because it did not enter into our design, and more properly belongs in other places. Comparison has been made in only one instance, of the state of morals now prevalent with those of other times. The facts appear as they are at present, and our course of action ought not to be greatly affected by that of those who have long preceded us in circumstances greatly different. We have not presented any encouraging circumstances in our moral condition, which might easily be found, partly because some of them are of more importance in appearance than in fact, and more from the conviction that the dark side of the picture, if true to the reality, ought to secure the serious attention of at least one sitting.

We need to cherish and manifest a higher type of manliness, to have a more thorough appreciation of the dignity of our position and pursuits, to attach a higher value to moral principle and moral practice, to more often lend the kindly helping to our returning brother, and to throw the mantle of charity over his past course, while we frown more decisively upon the determined evil-doer. We must learn to call things by their right names, to scorn the screening of iniquity lest it cause offense or unpopularity, to look at conduct in the light of its permanent results rather than its temporary ones. The moral sentiment of our community is a precious jewel entrusted to our care. We shall wrong the worthy men who have preceded us, we shall wrong ourselves, and those who come after us, if we are false to the

trust. Amid the reflections and resolutions of the closing hours of the term, may not the purpose be definitely fixed in the mind of more than one of our fellow-students, to individually contribute to remove these spots from the fair fame of our community, and to cherish that treasure as a precious legacy ?

C. W. F.

Obituary.

Died at sea, off St. Helena Island, on board of Southern Cross, Feb. 11th, 1863, GEORGE HERBERT EDWARDS, formerly a member of the Class of 1864.

In the very intimate relations of nearly two years of College life, we were all led to admire and love him for his superior talents, his genial disposition, and his manly heart, and when, one year ago, he was obliged to leave College, on account of ill-health, he left behind him here many strong friends, and many earnest well-wishers. He sailed from Boston, in March, 1862, on a voyage for his health, and as we occasionally received news of his improvement, we all hailed joyfully the good tidings. His friends had already begun to anticipate, with great pleasure, his safe return, when the sad announcement of his death suddenly came to us.

We think it appropriate to the solemn occasion, in behalf of the Junior Class, to extend to his bereaved family and relatives our heartfelt sympathy, and to assure them, that while we deeply mourn his early death, far away from the comforts of home, yet we rejoice in the blessed knowledge that he was prepared for his departure, and that he has already entered upon the nobler and blessed Life of Eternal Peace in the Kingdom of his Heavenly Father.

T. K. BOLTWOOD, }
A. H. BUCK, } *Com. for the Class.*
I. P. PUGSLEY, }

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Society Elections.

The election in the two Literary Societies took place Wednesday evening, April 1st, as follows:—

LINOLIA.		BROTHERS.
	<i>President,</i>	
L. T. Chamberlain.		W. G. Sumner.
	<i>Vice President,</i>	
G. W. Allen.		Geo. Hoffman.
	<i>Secretary,</i>	
C. L. Conkling.		J. A. Wilson.
	<i>Vice Secretary,</i>	
M. M. Budlong.		O. R. Burchard.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION

Occurred on Wednesday, April 8. The following is the Order of Exercises:—

AFTERNOON.

1. MUSIC: Marche de Sacre.—*Meyerbeer.*
2. Latin Oration, "De Reguli Virtute," by WILLIAM HENRY PALMER, *Stonington.*
3. Oration, "Mental Culture," by WILLIAM McAFEE, *Greenwich.*
4. Oration, "Political and Religious Liberty in Italy," by JAMES PHILLIPS HOYT, *Coventry, N. Y.*
5. MUSIC: Bolero, Vêpres Siciliennes.—*Verdi.*
6. Oration, "Grounds of Encouragement under National Trials," by FRANCIS ENGLESBY LOOMIS, *New Haven.*
7. Dissertation, "Dr. Kane," by GEORGE FREDERIC LEWIS, *Bridgeport.*
8. Dissertation, "Mirabeau," by CHARLES HENRY BURNETT,* *Philadelphia, Pa.*
9. MUSIC: Glorioso Galop.—*Helmsmüller.*
10. Oration, "Present and Future of American Literature," by JOHN WILLIAM TEAL, *East Durham, N. Y.*
11. Dissertation, "The English Puritans," by WILLIAM PACKER BELLAMY, *Chicopee Falls, Mass.*
12. MUSIC: Duetto, "I would that my love."—*Mendelssohn.*
13. Dissertation, "Chivalry," by JOSEPH LANMAN, *Norwich Town.*
14. Oration, "Dignity and Importance of Independent Action," by HORACE DANIEL PAINE, *Woonsocket, R. I.*
15. Oration, "The Legislation of Lycurgus," by RALPH WHEELER, *Stonington.*
16. MUSIC: Fort Federal Hill March.—*Helmsmüller.*
17. Oration, "The Battle of Tours," by JOB WILLIAMS, *Worcester, Mass.*

* Prevented by ill-health from speaking.

18. Philosophical Oration, "The Influence of Theory in the Growth of Astronomy," by CHARLES GREENE ROCKWOOD, *Newark, N. J.*

19. MUSIC: Duetto from Aroldo.—*Verdi.*

EVENING.

8. MUSIC: Chorus and March from Tannhäuser.—*Wagner.*

2. Greek Oration, "'Ο Έπαμεινώνδας εν Θήβαις πολιτευόμενος," by ISAAC PLATT PUGSLEY, *Binghamton, N. Y.*

3. Oration, "Character developed by Emergencies," by JOHN WILLIAM STERLING, *Stratford.*

4. Oration, "The Suppression of the Knights Templars," by CHARLES LARNED ATTERBURY, *New Albany, Ind.*

5. MUSIC: Duetto, "Fly, my skiff."—*Kücken.*

6. Dissertation, "The Educational Value of Popular Institutions," by ARTHUR PHINNEY, *Gorham, Me.*

7. Oration, "Warren and Lyon," by DANIEL LATHROP COIT, *Norwich Town.*

8. MUSIC: Hinkley Galop.—*Helmsmüller.*

9. Oration, "Milton as a Republican," by HENRY PAINE BOYDEN, *Worcester, Mass.*

10. Dissertation, "Popular Conscience," by MOSELEY HOOKER WILLIAMS, *Terryville.*

11. MUSIC: Quartetto, Rigoletto.—*Verdi.*

12. Oration, "The Partition of Poland," by CHARLES PHELPS TAFT, *Cincinnati, O.*

13. Oration, "Socrates," by SAMUEL CARTER DARLING, *St. Stephen's, N. B.*

14. Oration, "Adversity the Test of Power," by LEWIS FREDERICK WHITIN, *Whitinsville, Mass.*

15. MUSIC: Student Songs.

16. Oration, "Penalty," by CHARLES MILLS WHITTLESEY, *Newark, N. J.*

17. Philosophical Oration, "William Pitt," by GEORGE SPRING MERRIAM, *Springfield, Mass.*

18. MUSIC: Frühlings Klänge Waltz.—*Kühner.*

Editor's Table.

And so at last, pen in hand, we are ready for the monthly gossip. Brevity shall be our motto, for we are not of that happy number whose good-natured volubility is always overflowing, and always charms and interests, even while it fatigues. This filling an Editor's "Drawer" is, to be sure, very much like writing a chatty, rambling letter—it involves the rarely-attained art of saying nothing, or next to nothing, in the most delicate and approved way. The good letter-writer is like a

genial, companionable friend, who is ever ready to talk on any subject that naturally and pleasantly suggests itself, but who never afflicts you with the learned results of previous deliberate "cramming." In this wholesome view of the art of letter-writing, the Novelist, Cooper, insists that letters should be written, as agreeable conversation is carried on, in the informal, unpremeditated style, for thus only can be secured the dash and sparkle, without a sprinkling of which, society loses its charm, and friendly correspondence becomes distasteful, if not profitless. How easy it is for many to write and talk, but how difficult to find readers and listeners! This, we suppose, is because almost everybody would like to make a sort of monopoly of the privileges of speech, but nobody knows how to do it. Still, we must continue to regard the inveterate talker, or the voluminous writer, as invaluable members of society, for the former can always ensure to the bashful man—poor fellow—the priceless luxury of keeping silence, while the latter may often remove from the modest and the lazy, the unwelcome necessity of writing, when they are sure they have nothing to write.

But here we are, actually commencing a dissertation. This may not be, for theme-writing for us is over. Thoughts of coming "disputes," as well as visions of copy-demanding printers, no longer haunt us. We, at last, to whom has not been vouchsafed "the vision and the faculty divine," need no longer attempt to poetize, to dissertate, or sermonize.

And what, you now make haste to ask, have we to record of the doings and events of the College world? Assuredly, very little. The College world is plodding—repeats itself every day—its history, like staple conversational topics, or subjects discussed in rural, perhaps College Lyceums, is threadbare and commonplace. Our Chronicles, if any we make, may not be "metrical," for the Poet-Member is indisposed; they cannot be romantic, for the days of pranks and escapades, of Saturday night adventures, of unheard-of love-follies and love-matches, of marvelous and victorious encounters with the "Townies," of rout and revel and masquerade, are mostly past at Yale. Neither may we sound the war-like strain, for though we live in a time

"When lion-mouthed war with brutalized force prevails,"

yet these halls of learning are peaceful as were e'er the Academic groves of ancient Greece.

Whither has fled that fiery, patriotic spirit, which, eighteen months ago, "marshalled in arms," and sent to the daily drill every Yale student, from grave Senior to nascent Freshman? It has been chastened, doubtless, into a soberer, deeper feeling, but we are not to forget that, naturally, in the ceaseless routine of absorbing College duties, the most stirring excitement soon dies away. The student of necessity ignores, in great measure, outside events, even though they be of the most startling character. His life is among books—in the Past, and this, coupled with the influence of the *esprit de corps* to which he is subjected, will scarce allow his fancies or his thoughts to wander beyond the precincts of Alma Mater.

But if the Muse Editorial refuses to be inspired by Poetry, Romance, or War, then, despairingly, we turn to Love and Politics. Ah! Love, ejaculates the sentimental Senior, about to step forth from beneath mother Yale's protecting ægis, to face the dry duties of his chosen business or profession, be thou my solace and delight! Do thou alleviate and idealize the prosiness of life! Cupid, send thy dart!

the victim is ready to be offered. What a self-sacrificing, chivalrous spirit of devotion to a worthy cause! All for Love, says our loving friend, *Leander swam the Hellespont*; of a troublous night, too,

"When the briny waters roared,
And the stormy winds did blow."

And here is the man—'pon our honor he has this moment left the sanctum—who is just experiencing the virgin influences of a "new-born love;" that "special and distinguishing affection of man towards woman and woman towards man, which tends to the conjugal union." We have taken pains to write out his love-theory as we heard it,—flowing in ecstatic sentences—from his own lips; and here it is, only modified considerably in language to suit our tamer style. It seems that our enthusiastic lover, from the very tender period when he first began to reflect on this attractive and dangerous topic, has had, ever present in his imagination, a most beautiful ideal, representing the rarest graces, before which he, worshipful knight, was accustomed to bow lovingly and reverently morning and evening, praying, meanwhile, that at an early day it might become embodied in actual flesh and blood. That day at length has come. He is no longer, like Spalding's genuine poet, idealizing the actual, but has actualized the Ideal. The much desired reality—here we quote verbatim—has been found, in the person of a witty, wealthy, accomplished, loving, lovable, graceful, sensible, dark-haired, sweet-voiced, *womanly* specimen of the genus *virgo*—the incarnation of all the attributes of that ideal archetype which has so long haunted his daily reveries and nightly dreams. To her the accumulated, abstract affection of a half-score of years has been most naturally and readily transferred, and—blissful thought—has been reciprocated.

As to the course of this true love, it runs, if not smoothly, at least very violently, indicating an immediate and blessed consummation. We can speak from observation and say, that with him love seems to be working its perfect work; certainly it prevents all effort, save in its own service, for, like the brave Geraint of old, overpowered by his great love for Enid, the fair and good, the smitten Senior has become forgetful of all manlier pursuits:—

Forgetful of his duties to the Profs.,
Forgetful of his Spalding and Guizot,
Forgetful of his Classmates and his friends,
Forgetful of his glory and his name.—

Whether this forgetfulness is "hateful" to the beloved Fair, we cannot decide; we suspect, however, that, haply, the Enids of these degenerate days are not all unwilling to be worshiped by those whose force

"Is melted into mere effeminacy."

We may remark, now, before leaving this interesting subject, that we would not be thought to have attempted a fairy sketch—something we never do. We have only divulged the sober truth.

It is, besides, to be noticed, that our friend is not alone in the enjoyment of his new-found bliss. He is only the notable representative of numerous romantic members of the Class of '63, who, by assiduous attention to their lady-loves, and by their extravagant rhapsodies, attest the significance of the Poet's dictum—

"To be wise, and love
Exceeds man's might."

Of Politics—not College Politics, for that is a forbidden theme, or if not tabooed, it is, in its intricacy, beyond our comprehension. Who shall lucidly unfold the ramified coalitions and counter-coalitions, the doings behind the scenes, the occult schemings and wire-pullings of our secret societies as they are at present conducted?

We have no thread by which we might trace our way out of this labyrinth. So we will not enter it.

We were thinking of Connecticut, or rather of New Haven Politics. We would like to proclaim the virtues of the city fathers of New Haven. To the most select Board of Selectmen, for the Town of New Haven, in behalf of those students whose home is neither here nor elsewhere, we would send compliments and greeting, imploring them to explain their new and admirable system of law and logic. *Homines electi! Judices illustriores!* Apply, we beseech you, your preëminent wisdom to the solution of the following problems: How does it happen that the unoffending young man, twenty-one years of age and more, who has never in all his life been in Baltimore, but who *has* been in New Haven constantly during the last two years, is nevertheless a resident, not of New Haven but of Baltimore? How does it happen that a young man, twenty-one years of age and more, whose parents and ancestors, from time immemorial, have resided in the Sandwich Islands, but who himself has sojourned in New Haven for the last four years, has acquired a residence in New Haven, while, on the other hand, another young man, of equal age and respectability, and of *undoubted loyalty*, whose parents and ancestors, from time immemorial, have resided in Canada, but who has himself sojourned in New Haven for the last four years, has acquired a residence, *not* in New Haven but in Canada?

How does it happen that a young man, twenty-one years of age and more, whose parents are dead, and whose business and place of abode have been formerly in Massachusetts, but for the past three years in New Haven, is a resident, not of New Haven but of Massachusetts? How does it happen that the Son of Erin, a resident of New Haven, whose entire literary attainments embrace the memorizing and reciting, by the aid of a self-appointed prompter, the first ten words of the Constitution, is not refused the privilege of voting, on the ground that he is a Son of Erin, while the student, likewise a resident of New Haven, *is* refused that privilege, on the ground that he is a student? These and similar problems we pray you to solve. We also pray that you will, as soon as possible, furnish comfortable lodgings for some fifty or more homeless students, whose mundane existence is ignored, and who are compelled

"To beg the world's pardon for having been born."

Here we leave the subject of Politics for one more congenial.

What are the Freshmen doing? We are told that many of them are in process of "training" hoping to acquire a distinguished reputation as "rowing" men. They covet muscle. Their diet consists lawfully of raw beef, raw eggs, stale bread and one glass of ale per diem, and no intoxicating liquors. Many-tongued rumor declares that the last part of this rule might well be adopted by other than the "rowing" men of the Class. Are Freshmen, at present, fast? We decline to answer the query.

We have heard of Savin Rock excursions, billiards, scenes in the lock-up, exam-

inations by the Faculty, rustications, &c., but of course we do not give full credence to injurious reports.

The Sophomores we pass by most respectfully, hat in hand.

Of the Juniors there is but little to record. They may, it is said, be congratulated on having received—perhaps not very recently—a Tutorial lecture on the subject of “skinning,” (defined to be the obtaining, surreptitiously, from textbooks, during recitation, needed and valuable information.)

This is an art, says the lecturer, in which there are various styles of practitioners. The tyro always opens his book at the wrong time and is invariably detected. The skillful practitioner is always alert and active, though apparently stupid; he watches out for opportunities, preserves a sober, grave demeanor, and gazes at the open page with a dreamy expression, as if looking into vacancy. He is never nervous or hurried in his movements. When called on to recite, he rises with much self-poised deliberation, thus gaining time to close and lay aside his book. One man is often troubled with the head-ache in the Recitation room. When the pain comes on, he is wont to lean forward, rest his throbbing temples upon his hands, and gaze fixedly upon the floor. Another, who is “long sighted,” having made himself so by daily practice in his room, sits bolt upright and displays great dexterity in turning leaves *cum pedum digitibus*. Then there is the bold practitioner. He is always busy examining the title-page and blank leaves of his book, only glancing occasionally at chapters remote of course from the lesson of the day. The devices and subterfuges invented and practiced by skilled performers in this most difficult art are indeed various as wonderful. Many more than we have referred to were exposed by the merciless Tutor, but they must be omitted, for we remember now we promised to be brief.

Seniores, our College life is nearly closed. The “time of the singing of birds” is at hand, when these fine old College elms shall put on for us, for the last time, their beautiful Spring-mantle. Let us trust that our hopes for the future, whose brightness and freshness are symbolized in these tokens of returning Spring, do not deceive us. Still, we may not forget that our own future, like that of our Country, may be involved in clouds and conflict. But come for us what may, what shall deprive us of cherished memories of College days and College friends? These shall we carry with us to lighten the heaviest labor and form the silver lining of the darkest cloud.

And now, ye Editors, Poet, Deacon, *Bon Vivant et Generous Vir*, gather round the sanctum table to utter the parting word. Fill for the last time that venerable pipe, made sacred by having ministered to the comfort of many gratefully remembered literati, pledge anew and finally the lasting prosperity of the Literary Mag., welcome to Editorial joys (and *trials*) the in-coming Board, and then sadly, though with the pleasing consciousness of labors closed and duty done, lay aside the symbols of your craft.

Thus, Reader, our task is ended. The pen is thrown aside, the Devil dismissed, our best bow is made, and so, farewell! “Vale, iterumque vale!”

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NO. VII.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudisque YALENSES
Cantabunt SCHOLAE, unanimes PATRIAE."

JUNE, 1863.

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THE
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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '64.

M. C. D. BORDEN,

L. GREGORY,

S. C. DARLING,

G. S. MERRIAM,

A. D. MILLER.

"Luck."

OF the deified conceptions which make up Polytheism, none permeates every system more thoroughly than Fatalism. "Clotho colum retinet, Lachesis net, et Atropost occat" is a belief confined to no creed or nation. It is a conclusion at which untaught reason soonest arrives. Mystery broods over the world. As the mind reaches out on this side and on that, it finds a wall, a limit, which it cannot pass. There are heights man cannot scale, depths he cannot fathom, secrets he is unable to master. Not only does he fail to detect harmony in the forces of nature, but his own life is made up of strange contradictions. He forms purposes, but unforeseen circumstances prevent their fulfillment. He reaches out for a prize, but a hidden hand snatches it away. The poor become rich, and the rich poor, as if by chance. Glory and Death are on the same battle field. The "pillar of fire" to one becomes the "pillar of cloud" to another. It is not strange then that the ignorant and unaided mind, baffled in its attempts to explain the mystery, settles back into a belief if not a worship of the "Blind Deity." He who had once undertaken and succeeded, was to the ancients, Fortune's favorite. Courage was but the natural result. Success is always inspiration. The Fates had made the man invincible. This superstitious fear or

courage was soon nationalized and became History. But in the progress of the ages, wisdom, always fighting with mystery, traced effects to causes, and Revelation beginning where wisdom faltered, pointed out the "First Great Cause." As Galileo, with those two simple words, "It moves," revealed the order and harmony of the mysterious march of worlds, so Faith lifted man from despair and showed order where before he had seen only chaos. The promise came, "Seek and ye shall find," and we, released from the shackles of superstition, entered upon a new life, which we control and not Fate. The glorious fact that every man is the arbiter of his own destiny, has come down to us burdened with proof, shining out in every life, and by it we are raised to a higher level. But as the moth loves the flame which scorches his wings and destroys his energies, so we often seem fascinated with that which our reason teaches us is folly. We prefer the fantastic ideal to the sober real, the strange to the true. While we ridicule ancient Fatalism, we trust many of our own interests to no surer compass.

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
An' foolish notion."

Luck, as a word and as a custom, is becoming more and more common in our midst, varying directly as the days of our sojourn here, as seen not only in the increasing popularity of games of chance, but also in the propensity to risk it generally, even in the recitation room. Games of chance may be innocent pastimes, or they may do incalculable injury, undermining the character and causing a disrelish for all labor. It is not of them, however, we desire to speak particularly now. Leaving every man to judge whether they are injuring him or no, we will glance at what may be considered our specialty in this department. It is rarely the case that one enters upon student-life with the expectation of succeeding without labor. There is the same long and dusty road to all, and few are accustomed to *ride* in the early stages of the journey. But in the course of time, many either give up hopes of success, or seek to gain it in other ways than by earnest work. Such being the facts, there must be causes. It is said that "climate affects character." Cause of blame then, to some extent, may be found in New Haven weather, the recipe of which is the same in principle as that on which the old lady made her "company cake." "Take some flour, butter, eggs, a few lumps of sugar, &c., knead 'em right up together, and put in the oven,—and if you have good luck, the cake

needn't be sneezed at." This might be considered a sufficient cause for the disease by scientific men, but the admirer of the ancient classic writers finds the plague-spot elsewhere. A student arraigned before the Faculty on account of his propensity to try his luck in more ways than one, plead, in excuse, that his degeneracy was owing to the present system of education. He had entered college a virtuous youth, but his morals had been corrupted by the old heathen writers made familiar to him by Bohn during the first years of his course, and that the after study of "Moral Philosophy" had failed to eradicate those fatalistic views which had first made such an impression upon his tender mind. The young man was expelled, and we leave you as scientific and classic scholars to pass judgment upon the preceding suggestions while we advance. A few men are found in college honest enough to confess that they are too lazy to work. They receive with joy all that chance gives them, and bear flunks with a fortitude worthy of a better cause. They don't know why they are in college; most of them are sent. Arguments are wasted upon them. We recommend such to their classmates as pensioners upon their bounty. May they never become as helpless as a man out West, who carried his arm in a sling because he was too lazy to swing it. For the story runs, that this fellow depended upon his neighbors even to feed him. At length they told —— that they were tired of it, and had made up their minds to get rid of the difficulty by burying him. So he was placed unresisting in the bottom of the wagon, together with the tools necessary for grave digging. On the way to a place of burial, a person by the road-side accosts them with,—“What are you doing with——?” “Going to bury him,” was the reply. “Not quite yet,” said the kind hearted man; “I will give him a half bushel of corn.” Now for the first time a movement was perceived in the wagon, as the occupant raised his head over the side with,—“Is it shelt?” “No,” said the donor, “but you can shell it.” The head disappeared and a voice was heard from the bottom of the wagon, “Drive on, boys.” Verily laziness is a monstrous growing evil.

There are always to be found some, who, first in the village school, or flattered by friends, come to college with the expectation of bearing off the first honors, and, because they are like to fail in this, give up in despair; solacing their pride with the reflection, “It is all Luck.” Such men are heard also depreciating the merits of others, and so are at the same time objects of pity and contempt. They lack that noble courage and emulation which only strives harder, as it becomes more difficult to secure the prize. But whether we succeed or not, it is the

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essence of meanness to detract from praise due another, This class we may call fatalists by despondency. By far the greater part of those, however, who are accustomed to run their risks, are unwilling to class themselves with those above mentioned. They trust Luck from principle. They have somehow formed an opinion that genius is opposed to labor. Their decision may be based on some such argument as this: "I am Young America; Young America is a genius; Young America is opposed to labor, therefore genius is opposed to labor, quod erat demonstrandum;" and having arrived at this happy conclusion, they, Macawber-like, "wait for something to turn up," speaking meanwhile in contemptuous tones of dugs and book-worms. Genius is not a thing lying around loose in every man's head. But even granting every would-be genius to be one, it proves nothing. Genius is a mine—unworked it is worthless; it is a magnet which inaction turns into old iron. A careful collection of facts must convince any one that, although genius may be fortuitous, great lives, and especially great scholars, never come by accident. The world's great men have in a majority of cases been geniuses, but if the reasons they give for their success be worth anything—nay more, if their life teaches anything—we must believe that they were men of indefatigable perseverance, surmounting difficulties and removing obstacles by simple work, which would frighten many ordinary men. Occasionally there are to be found seeming exceptions to this rule. Our acquaintance embraces such; professedly trusting to Luck, they make uniformly brilliant recitations; they are looked upon as prodigies, and find circles of enthusiastic admirers. Figuratively or literally, however, they may be said to meet an early death. Nature has given minds which the body was unable long to hold; but it is a blunder she seldom makes. Our prodigy men are oftener found studying clandestinely, at unseasonable hours, sacrificing their health to an insane pride, like men exhibiting "perpetual motion," winding up the machine when no one is watching. The trick discovered, the perpetrator suddenly disappears. More frequently perhaps the marvel gradually disappears, and the comet is seen to be a very small star, with a very large tail. An old fatalist, whom no argument could drive from the belief that "human action has nothing to do with human events," being necessitated to pass through a country infested with hostile Indians, was seen loading and priming his rifle with great care. "What is the use of taking your rifle?" said a friend. "If you are fated to die you will die, and your rifle will not avail; otherwise you will live." This was a poser; the old man, unwilling to give up his creed or his rifle,

paused a moment and then replied, "Why, you see, I may meet an Indian who is fated to die, then I shall want my rifle." So believers in Luck or Destiny, which is only a more elegant word for the same idea, are never consistent in their lives and professions. When they realize that an emergency is at hand which is to effect their dearest interests, they labor like other men. Few are found willing to trust their lives to chance. We only risk what we do not prize. Do we appreciate the value of our college course? After all, the great root of college evils lies here: we look at college by itself rather than "as a stepping-stone to higher things." We speak of the "college world," and forget it is only preparatory to the stern realities of after life. We despise the business man whose only trust is in blind speculation, while we are relying on no surer means of success. Both are in fearful danger of bankruptcy and ruin. To trust Luck, at any time or any where, is folly.

Luck is a word which represents nothing, and is but the merest fancy of a disordered mind. Occurrences may be unforeseen and unexpected, but never without a cause. Mind and matter acknowledge the same Creator. Growth in each is the result of culture. External circumstances may vary; they make labor easier, but none the less necessary. They are but influences, and cannot form the character or make the man. Application in college, as elsewhere, is the key to success, and by it even the commonest kind of common sense outstrips the luck of lazy genius.

L. G.

The Culprit Fay.

THE characteristic trait of our American people finds expression even in its poetry. Most of our poets are practical men. They grapple with the knotty problems of the age, discuss principles of science, systems of theology, and all social and political questions in animated but unimaginative verse. We have few poems that can properly be termed imaginative. Of these, Drake's *Culprit Fay* is, perhaps, the most remarkable. Its gifted, though modest and unambitious author may not be widely known, but the rich fancy he has exhibited in the *Culprit Fay* warrants him a place among our coun-

try's poets, and will not suffer his name to pass quickly from human recollection.

The chief attraction of any work of art or fancy is its *naturalness*. By this I do not mean mere accuracy in the delineation of material forms. "Consistency is a jewel" in the realm of the purely imaginative, no less than in the world of fact. The widest vagaries of fancy should not be devoid of method and arrangement. The writer of fiction and poetry must preserve the semblance of truth, while giving loosest reins to his imagination. It will never do to mingle all things indiscriminately, to sprinkle the snows of winter upon a summer lawn, to clothe forests with foliage in December, or link an ocean-tempest to a quiet prairie scene. Horace, who is conceded to be good authority on this subject, quaintly observes, "A man's head must not be joined to a horse's neck, nor a woman's body to the tail of a fish." The effect of an entire poem may be marred by a single ill-conditioned sentence or infelicitous expression.

In the Culprit Fay we have a fine example of the consistency of which I have spoken. It is remarkable, first of all, for its *unity*. Every line forms an essential part of the poem. In this consists half its charm. The author aims to tell the story of the Culprit, his crime, the sentence pronounced against him, his self-expiation, and the joy of his fairy companions at his triumph and restoration. He does this in a simple manner and with commendable brevity. We rise from its perusal with regret that it is so quickly finished. Yet we are conscious, upon reflection, that to have extended the story to greater length, or to have drawn out the poem indefinitely after the story was related, would have marred its beauty, and our interest would have diminished accordingly.

The poem is highly imaginative. The reader is straightway transported into fairy-land. Once only is humanity presented to his view, in the form of a beautiful maiden. This solitary representative of the Adamitic race is introduced, not as an actor in the fairy scene, but rather as an organized existence, just as a tree or flower might have been mentioned. Even this would seem to be a slight departure from the original idea of the writer, viz., a poem written without the aid of human characters. I conclude therefore that the poet had in mind rather the exclusion of the human race as prominent and important actors, than as mere animated existences. It would have been as easy to have left humanity wholly out of view, as to have excluded it from so large a portion of the poem. He might have represented the Fay as forming an attachment for a butterfly or a brilliant flower,

instead of incurring the displeasure of his monarch by bestowing his love on an earthly maiden. Shall we accuse the author of wishing to conciliate the good will of his fair readers, by the seeming importance he has accorded to their sex? Did he shrewdly conjecture that the daughters of Eve would rejoice that one of their number was preferred to the nymph of the wave, or even to the sylph-queen of the clouds? On this point I attempt no decision. Let the individual reader of the poem judge for himself. That he intends to represent the Fays as possessed of sensibilities and passions, similar to those that agitate the soul of man, is evident at the very outset. If any argue, therefore, that in this particular he has failed to carry out his original purpose, they claim for him a purpose, which, in my judgment, he never entertained.

The poet does not weary us by a tedious and unnecessary introduction of several cantos; but as if full of his theme, begins at once the fairy tale. The time and place are suggestive.

"'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night,
The earth is dark, but the sky is bright."

We are prepared at once for the appearance of the Fays. We would scarcely expect them in sombre autumn or amid the snows of winter, but on a calm summer night, when

"The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
And the bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
And nought is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katy-did."

With a descriptive power that reminds one of Scott and his charming word-pictures, he lays before us the scene of the elfin gathering. It is well chosen. The Highlands of the Hudson are everywhere wild and romantic, and in their wildest portion the poet has located the fairies' home.

"The moon looks down on old Cro'nest,
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below."

The scene to which we are thus introduced at the midnight hour, is one of grandeur and beauty. Cro'nest, on the west bank of the Hudson, rises to the height of one thousand four hundred feet, its perpendicular front of gray rock looking down upon the river. Close beside

it, the rugged Storm-King guards the northern entrance into the Highlands. Breakneck mountain rises precipitously from the opposite shore, while to the south and east the Highland range stretches away in endless undulations. The Fairies would surely have evinced a lamentable want of taste, and a very indifferent perception of the beautiful, had they overlooked this charming spot. At the time our poet celebrated the exploits of the little Culprit, art had here made but few scrawls on the fair face of nature. The spirit of progress had not paved for itself a thoroughfare along the base of these old Silurian hills. Anthony's Nose, unperforated by pick and drill, had not yet become a gateway for the iron steed that now shrieks out to it a daily salutation. Fulton's steamer had but recently clattered and groaned its way up the Rhine of America, awakening the echoes of the mountains, and disturbing the Fairies' dreams of peace.

We scarcely have time to look about us and take in the prominent feature of the scene, before the actors are introduced. With artistic skill he depicts the assembling of the king's court, the accusation of the offender, the wearisome journey to the river bank, the achievement of the purpose that led him thither, and the return. There is throughout a manifest regard for probability, an attention to symmetry and consistency, a unity and completeness which delights us.

But the author does not excel in this particular alone. Nothing can surpass the delicate fancy that originated the poem and elaborated its details. The language is always chaste and beautiful, the metre aptly varied to suit the changing character of the thought, the style easy and at times racy. Some of his descriptions are especially pleasing. We have room for only one or two quotations in addition to those already given. The judgment-seat of the monarch Fay is thus portrayed.

"The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spice-wood and of sassafras;
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy.—
And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimson drapery."

The passage in which he tells us of the Culprit's conflict with the water-sprites, is full of life and spirit. Our sympathies are enlisted; with deepening interest we watch the progress of the unequal contest, lament his temporary defeat, and rejoice in his ultimate triumph. The launching of the tiny muscle-shell boat, also, conveys to our minds,

better than the most labored description, the diminutiveness of the little Fay. Later in the story, while in pursuit of the flying star, he comes to the palace of the sylph-queen. Then follows one of the finest passages in the poem, in which the queen is described.

"Beneath a rainbow bending bright,
She seemed to the entranced Fay
The loveliest of the forms of light;
Her mantle was the purple rolled
At twilight in the west afar;
'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
And buttoned with a sparkling star."

I have quoted thus much in order that those who have not read the poem, may gain some idea of its style and purport. It has nothing to do with the grand in human action. It does not treat of the principles that underlie society, or the eternal truths of the moral universe. It was not designed to teach lessons of virtue, or to celebrate the triumphs of genius. It must not therefore be compared with, or judged by, works differing wholly in character and intent. It is imaginative, and designed only to gratify man's love for the ideal and fanciful. As such it is a gem, whose lustre age will not dim, whose exquisite beauty time cannot destroy.

J. W. T.

Vivacity in Our College Literature.

It does, indeed, evince a spirit of extreme censoriousness, that one should have acquired the habit of finding in all the departments of College life, themes for severe criticism and complaint; but there are at the same time some departments, with reference to which criticism, and perchance even censure, is always not only our privilege, but our bounden duty. Of these departments, certainly none would seem more imperatively to demand our earnest attention than that of College Literature, since in no other respect is the character and reputation of the College so emphatically in the hands of the students in distinction from the Faculty. Realizing our responsibility, then, that we have it in our power to promote the welfare and advancement of

that department which is commonly regarded as the index of our mental growth, the field for the exhibition of our intellectual acquisitions, it behooves us to guard well our charge, and to be ever on the alert to detect whatever defects are creeping, or may have already crept, into the general tone of our literary taste and culture. Such a defect, and to my mind the most decided of all others, is the deficiency of animation, sprightliness, or, as we may term it, of *vivacity*—a defect which, though it may not actually pervade our Literature, is at least too often present in it. By vivacity I do not mean that piquancy or raciness of thought and expression to be found in the upper stratum of the “Flash Literature” of the day, and which would be as much out of place in our sphere as it is essential in its own, nor again, the vigor of mere *practical* and *sensible* thought upon any and every subject which may present itself, a quality, if not wide-spread, at least not underrated among us; but I would denote by it, the one essential quality in that style of composition whose prominent characteristics are beauty of diction and originality of thought, and whose object is pleasure as well as profit, the gratification, no less than the instruction or conviction of its readers. If, then, such a style of composition, combining grace with force of expression, and originality with solidity, so to speak, of thought, should be the beau ideal of our Literature, and if, as all must admit, this beau ideal can only be attained by the presence in us of all the true spirit of literary enthusiasm, surely these questions are most pertinent—whether or not we are deficient in this enthusiasm and our Literature in vivacity; and if so, where the blame and what the remedy. To the first of this trio of questions there can be but one response, and an exercise of frankness will be the chief requisite in ascertaining it. For how many of us are so bold as to affirm that we have already reached the true standard of literary ardor, or that our productions are as a class as eminently characterized as they should be by spirit and vivacity? Furthermore, a comparison with other Literary Institutions of our country, gratifying as it might be to our pride, does not exonerate us from the charge of delinquency in this respect. On the contrary, that same pride, and surely the name and fame of our College, should make us doubly sensitive to the merest whisper of triteness or dullness urged against our Literature. Nor have we a right to meet this charge of delinquency with the bold but false assertion, that our Literature is already characterized by a *sufficient* amount of the vivacity of which we speak. Meaning by that, that the “Earnestness of sober thought,” as I have heard it termed, “is quite enough to expect of the imma-

turity of youth." Trash! And yet this plea is by no means imaginary or even unusual. Let us beware; for if sentiments like these obtain but a little wider acceptance, our Literature will soon be unworthy of the name, and our Magazine will not merit circulation beyond the pale of our College walls. Let us, as an antidote to this fallacy, ring in each other's ears the truth, that vivacity and solidity are not only always compatible but always desirable. Granted, as I do willingly, that sound thought and sound argument are ever fraught with life and earnestness, nay more, that these two requisites to success take precedence in practical importance of every other, there is still one essential requisite, vivacity, inseparable from these in all those productions that, in common parlance, "take," which, I claim no originality in asserting, is at present sadly neglected in our midst.

The causes of this neglect it is foreign from my purpose to investigate at length, my only object and wish being, that we may be duly impressed with the fact and with the necessity of a remedy. But it may not be out of place in this connection merely to advert to one or two of these causes, since by so doing we shall be the better enabled to discover the directions from which the remedy must proceed to be at all efficacious. That *our* short-comings are the prime cause, I have already intimated, and to ourselves of course we must accordingly look for their correction. But if those above us incur aught of the responsibility, then they surely should do their part toward the desired reformation. Now to prove that our Faculty are in an eminent degree responsible for this literary apathy, so to speak, which is too prevalent among us, I cannot; and if I could, the task would be a thankless one. But certain it is, that our instructors do, or should exert an influence upon the literary, as well as upon the moral and religious tone of the institution whose interests they are bound to conserve, and just what that influence shall be it is for themselves to decide. With all due respect and reverence to superiors, then, I would ask the sentiment of College, or if this unpretentious article should chance to fall under the observation of one of these respected gentlemen, I would ask him whether or not our instructors are derelict of duty in the amount of encouragement given by them to true literary ardor and enthusiasm.

If the workings of our Prize System, of which I am far from being an unqualified denunciator, or if the quota of individual advice and criticism which we receive is all we require from higher sources to obtain superior excellence in this particular, why well and good. But if more care and attention is requisite, are we presumptuous to demand

it? An answer from "behind the curtain" would be most acceptable to many of us.

But let us return to more profitable reflections. What is the *remedy* for the defect we have been describing? What is our duty aside from that of our superiors? On this point the late Professor Goodrich has left us some advice which contains a reply to both these enquiries. He says: "In the selection of a subject, choose one as far as possible of present interest. In treating it, avoid trite common-place thoughts however weighty. Let thoughts be new coin, not old Spanish quarters. To be valuable they must involve truths. Don't take these second-hand; get them out of your own head, out of your own experience. Challenge everything that offers, and put nothing down till your *heart* approves it." Here, it seems to me, is the gist of the whole matter in a nut shell; and, to paraphrase, not to add to it, it means that *soul*, next to truth, should be the first element in our compositions. We must write just what we feel, and go back to our own hearts for our inspiration, if we would amuse, instruct or benefit our fellows. There is, indeed, much to be urged in apology for any defect in College Literature. Few of us have had any extended experience in letters or in the world, and fewer still have given ourselves to close and careful thought, and our youth is a sufficient reason for this. But nothing will wholly excuse us in College or out of College, when we know the character of our hearers and have the choice of subject, for boring them with triteness, with dullness, with shallowness, or with want of spirit. There is some subject, there are a thousand subjects, which will interest any man or any body of men, and we ought to learn before we are much older, that there are a thousand others which, do what we can upon them, our efforts will seem comparatively tame and worthless. The reason is obvious. We are grasping for things beyond our reach. We are contending with the greatest philosophers and historians of modern times, and, as a matter of course, we contend in vain. But we labor under a disadvantage greater, if that were possible, than the strength of competition. We take no interest in these subjects, and we can bring to the work only half our power. It is purely a dry labor of the head with no help from the heart. If striplings like us were compelled to wrestle with literary giants, we should escape the charge of temerity and might be pitied for our failure; but our attempts are unnecessary as they are unfortunate. Here in our midst we have subjects whose titles alone will secure a reading. Faults are nursed among the students; there are faults, perhaps, in our government. Blows struck at these

will meet a response in hearts to the number of half a thousand. Our attention would be a good deal aroused at seeing an article headed "Hazing and its Effects," or "Espionage and its Minions." Your neighbor has skinned his way through College; give us your opinion of skinning, physically, intellectually and morally considered. Perhaps you yourself are amenable to the impeachment. If so, you might write with great vividness.

If you take your meals at a club, (which heaven forbid,) give us "A Day at an Eating Club." It will not be necessary to repeat all that was said at the table, or even all that you have uttered yourself. On such a theme, also, time and place may be measurably disregarded in relation to the events narrated. A skillful connoisseur will scatter his *bons mots* as Herrmann does his cards—where they are least expected.

The words of our whole language may be found in the Dictionary, but they lie there disjointed and dead. They may be united according to the strictest rules of grammar, and yet be entirely wanting in beauty and force. It is the amount of soul we manage to throw into our combinations that determines our power as a speaker or writer. "Why be content with words arranged with the regularity and lifelessness of a militia muster, when we might have the strong squads, the hard work, the earnestness and the clang of real battle." Our metaphysics and our philosophy, however deep and satisfactory they may appear to-day, will give us little pleasure ten years hence. But embalm the life of College and its spirit in any form, and the depository will increase in value as the memories it recalls grow dim, and the scenes it renews grow distant. Take those authors who have caught and fixed the nation's interest, whose names are "household words," and you will find them men whose *hearts* beam out through their books, and whose preëminent characteristics are truth and sincerity. Analyze the secret of their power, and you will doubtless find it in no small degree the results of years of earnest toil and practice, of many and labored essays which the world will never see. But once emerged from this *chrysalis* state of preparation, and we discover in their productions, as the result of this industry, a grace that pleases and a strength that tells. Such writers can we at least begin here to be.

Yale has in years gone-by given to the world brilliant essayists, admired poets, and popular authors, as well as sound lawyers, able statesmen and profound metaphysicians; and doubtless the race is not yet extinct. But this literary apathy, of which we speak, is surely not a pledge that our age will be overstocked with them. A. D. M.

The Ancient Fisherman.

Close beside Life's foaming river,
On its grey and mossy shore,
Sits a grim and ghastly Angler,
Catching fish for evermore.

What the Demon's form and feature,
Mortal eye may never know;
But his feet hot coals are dropping
In the turbid stream below.

And whene'er a dainty troutlet,
His capacious pouch adorns,
Gleaming 'mid his shroud of vapors,
Seem to dance his crooked horns.

Many baits hath this old Angler,
Cunning as his heart could wish,
Fitted for all sorts of weather,
Suited for all kinds of fish.

Glasses brimmed with liquid rubies,
Jeweled robes and glittering pearls;
Heart-entangling shapes of beauty;
Coral lips, and silken curls;

Lordly parks, and princely mansions;
Banker's vaults, and Bishop's gowns;
Sounding titles; empty honors;
Lying laurels; bloody crowns.

Cunningly, his cunning angle
Throws he in the eddy stream,
And the baits, like flies of summer,
In the waters dance and gleam.

Ah! the fish, how close they cluster
Round, the gilded, glittering toys,
Sporting, longing, darting, nibbling,
Heeding not the aly decoys.

But he quiet smiles sardonic,
Till the barbed hook they seize;
Then a ripple,—all is over,
And the fish repent at ease.

Luckiest he of all the Fishers
That do angle on the coast;
Ever stand his ample lockers
Full of fish to fry or roast.

Hail, thou mighty Prince of Anglers!
Shall I name thee in my rhyme?
Pluto, Loke, Apollyon, Satan!
Fisher in the stream of Time!

W. W. B.

A Prevailing Malady.

THERE are certain diseases of very common occurrence which seem to have escaped the notice of medical men, and which, though striking and sometimes dangerous, have not been mentioned in connection with any *materia medica*. The doctors are doubtless at fault here; it becomes non-professional men to endeavor to make up for their deficiencies. We will therefore attempt a diagnosis of a very common College malady, styled the Jubilee Fever.

This is a compound malady. It is called a fever, but it also partakes of the nature of the measles, inasmuch as it is contagious, produces eruptions, and when it strikes in, is sometimes fatal. As it appears in the Class it is intermittent, in the Society it is periodic, in the individual, chronic. Its causes cannot very well be recounted. Its symptoms in the individual are omitted recitations, a display of borrowed green-backs, general good humor, and excessive familiarity with every one; in the Society and Class its symptoms are committees, badges, boasts and promises. Its results are treats, spree, celebrations, jubinations, cheers and flunks. It works on and through the physical powers, but very strongly also on the mind. In the individual it produces eruptions on all noteworthy occasions. Thus, whoever takes a prize, even if it is a third prize on a skinned composition, feels himself bound to get up a peanut celebration of the first magnitude, in which all the personal and political friends of the unfortunate recipient are happy to join. A new suit of clothes furnishes occasion for a treat of lesser magnitude. An election to office is celebrated by a series of small suppers, lasting through the whole of the

incumbent's official career. Some men get up a grand jubilation every time they make a rush; and we have heard of two unfortunates who, by mutual agreement, had an ice-cream jubilee every time either of them failed in recitation. Between the two there was a celebration every night, but unfortunately, one of them soon fizzled himself out of College, and the other exhausted his funds before he did his flunking power.

In the Societies, as we before intimated, these eruptions are periodic. The close of every campaign brings one of them, under the name either of Jubilee or Supper. The middle of every term brings another. The annual award of prizes produces some unusually violent; and we have noticed that here the magnitude of the celebration is, inversely, as the number of prizes taken. Naturally, a hen with one chicken, clucks more than one with a brood.

In the Class these eruptions are fewer, but more violent. The first one of any extent that occurs is styled Pow Wow, and in the inception and carrying out of this, the disease appears in its worst form. The infatuated participant in this celebration begins by thinking that something must be done to unite the members of his Class, and break the force of Society feeling; then he is told that the people in the city are pleased with a Pow Wow, and knowing that he owes them some reparation for the grapes, pears, gates, and signs that he has stolen, he desires to make atonement in this way: he must sustain the reputation of his Class, and show a proper respect for a "time-honored" institution: above all he must manifest his individual joy at stepping from a stage of greenness to a stage of rowdiness; from the Freshman to the Sophomore Class. Under the influence of these inducements, he hides his face behind a mask, disguises his voice by talking through a horn, and goes in. He tries to imagine that there are some good speeches made, but he cannot hear them; nor can he hear the music, or anything else except Sophomores. He cannot see much on account of his mask, and the dirt with which some one has peppered his face; he starts to march, and loses a shoe in the mud; he tries to carry a torch, but it spills oil down his back, and finally disappears suddenly, stricken from his hand by a thunderbolt, or snatched from him by some other unseen power; he gets into a fight with a Classmate over a transparency which neither of them wants to carry, but one must; he looks up to discover the sensation which he is making in the city, but he sees no bouquets or handkerchiefs, no bright faces or gratified looks, nothing except stars, and those all seem to be in his eye, where a stone or a Roman Candle ball has hit him: he stops at all the Boarding Schools,

and serenades some darkened windows and closed doors; he marches two or three hours in mud and rain, and goes home to spend two hours more in washing off soot and oil. The next morning he takes his seat on tacks, which Sophomores have kindly left for him; he goes into a Freshman recitation room, and flunks a Freshman lesson, before a Freshman Tutor. But he imagines himself a Sophomore, fondly talks of the good time he has had, and uses his efforts to perpetuate the institution. It is evident that such a state of mind results from disease, and as such it must be treated. But we are not skilled in the uses of remedies; we leave to the Faculty the cure of this malady.

We have given in detail only one form of this evil; but there are others. If Pow Wow is Folly and Barbarism, Burial of Euclid is Heathenism and Blasphemy. There is no occasion for either of them. One is celebrating an imaginary transition, which really occurs a full month afterwards; the other is celebrating the change from a lesser to a greater evil, for Euclid is only the frying-pan; we jump from that into Conics and Analytics, that is, into the fire. There is another eruption called Biennial Jubilee, and that, at present, is Drunkenness. It is to be wished that this could be reformed and retained. The occasion that gives rise to it is such as to call out jubilant emotions, and to warrant a celebration. It is a time of release from hard toil; it is the transition, with many, from the mere drudgery of study, to its enjoyment; the Slough of Despond has been passed, the Hill Difficulty has been surmounted; we have reached the top of the Delectable Mountains, and can look over into the fair land of Beulah. It is a time to be jolly, but no time to be tight. As it is now, while we consider the first two celebrations mentioned, foolish, we are forced to confess that they are all three bad. We lose our earnestness, and lower our moral tone, by these Class and individual spreeds; and this is why the Jubilee fever does us permanent injury.

We should like to speak of a certain College humbug, called Junior Exhibition. But the Faculty insist upon this institution, all the Boarding School girls dote upon it, and certain of the students have here a wished for opportunity of displaying their store clothes to the best advantage. We have not the face to go in opposition to the Faculty, when they are backed by all the squirts in College, and all the flirts in town.

As we close we hear of certain indications of a tumult in the Freshman Class. The Faculty have prohibited Pow Wow. They are tyrants; the Class is abused; the honor of the Class must be sustained. There are only three courses of action from which to choose; yield to

their commands, but break all the Professors' windows, defy the Faculty, and have a Pow Wow, or pretend to obey, but get up something worse. Some may sympathize with the Class in their straits, and think them grievously wronged; we think they have fallen into the hands of good physicians, or if they suffer wrong, it is only a retribution for their ungenerous method of conducting operations. The Class attempted to force in those who wished to stay out, the Faculty keep out those who are anxious to go in. The sway of the powers that be, may be tyranny, but it is the tyranny of the few. The sway of the Class is much worse, for it is the tyranny of the many. We hope the Class will do nothing desperate. Discretion is sometimes the better part of valor. We may respect the pluck, but do not admire the judgment, of the boy who caught the small-pox, in order to spite his mother for keeping him in the house while he had the measles.

M.

College Politics.

IF a full and fair statement of all that constitutes the interior life of an American college were laid before the general public, it would probably occasion some surprise, and several modifications in the popular conception of the student character. Among the facts especially new to most people, would be those in regard to what we call college politics. It might appear strange and unaccountable to them, that at Yale, for instance, a large part of the time and thoughts of the students should be devoted to determining who are to hold certain class and society offices, whose only advantage, for the most part, is a small amount of honor supposed to be rendered the successful candidates for one or two years by two or three hundred of their fellows. Yet probably no one will read this article, who is not perfectly aware, from his own observation and experience, that such is the case, and that the political intrigues of the outer world are here reproduced in miniature, with great spirit and accuracy. Probably, too, there are very few of us who have not seen and regretted the evils of such a state of things, and none the less if our own actions have contributed

at all to its existence. It is not then with the expectation of bringing forward any new ideas, that I write this article ; but because evils which we have recognized indefinitely and singly, may often be more fully realized when fairly looked in the face, and considered at one view.

It is the least of the mischiefs of this system, and yet no slight one, that the offices with which it concerns itself are filled by men who are chosen on a wrong principle, and therefore often by those who are unfit for them. As to some of these offices, it makes very little difference whether they are filled well or ill ; but there are others in regard to which we all have an interest. If our literary societies, public celebrations and College magazine, deserve our support, it is certainly worth while that the men who are to conduct them should be those who will do it best. Evidently this can only be secured by making merit, of whatever kind is necessary, the test of all candidates. But as we conduct matters now, this qualification is entirely subordinate to that of connection with the society which has by skillful wire-pulling obtained the lion's share of the spoils. Of course the effect is in many cases to place inferior men in positions requiring first-rate ability, and thus greatly injure the interests connected with these positions.

Another consequence is this, that these offices no longer answer a good purpose which they might, by acting as incentives to excellence in the different departments to which they belong. To take one class of them ; if the so-called literary honors bestowed by the students were awarded impartially to those who gave evidence of the best abilities, a new motive would be given to the ambitious for seeking real improvement ; a motive not of the highest kind to be sure, but still not to be disregarded in an institution where the agency of prizes is so much employed as here. Better surely that it should operate in this direction, than in favor of scheming and intriguing more appropriate to a New York lobby than a company of scholars and gentlemen.

A serious objection to all these machinations, even if they were in themselves harmless, is the amount of time and attention which they divert from worthier occupations. Hardly any one who has not seen it, can realize the number of hours in the twenty-four which one engaged in these pursuits will often devote to them. The time actually required for the real work connected with them is far from inconsiderable ; and when to this is added what is employed in endless speculations, calculations as to results, &c., the sum total is larger than most people would believe. If the trouble ended here it would be bad

enough, but frequently the players in the game become so absorbed in its petty issues that other pursuits lose all interest for them. Studies, general reading, exercise, all find themselves driven from the field by this powerful rival; or at best are forced to yield a great part of their just claims in its favor. Without this they have enough to contend against, in the various forms of social enjoyment and self-indulgence to which Yalensians are prone. But in behalf of some of these last, something may be said on the plea of the friendly relations which they foster; while this political business has no such excuse, and moreover stands arraigned under even more serious charges than that of stealing the time which rightly belongs to better things.

For a much greater evil than wrong selections for office, or waste of time, is found in the moral injury which in a greater or less degree results to almost every one who takes any considerable part in these intrigues. It is notorious everywhere, that a politician by trade almost invariably becomes selfish and unprincipled; and the tendency of our lesser politics, as far as they go, is in precisely the same direction. From their very nature they must in some degree lead a man who makes them his business toward habitual selfishness. He either works directly for his own personal advancement, or for the advantage of his friends or society. In either case the advantages he seeks must be gained at the expense of others, and without regard to the question of merit. To pursue such a course as this, if only fair means are employed, is not of course a crime, but it is certainly repugnant to all right and honorable feeling. Not only this, but it is almost impossible that it should be carried far without resorting to means of at least doubtful, often *not* doubtful, morality. In a hard contest of this kind, the temptation to use unfair weapons is too great for most men to withstand. If all the deliberate misrepresentations, false statements, broken pledges, and various trickery, of some of our elections were disclosed, we should probably all be a good deal shocked; though we should doubtless justify and explain away much that would wear an ugly look to an unsophisticated conscience. For these politics are excellent training in a kind of casuistry by no means confined to their sphere. We learn that a man's simple promise means nothing, unless formally ratified by the shaking of hands; that all the members of a society can unite in doing a thing as a body of individuals, for which as a society they have not the slightest responsibility; that the votes of others have power to release a man from his individual promises; and various other lessons which would some-

what startle simple souls, unversed in the great Art of Politics. Who says that a liberal education is a poor preparation for public life?

In short, we learn to blunt our moral sensibilities, and confound our natural ideas of right and wrong, for the sake of a few paltry offices, from which hardly any real benefit worth mentioning is to be gained. But we gain a valuable knowledge of human nature, forsooth! And is there no way of studying men but by making them our tools? Do not the various forms of unrestrained social intercourse which we every day enjoy, offer in themselves the best of opportunities for the study of character? Let us not stultify ourselves, and degrade a noble branch of knowledge, by pretending that it can only be acquired by such disreputable means as those of politics.

It is a natural consequence of this state of things, that those familiar with it often become suspicious and uncharitable. They see men of good reputation guilty of selfish and dishonorable conduct in connection with political transactions, and so come to be always on the look-out for false pretences and sinister motives. Of course their suspicions often do great injustice to others; and what is worse, their own characters are permanently injured by the habits thus contracted. There are few sadder sights than that which too many of us have seen in the groundless jealousies, suspicions, and heart-burnings, which these wretched squabbles engender among those who ought to be firm friends. With some men the point is soon reached where no man's character can protect him from suspicion, where the most innocent actions are continually misconstrued, and credit is never given for a disinterested motive until the possibility of any other has been disproved. If such extreme cases are rare, I fear those are equally so where men have altogether the infection. All this too among those bound together by similarity of age, occupation, and true interests, and in many cases by congenial tastes and dispositions. All this at a period of life among whose characteristic virtues are generally reckoned sincerity, open-heartedness and generosity!

It may perhaps be said that these evils have been here represented in too strong colors. But the reality of the evils probably all will admit, and I think that among those who have been here longest there will be little difference of opinion as to their magnitude. Probably their removal must be a work of time. Some persons attribute them to our system of secret societies, and claim that if these were abolished the trouble would be removed. But it is difficult to reconcile this theory with the well-known state of things at Andover, where in a single society, professedly literary, a political warfare is maintained

which in bitterness of feeling and unscrupulousness as to means is at least equal to anything we have here. Evidently to meet the difficulty by abolishing societies, it will be necessary to proscribe literary societies and boat-clubs as well, and in fact almost every form of student organization. Even if this were done, the real root of the matter would not be reached. To do this, in such a case, we must go beyond mere forms, and seek the source of the trouble in the public sentiment of a community; in the average opinions, tastes and feelings of the individuals composing it. Whatever tends to advance true scholarship, to promote a healthy taste for literary pursuits, or to engage us more deeply in any worthy object, will do something to divert the energies now wasted in political wrangling into better channels. Everything that raises the popular standard as to what is right and honorable, will operate to bring the politician's profession into discredit. May the day soon come when here at least that profession shall no longer exist!

G. S. M.

Of Trout and Trouting.

THERE dwell in the coldest streams of our Northern and Middle States the noblemen of the funny race,—the princes of all piscatorial sport, as the salmon is its king.

These princes are the Trout; cruel cannibal tyrants over their unhappy tenants, the minnow and the herring; rapacious robbers of the lives of stray flies and angle worms in swimming; admired, loved, preserved only to be destroyed by man their devoted foe.

Worthy of notice is the situation of their domains as co-extensive with those of the most enlightened and artful of their enemies,—the Anglo-Saxon patrons of refined sporting. Wherever the Trout flourish, there the English blood finds its most congenial atmosphere, and takes its heartiest growth; as if its pure, solid, energetic constitution, in common with that of the clean, hard-fleshed fish, is better adapted to invigorating cold than enervating warmth of climate.

But if we praise them for *this*, still more admirable is the taste they exhibit in the choice of their palaces. No human sovereign can

surpass them here, for no art of man can rival nature's beauties, and of these the Trout frequents the rarest. Paved they are with rich mosaic of pebbles laid in golden sand; walled with hard clay washed by the stream for centuries; their fluted columns are gnarled roots of oak and chestnut; and their curtains the overhanging bush and grass. There they will lie and wait the food brought to their very doors by the provident waters, and there the angler finds them at home and ready. And they will repay a call by their fierce shyness of spirit in their native element, and their delicate game flavor on the table. Would you make trial of these their recommendations, careful attention is requisite to the little essentials of success, for their favor must be wooed in a courtly manner. Comfort must be sacrificed, toil endured, their smallest whims or slightest habits studied and conformed to. The citizen amateur, he who is most benefited, and should be most fascinated in this sport, is the object of our reference. The rustic who wakes before the sun and lives in the fields, for this reason needs it not; and because that it is always within his reach, and seldom practised with the right means and in the right manner, it loses with its prime advantages its allurements. The citizen, on the contrary, will find this trouting a nutmeg in the "spice of life" by all means to be laid hold upon.

Take observations upon the barometer, prepare bait and tackle under the dictates of experience and Frank Forester, (in whom every devotee of the art should be versed,) impress upon the somewhat obtuse perception of the family's chief confectioner the necessity of various and hearty provision, set the alarum for 4 A. M., and retire with a conscience as clear as possible. Then, unless long practice has perfected you in the ability to sleep over any summons, you'll rise at break of day, and with sleep yet on your brow, venture forth amid the morning coolness, to be greeted with the lark's matutinal song. The fresh vigor of the spring air will enable you now to agree with Sir Henry Wotton, who said on a similar occasion,

"This day dame Nature seemed in love,
The lusty sap began to move;
Fresh juice did stir the embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their valentines,
The jealous trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well dissembled fly."

Suddenly you remember that you have yet to realize the last two lines, and omitting the recital of the rest, which is deserving, you whip up your horse or quicken your pace. For it is always better to ride

if you may, since thus you can go further and arrive earlier. Pedestrian exercise at all events will not be lacking to the persistent fisherman.

Up and down long hills, through a village or two, past a few straggling farm-houses, and a broad shallow stream swarming with minnows, and see ! at the bottom of this long descent, twisting through the vale, glistening in the wood, lies our own particular Mecca,—ours by right of discovery, and supposed known only to a select few of friends. As we approach nearer, we distinguish above the southing of the breeze among the pines, the roar of a miniature Niagara, at whose base reclines our future victim. We've found him there, and killed, aye ! even eat him a dozen times before, yet he is always on hand to sell himself again for the reputation of his father stream. But let certainty be reserved ; we strike the brook further up, where the fishing begins, and watch with anxious eyes, as we progress downwards, for some intruding footstep to have forestalled our success. We are fortune favored, meet no vestiges of dread precursor, and reach in an agreeable complacency the pride ("pride goeth before a fall") of the stream, the cataract already alluded to. With what care and silence, and there ! instead of the lord of the castle and monster of the den, issues a death-doomed shiner, sent forth perhaps as scout and forlorn hope, and encircles thrice that over-hanging branch. Ingenuity may devise various remedies besides profanity, but by none can we escape the vigilant eye of our friend beneath. He has seen the enemy, and will starve, rather than venture from his stronghold. But here are the open lots, and in them the owner of a plough and two fat steers. For sake of effect let us tell him of our miseries, and an empty basket. His self-satisfied smile is immediately ominous of his speech, and sure enough he *enasalates*,—how once the brook was the best of the county, how his progenitor and himself, a boy, had seen fish of fabulous immensity there ; how since that golden past vagrants from the city have foully abstracted these ; sequence—that there can now be no objection to your presence, since worst cannot be worse. In him thus self-committed, a revelation of your captured beauties, or an addition to their number within easy range of his visual organs, is productive of the happiest results,—results indeed worthy to be denominated "fat." Not so oily you will think some possible incidents of the day. 'Tis provoking, for instance, after having with astronomical precision calculated and attained by logarithms, etc., the exact location of the victim's lair, and enticed him thence with more skill than a certain *magister-doctrinæ* evinces in extracting a "rush"

from a modest pupil ;—'tis provoking to have him rise in all his grandeur, with his right ascension in a meridian line passing through your pole, then by centrifugal force take his tangential course for the brook degrees above, where by a peculiar law of refraction, no matter at what angle he strikes the water, or how the angler strikes for him, he disappears from sight forever.

Thus, with excitement shaded by disappointment, or brightened by success, you proceed, and proceeding we leave you. Those who *have* experienced, winged with memory and imagination, can follow more pleasantly without further accompaniment, while for others we should be loth to spoil all novelty. Let everyone rank himself with the former at an early date, and returning from the day's work laden and hungry, he will moralize,—“ ‘Beware of dogs,’ bulls and landowners, ‘be patient and faint not,’ and then, at the results, ‘your children shall rise up and call you blessed.’ ”

And as he mingles with the true associates of his sport, he will feel that nowhere exists a class of more hearty, jovial yet earnest men, than these same followers of the Trout. As their representatives and chiefs he will venerate Nimrod, Walton and Forester, respecting the long standing repute of the first, poring over the quaint humor of the second, and enshrining the memory of the third in a heart grateful for his advice, and saddened by his melancholy fate.

Well may any one of us, who have vowed an immural of four years in this our cloister life, say in the verse of Old Isaak,

“Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone ;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess ;
My hand alone my work can do
So I can fish and study too.”

Concerning Power.

POWER is life, natural and physical ; the invisible essence pervading all matter and all men—a link binding the created to Divinity. It is the pleasing influence of a flower, whose perfume is the sweet breath of the Creator ; the powder of God's artillery ; that human

magnetism which draws to itself all thought, all truth, and renders subject each object within the bounds of Infinity.

It is said—

Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away.

Yet, but one breath of God-hood, one moulding pressure from the potter's hand, when dust will be Man! This instillation is one of Life—Power—thenceforth the secret of all effects, the producer.

It is a queer thought, that perhaps this essence of our being is but a higher order of the same power which breaks the nutshell, and throws into the air a tree. Centuries ago the banks of these rivers were lined with swinging lilies, whose tops of mouthlike formation drooped down over the stream to gather those floating substances which nourished this strange combination of vegetable and animal life—almost the power which now swims the sea—our's but a few grades higher—Life *and* Intelligence. It is hard for us to draw distinct boundaries in the species of creation while God stands at the head, as the Genius of all existence.

It is often remarked, Life is a search for happiness, but it is more truly one for power—imperium—to gratify ourselves with a consciousness that we have a strong hold upon the reins of incoming events, or may say to another—Do this, and know that he doeth it. The King rules the people, but the resistless expansion of popular power will rule the King. As the balance of wrong goes down, popular indignation hurls the sword of justice upon the other side, and at least restores the equilibrium.

The whole world is filled with elements, and the designed labor of intelligence is to effect the most favorable combinations, the results of which shall be human power. This is the land, these the subtle agencies, and the attendant command—Go work to-day in my vineyard. A few happy combinations have been made, and already man rides upon the whirlwind—with a *world* between us we talk face to face; we have lured the giant of vapor into the bottle, and now, with ceaseless racket, are weaving the warp and woof over the muscle of a thousand millions of men.

Shapeless bits of thought, variously tinged by prejudice and circumstance, lie scattered within the circle of human mind, but a rude event comes elbowing through the world, and jogs this mass of observation, of mental disquiet, of change by piece-meal, into a principle, and a landing upon Plymouth Rock.

Our resources are limitless. This world is a great reservoir of Power. We have turned the faucet, and imagine, because the stream only trickles now, the supply is low. But it is only a pebble in the pipe.

Every object in nature is an embodiment of Divine thought. Now shall we venture a supposition that six thousand years have sufficed to gather all the lessons from "her granite lips?" Must Divinity work through ages to supply human-kind with the primer of Creation?

There are three grand departments of power in every nationality, civilized or barbarian, and these three rule, Physical power, Gold and Intellect.

The predominancy of one, may partially supersede the necessity of another, or may detract from its sovereignty, while their combination presents the daily operations of life.

It is pleasing, too, to observe the singular channels which human nature will often select for removing the naturally attendant superfluities of these forces. The boiler of life will sometimes exhibit too high pressure, when safety demands the engineer should blow off steam. Such was the fact when the alarming excess of brutality and men, of blood and bones, in Northern Europe, expended itself in terrific onslaught upon the South, and perished over the ruins of Rome—or when, satiated with the past, thirsting for novelty and discoveries, the dense populations of the Old World demanded the freedom of action, and freshness of life, which the victorious faith of Columbus found over the sea. French exhilaration and enthusiasm, factional desire for domination—the elements which always float in veins whose current of red life runs swiftly—only found their exit when war had torn the nation limb from limb, and left the land as a grave-yard.

Then, too, it is impossible to hem the hilarity of boyhood, into brass buttons and new boots. It will crop out—in marbles and lies—pies and pistols, with all the *et cetera* of young life. Meantime his face bids fair, by absorption, to take into the system the allotted nutrient of mother earth, and thus, by the increased facility for vegetation, possibly account for the emeraldine feature of his early days.

The power of Gold in determining the various conditions of Society, will readily suggest itself.

Let us briefly consider the Intellectual forces of the world.

You may recall the incident given by one of the best essayists of Edinburgh, saying—An artist of enviable reputation throughout Europe was confronted by a young pupil who urged this inquiry—My

friend, with what do you mix your colors? "*With Brains*, Sir," was the only reply.

And this is the ingredient, of not simply the mellow tones of general action and thought, but an indispensable requisite in producing the bolder conceptions of individuality.

It is intellectual power and weakness which constitute the positive and negative poles of every character. That power may find its development on the printed page, or in personal manners, where emanations of an occult power appear in the movements of a hand, in a certain resistless grace, winning against the will; which is really the product of superior conception—the Brain ingredient. It is studied power—thought in action.

But the chief method of rendering the power of Intellect available, is that of Concentration—the all in one—a centralization of forces, which shall be as convenient for action, as pent up waters, always ready to rush roaring through the sluice.

All the lights of various intensity which luminous thought is constantly emanating, must be focalized, and for focalization, the lens required will be a mind entirely subject to the authority of will. Not only must the pointed, burning thought be reached after prolonged application, but so instantaneous as to be well nigh involuntary; sensitiveness to the countless impressions, and hints of deeper import, which fill the Earth, the Air, the Sea, and great or small, are all radiations of Truth divine.

Carlyle and His Religion.

THE period immediately following that of Voltaire and the French Revolution, introduced in England a new dispensation of metaphysical thought. Coleridge, trained in the German schools of philosophy, and inspired by the speculations of his German masters, we consider its pioneer prophet. His residence at Highgate was the nursery of its development.

There, on stated occasions, enthroned in his great easy-chair, presided the oracle, pouring forth in deep organ tones those floods of

dreamy eloquence, which fell upon the ears of his disciples like inspiration, and to this day have made the fame of Coleridge as a conversationalist eclipse even his princely renown as a poet or metaphysician. Although confessedly the most creative and comprehensive genius of his age, if not altogether, according to De Quincy, the "largest and most spacious intellect that has hitherto existed among men," the great apostle of spiritual philosophy seems after all but little better than a glorious antinomy—

"A beam ethereal, sullied and absorbed,"

discoursing like an angel, living like a slave; now soaring to the very gate of heaven, now sinking in the lowest pit of sensuality; a stricken Titan, within whose soul the celestial fire, well-nigh smothered with the damps of earthly passion, at times burst forth in wild, dazzling spendor, which, though fitful, might well be taken for the lightnings of a true Apollo. Thus, too, we imagine, thought young Carlyle as he mingled with the crowd of devotees at Highgate. With them he loved to frequent the English shrine of philosophy, but according to his own admissions, more as an admiring skeptic than a hearty, sincere worshiper.

The glittering word-pomp and gorgeous imagery of the drug-inspired dreamer were to him rather unprofitable trash. Like Byron amid the gayeties of Venice, he wanted "something more craggy for his mind to break upon." Though Coleridge and his "transcendental moonshine" could not satisfy the earnest young Scotchman, his connection with him is of great significance, from the fact that he did much to foster his genius and mold his character. Indirectly, too, he supplied him with that *craggy* nutriment for which his soul hungered. Although he did not open to his inquiring disciple the portals, yet he undoubtedly was the first who displayed to him the inner recesses of the great mystic temple of German literature.

The admirers of Carlyle are disposed to make his introduction to the philosophers of Germany the grand epoch of his life—the point at which his true history begins. However this may be, it was to him the opening of a new world—a world of primordial thought, peopled by true royal thinkers. Jean Paul, the homely, sublime prose poet, whom his countrymen delighted to call the "unique," first entranced the young explorer. From him he passed into the society of Schelling, Hegel, Schiller, Novalis, Fichte and Kant. Leaving all these he finally seated himself, a humble student, at the feet of the renowned Goethe—a man whose calm, strong, intellectual manhood excited his

highest reverence, and whom he afterward, with much glorification, placed first in his Pantheon of Modern Literary Heroes. Carlyle entered upon the study of German literature as an earnest, sincere inquirer. He pursued it like one digging for hidden treasures. That his search was successful, that he found something which entered into his very being and molded all his subsequent thought, every page of his writings testifies. That his vision was entirely unimpaired by his attendance upon the smoky altars of German metaphysics, upon which were equally sacrificed the burnt-offerings of reason and the incense of imagination, we will leave his panegyrists to demonstrate. Suffice it for us to consider the kind and degree of spiritual satisfaction that he there obtained.

"A man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him," is a Carlylean truth, equally applicable to the author and to the rest of humanity; nay, of such a man it is the all and in all. What he believes and how he came to believe it, are questions of transcendent import.

In regard to Carlyle's religious opinions there can now be no manner of doubt. Every sentence that flows from his pen is an earnest, solemn, irrevocable declaration of faith. Of his spiritual growth, his struggle from doubt to belief, we must remain comparatively ignorant. Except a few strange, somewhat disconnected passages in "*Sartor Resartus*," he sees fit to make us no revelation upon the subject. In that most extraordinary book of the nineteenth century, amid the quaintest humor, the sublimest poetry, the most grotesque imagery, we, however, find utterances which seem to speak to us with tongues of fire, telling us the history of a wild, mysterious, spiritual warfare. Under the guise of a wandering German philosopher, discoursing in a truly-original style upon the philosophy of clothes, and stuffing zodiacal-inscribed paper-bags with curious scraps of autobiography, Carlyle has attempted to sketch the progress of his soul from what he calls the "Everlasting No," the kingdom of doubt, where all nature is shrouded in midnight gloom, where unbelief has planted its brazen heel upon the hearts of men, and the universe is but "a vast, gloomy, solitary Golgotha, a mill of death," through the "Center of Indifference," the Mountain of Purification, where the rays of hope begin to stream from the over-hanging blackness, and the stricken soul dares to utter its stern, defiant protest against the sovereignty of Falsehood, up to the realms of the "Everlasting Yea," where the breaking clouds reveal the heavens of love, and where by the sunlight of faith the conquering spirit can read the divine significance of nature, and rejoice

in the consciousness of its own unspeakable glory and immortality. Thus, like the pilgrims in Dante's vision, did the soul of Teufelsdröckh climb from the dark pit of Doubt, through much struggling, to the high regions of Belief. Such, we have reason to believe, was the history of Thomas Carlyle. Nursed amid the sternest aspects of nature, trained by the rugged yet faithful hands of Poverty, he early acquired that self-dependence which is the first condition and noblest wealth of all genuine greatness. In his youth he learned to see, think, and believe for himself. Ready-made opinions, cut out and sewed together for whoever might purchase, were to him not worth the wearing. His faith, if he had any, must not bear the stamp of another manufacturer; it must be hammered out upon the anvil of his own soul. That his pious mother should trust in the God of the Bible, should walk before him in all humility, and rejoice in the manifestations of his almighty love, was altogether good and beautiful; he loved it, revered it, but saw in it no reason why he should likewise trust and rejoice. Having thus cut loose from his ancestral faith, Carlyle for a long time drifted hither and thither like a dismantled ship seeking in vain for anchorage. It was to him earnest, terribly-earnest business.

In his "Sartor" he gives us some details of his "fever paroxysms of doubt," and "how in the silent night watches, still darker in his heart than over sky and earth, he has cast himself before the All-seeing, and with audible prayers cried vehemently for light, for deliverance from death and the grave." To his doubting mind no light or deliverance came. Shade after shade rolled darkly over his soul, till at last it was enshrouded in the rayless glooms of Atheism, yet not the blackness of utter unbelief. Though the world to him was but a grinding death-machine, though men seemed to have forsaken the temples of divinity, and there appeared, indeed, to be no God, but a blind, resistless force pervading the universe, yet there remained truth and virtue. Somewhere, if not on earth, the celestial Presences existed, all-powerful, ever-abiding, though, perhaps, forever unrevealed. Even in this the very bottom of the abyss, he cried out in the strong agony of his soul, that some "divine messenger" or miraculous "handwriting" would declare unto him the law of duty that he might follow it, though it bid him leap into the infernal fire.

An earnestness like this will in time work out its own salvation. From the godless Limbo of obstinate doubt, of fierce denial, of consuming despair, Carlyle was at length redeemed. This event, which he may well call "the most important transaction in life," is recorded in

the usual symbolic and unsatisfactory style of "Sartor." Like a revelation, the question suddenly rises within him, Why these haunting fears, these bitter soul-agonies, these hopeless strugglings at the bars of destiny? What, after all, is this world of negation, this "valley of the shadow of death," but the terrestrial kingdom of Satan? What have I to do with Satan but henceforth and forever to manfully defy him, and battle with him in all his developments?

With this there rushed as it were a "stream of fire" over his soul. Inspired with an unknown strength, he uttered an indignant protest, a victorious "Upae Satana," and forthwith his long-tempted soul emerged from the howling wilderness of unbelief, and thereafter took up its abode in the somewhat more habitable regions of—action. "It is from this hour," he exclaims, "that I incline to date my spiritual new birth, or baphometric fire-baptism." He considers it the preliminary act of his true life—the renunciation of all shadows, and especially the falsest of all, the shadow of himself. From that time he conceives his eyes were gradually opened to a new heaven and a new earth. Then he began to understand the divine truth of the universe. It was no longer a machine, a huge involution of forces. It was God's abiding miracle, his "visualized idea," yea, his "living garment," through which he breathed and lovingly manifested himself to his children. Then, too, he began to unriddle the great mystery of existence. Not happiness but blessedness is the highest destiny of the soul. Work, then, is the true evangel of life. 'To all men is it decreed by earnest, faithful work, to body forth the ideal within them, and present it a most acceptable sacrifice before the eternal God of work. To the royal few, the noblest of workers, is it given to stand as anointed priests before the people, as godlike presences interpreting the godlike, and as such forever to be loved, and feared and revered. Thus, after a long, tempestuous voyage, his well-nigh shipwrecked soul anchored at last in the haven of the "Everlasting Yea," within whose precincts he imagines all contradiction is solved, all doubt is lost in labor, and all labor is transfigured to worship.

(To be continued.)

W. W. B.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

OBITUARY.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED IN CLASS-MEETING, ASSEMBLED DEC. 9, '62.

WHEREAS, We have heard with feelings of heart-felt sorrow that it has pleased an All-Wise Providence to remove by death our former classmate and friend, EDWARD LOVELL BARNARD, while in the service of his country; therefore,

Resolved, That we affectionately sympathize with, and tender to his bereaved family our sincere condolence, in this their great sorrow.

Resolved, That as a tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased, and as a token of our esteem for his character, we, the members of this class, will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his afflicted family, and to the daily papers of Worcester, and that a committee of ten be appointed to attend the funeral.

Per order,

CLASS OF '65.

Yale College, Dec. 9, 1862.

These resolutions should have appeared in a previous number of the Lit. They were published, at the time of their adoption, in the New Haven and Worcester papers. It is solely through the neglect of the Committee that they have not been handed in to the Lit. for publication. The Committee regret the oversight, which might well be construed into indifference, were it not known that no one had warmer friends, or was more universally beloved, while among us, than the deceased.

JOHN HANSON THOMPSON died at North Mountain on the 16th of March, 1863. At the time of his death he occupied the position of Orderly Sergeant of Co. A., 106 N. Y. S. V., to which he had risen, from the rank of private, by his great energy, ample military knowledge, and diligence in every duty. Upon a recommendation of all the officers of his regiment, promotion awaited him, with every prospect of speedy advancement, and had his life been spared a few days, he would have received his commission as Lieutenant. He enjoyed, in an unusual degree, the confidence and esteem of his officers and of the men under his charge, and died in the full enjoyment of a Christian trust. Let the remembrance of him as a soldier be always fresh to us, whom he so willingly and ably represented. J. E. C.

The following Resolutions were passed in Class Meeting, assembled March 19th, 1863.

WHEREAS, we have heard with heart-felt sorrow of the death of our late classmate, JOHN HANSON THOMPSON, while in the service of his country; therefore,

Resolved, That we, his classmates, have lost in his death a warm friend and genial companion; and our country, a devoted patriot.

Resolved, That we, who knew him well, can testify to the earnest patriotism and noble ambition which impelled him to leave books and friends that he might devote his life and labor to his country.

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved family our sincere sympathy and condolence.

Resolved, That the Class wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days; and that a committee of six be appointed to attend the funeral; also, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and to the daily papers of New Haven, and to the Yale Literary Magazine, for publication.

Per order,

CLASS OF '65.

Yale College, March 19th, 1863.

THE JUNIOR EXHIBITION

Of the Class of 1864 took place on Wednesday, April 8th; being preceded by the usual Promenade Concert, which, in its character of a complete success, throws well earned credit upon the Committee of Arrangements. The music, by the 22d Reg. Band, was of a decidedly superior cast, particularly on the evening of the Exhibition. Jupiter and Venus, equally with Apollo, smiled kindly upon the new batch of Ciceronians, bringing as tokens of favor, fair weather, and yet fairer maidens. Under a combination of circumstances so uncertain in New Haven, cheered with clear skies, and low tide in Chapel street, thrilled with heavenly glances from bright orbs, inspired by sweetest melody, chief of all—arrayed in glossiest broadcloth, perchance swallow-tailed, how could these orators escape eloquence? And they did not; the Editorial chair backs the assertion; the Editorial table supports it. Alma Mater rose whole flights in the Freshman's imagination, that even *she* contained within her walls such germs of future history and literature; while Sophomores in admiring criticism, rejoiced yet trembled at the thought of emulating all this glory—come the next twelve-month. The speaking of the afternoon agreeably disappointed, and that of the evening ought fully to have satisfied all who have any claims to judge.

The April No. of the Lit. contained the "Order of Exercises," but omitted printing the names of the Committee—viz:

C. L. ATTERBURY,	A. D. MILLER,	C. G. ROCKWOOD,
H. P. BOYDEN,	J. L. PARKE,	J. W. STERLING,
C. H. BURNETT,	I. P. PUGSLEY,	O. S. WHITE.
G. S. MERRIAM,		

Composition Prizes.

The prizes for excellence in English Composition, to the Class of '65, for the first term, have been awarded as follows:

1ST DIVISION.	2D DIVISION.	3D DIVISION.
1st Prize, T. F. Caskey.	W. H. Drury.	{ H. A. Stimson,
2d Prize, J. A. Bent.	J. L. Ewell.	{ W. Stocking.
3d Prize, T. Bulkley.	{ R. P. Keep,	A. McLean.
	{ E. J. Hill.	{ S. S. Martyn,
		{ P. Merrill.

Prize Debates.

The Freshman Prize Debate, of the Brothers, took place on Wednesday evening, May 22d.

Committee of Award:

Rev. E. L. CLEVELAND,

CYRUS NORTHROP, Esq.,

Hon. HENRY B. HARRISON.

Question:—Is a Limited Monarchy, as seen in the Government of Great Britain, preferable to a Republic, as seen in the Government of the United States?

Speakers.

1. F. V. D. Garrettson.

6. E. Y. Hincks.

2. L. Lampman.

7. S. A. Wolcott.

3. C. E. Sherman.

8. G. S. Payson.

4. E. Coffin.

9. T. N. McLean.

5. H. O. Whitney.

10. E. A. Wales.

The 1st Prize was awarded to L. Lampman, the second to F. V. D. Garrettson and E. Hincks, and the third to G. S. Payson.

The Freshman Prize Debate, of Linonia, took place Thursday evening, May 21st.

Committee of Award:

W. L. KINGSLEY, Esq.,

ARTHUR W. WRIGHT, Ph. D.

WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M. D.

Question:—Was our Government justified in going to war with Mexico?

Disputants.

1. C. C. Chatfield,

4. L. Hall,

2. E. B. Bennett,

5. L. C. Wade,

3. C. F. Hartwell,

6. L. Lewis.

The first Prize was awarded to L. C. Wade, the second to L. Hall, and the third to E. B. Bennett.

Of course the speakers realized the momentous consequences that hung upon the decision given, by which many were to make or lose their college reputation, and laid themselves out, accordingly, in most attractive style.

The great problems of Government were discussed without mercy. Most of the pieces possessed the redeeming quality of brevity. While congratulating the successful competitors, we would suggest both to them and to those who did not take a prize, that there is still room for improvement, which may be secured by regularly attending the *weekly debates* in the large societies.

Campaign Elections.

LINONIA.

BROTHERS.

President.

A. H. BUCK.

D. B. LYMAN.

Vice President.

A. B. CLARK.

A. S. WURTS.

Secretary.

J. W. HICKS.

H. A. STIMSON.

Vice Secretary.

C. F. HARTWELL.

E. COFFIN.

Orator.

H. P. BOYDEN.

Censor.

F. E. LOOMIS.

FOR STATEMENT OF FACTS.

Senior Orator.

T. K. BOLTWOOD.

Junior Orator.

F. W. KITTREDGE.

The elections were distinguished for their remarkable unanimity, the only contested office being Linonia's Vice Secretary. It was voted in Linonia to do away with Statement of Facts, which has been a mere farce for many years back, and consequently no orators were appointed for that occasion by the Society.

Race for the Champion Flag.

Agreeable to a challenge sent in to the Varuna Club by the Glyuna at the commencement of the term, a shell race for the possession of that precious little silken treasure, the Champion Flag, took place on Saturday the 6th. The day was most auspicious—the weather, the wind, and the tide being all “quite suited to the occasion,” and the attendance of spectators was certainly never greater, if as great, at any time within our recollection. Moreover the galaxy of beauty, afloat and ashore, was truly exhilarating; and, what with the wherries insinuating themselves everywhere, the barges lazily gliding to and fro, and the sail boats gracefully dodging and chasing one another in all directions, the scene was as lively and pretty a one as we have viewed for many a day.

The race itself, also, was an unusually satisfactory one. For at the word “give way,” the eye was not presented with the unwelcome spectacle of a broken oar or two dragging its ungainly shape along, as the result of the first three or four hurried and almost frenzied strokes, or even of a provoking “crab” grabbing the oar-blade of some incautious enthusiast, and marring the otherwise regular sweep and splash of its fellows; but on this memorable occasion not a rudder was unshipped, not an outrigger bent or broken, not a boat swamped, bumped the buoy, or, strange to say, even *fouled* its neighbor. The race was emphatically a fair one, with no accident to characterize it, and no crimination to follow it.

The three boats which participated in the contest were the Varuna, Glyuna and Nixie; arranged in the order named on a line with the Commodore's barge. All were off at the word; the Varuna with a beautiful start taking the lead, which she kept for some little time. Soon, owing partly at least to a deviation in her course, she was superseded by Glyuna, who maintained her position in the advance throughout the remainder of the course, winning the race in 19 m. 48 s., Varuna's time being 19 m. 55 s. The Nixie, failing to go round the buoy, and coming in the wrong side of the Commodore's boat, was ruled out and her time not taken. Each of the crews seemed to experience in a greater or less degree the want of a coxswain; and the system of having none, many and great as its advantages unquestionably are, appears to us to carry with it at least one disadvantage, viz., the uncertainty and almost impossibility of advancing by an uniformly *direct* motion toward the buoy, or the stake boat—especially on a race.

As the result of this contest Varuna consigns the Champion Flag to her successor, having for the space of a year battled for and kept it in the face of both her rivals. Let her victor do as well.

Editor's Table.

IN accordance with a time-honored custom, it becomes our duty to stand up in a row, toe the mark, make our prettiest bow, and recite in concert something about "our staunch ship *Maga*;" but as we lack time and inclination to cram a set speech, and have neglected to procure swallow-tails for the occasion, we must deny you the pleasure of a rehearsal. There was one time-honored custom, however, which we did not pass over. Every Committee now-a-days must have its supper and why should not we? At the appointed time you may imagine the Board as seated around a well set table, with the Editors from '63, at the New Haven House. We did ample justice to the good cheer provided. In the largeness of our heart we wished you all were there; but in your absence enjoyed ourselves as best we might, in a way suitable to literary characters. When the wee hours of the morning had come, we started in a bee line for home. Oh! what an example to some Com. men, for report says that they walked as if they were in the surveying business, and having previously measured the road lengthways, were trying its *breadth*.

But here we are in the sanctum. There is something in the very word which inspires one with dread. We open the door, casting suspicious glances around, for we are superstitious and are afraid of *devils*. All is quiet, however. The first thing we do is to start down to the Post with a large-sized carpet bag for the numerous articles sent through that medium, so that we may select from them the most choice for your perusal. To our horror we find the box empty, so that we are deprived the privilege of exhibiting our sarcasm upon rejected contributions and their authors. We have put a detective on the watch, for we suspect that some of the "papers" are hooking our articles and making their reputation therefrom. Our next search is for the "chip-basket" from which to draw jokes and stories both new and old. A basket we find, indeed, and some shavings; but they are more woody than intellectual in their texture. We solace ourselves with the reflection that we were green to expect such things. Of course the basket we had heard so much about was our head. Time and again we sit down to the Editorial table in the Editorial chair, and wait for inspiration; but it was only such as Morpheus gives. "It was very like waiting for a watchman; when you want him you may wait all day, and never light upon him." We have read somewhere that inspiration comes like water from a seemingly dry place, viz., by pumping. But our pump arraignment works no better than that of Divinity College. So we are fain to leave all our hopes of exciting your admiration by new coined jokes, and assume the character of historian and critic. Subject matter for remark is fortunately never wanting. We have not only our great occasions of state, but also our daily life, rich in interest. As the warm summer weather invites us out into the open air, the enthusiastic admirers of nature are improving their opportunities for excursions. Your Editor has often been envious when he has seen the walking boots put on, or the fishing tackle taken down, preparatory to some great exploit; and has almost been persuaded to overcome his laziness and join in the

sport. He has also his time of triumph, when the tired and dusty pedestrian comes limping back with blistered feet; or the hungry fisherman, after having made great outlays in baits and boats, returns with a mongrel assortment of fish, varying in size from a darning-needle to a good sized angle worm, feeling as proud over his spoils as a kitten over its first mouse.

Then we have our boating clubs. How pretty they look with their blue shirts and pants girt 'round with a leathern belt, much resembling a dog's collar, upon which is registered his name and place. But the long walk to and from the water takes away all enthusiasm from most men after Freshman year. A spasmodic life seems to be given to boating on race days; but even this transient enthusiasm is usually dampened either by the rain or by some accident. Indeed, a majority of our races, to which we are glad to say the last was an exception, are unsatisfactory. The motto of most clubs seems to be "victory by *foul* means or fair." "That new boat house is going to reform the Yale Navy;" as yet we can't see it. It does seem a pity that the harbors and the fields, in short, all nature's great outdoor gymnasium cannot be brought within a "Sabbath day's journey" of College. But seeing "'tis as 'tis," we can but admire their pluck, and wish success to those who are not to be discouraged by such difficulties.

It always was a pleasure to lie under the old elms, to smoke, and build air-castles, but alas, though the birds sing and "fine days" are as plenty as old clothes, he who lounges upon the inviting grass, does so at his peril. Everything seems alive with worms. They occupy every leaf, and hang in festoons from the branches. You can feel them crush under your feet as you walk. They hang suspended over the walks by single threads, just high enough to light upon you as you pass. They occupy posts against which one is accustomed to lean. They accompany you to church and to dinner, leisurely measuring your length and breadth, and when they are done, perch impudently upon your shoulder for a scrooze. It does not require a very great stretch of imagination to see and feel them everywhere. Several times we have thought we detected a slight wriggling motion in our asparagus. Sometimes, in our zeal to remove these ungraceful appendages from the apparel of our young lady friends, we came very near enacting the tragedy of "Hodge and the Blue Bottle." It has been suggested that there is a second "Diet of Worms." We crawl all over with fear for the result, but hope for a Reformation.

Our catalogue of eccentric visitors has been increased by the advent of the great Phrenologist, to whom Fowler and Wells are mere nobodies. His sojourn was brilliant but short. His rich delineations of character he considered too good to waste on isolated cases. He found remarkable similarity in all our heads, as if they had been candles run in the same mould. He had a peculiar faculty in finding protuberances in the posterior portion of the caput, with the same old speech thereupon, which soon getting played out, he sought new and unexplored regions.

The long procession, which takes its way twice a week to Alumni Hall, coupled with the great demand for Junior books, borrowed or stolen as the case may be, announces that the last days of '63 among us have come. Our ears are molested with no night-wailings or tolling of bells in the morning, a change which every undergraduate roomer in College must hail with delight. The great question of class pictures, so long mooted, has resulted in an agreement to disagree. We have

some curiosity to see the class book made up of cartes and steel plates; it will look, we fancy, more strange than elegant.

The fence is still the favorite Senior resort, while Ajax, Achilles and other Græcian heroes delight the assembled worthies in their contests for the prize. It calls to mind the feats of their great ancestors in wrestling, boxing and running, feats of which Homer sung.

We remember when we were small, how, when cold weather came, we used to drive the chickens from their airy out-door perches to warmer quarters in the hen-house. There always were some old roosters that persisted in sitting on the fence, in spite of consequences. The Faculty, in their praise-worthy attempts to make the right side of Chapel street passable by dispersing the squad of presented knees, which inspires such terror in the fair sex that have the courage to run the gauntlet, have also met with some old roosters, who, in spite of consequences, persist in keeping their old perch. Experience, however, has taught them discretion; they pursue the Fabian policy, modestly retiring as the enemy approaches, but resuming the old position when the danger is past. A few mornings since, the fence, the bone of contention, was found prostrate; as there was no wind on the previous night we were at a loss to account for it. It was suggested that it had been removed to give place to a new iron one; we have heard since, however, that the movement was rather premature. So the old fence has been patched up temporarily, while some fellows have been sent away for—the iron. There was once a sharp old detective, who lined his pockets with fish-hooks, assumed the air of a well-to-do up-country gent, and made himself conspicuous in all crowds and gatherings. Of course he was looked upon by the fancy as a prize, and they were not slow in putting their hands in his pockets; the trap was so contrived that, while ingress was easy, egress was impossible. When his victim was secured, the officer would suggest a quiet walk to the nearest police-station. Like a skillful angler as he was, he sometimes caught two fish at a haul, one in each pocket. The idea occurs to us that if barbs were driven in the College fence, quite a fine and novel lot of game might be secured. We charge nothing for the suggestion. It is sad to think such painful measures must be resorted to, but they seem necessary if of (f) fences come.

Our Junior boat, which has hitherto glided so lazily along, has struck a snag called Logic, and is unable to reckon its course by the stars, owing to an unpleasant optical delusion which distresses all the crew. It remains to be seen whether dark Lectures cultivate best the intellectual or social qualities. Many seem disposed to mutiny, but after all are surprised at the amount of brains developed under their present treatment; as an example look at the following:—The intensiveness of concepts, man and tailor being under discussion, it was argued that the former embraced more than the latter, because "it takes nine tailors to make a man." Quite a discussion also arose as to whether the distinction between a categorical and dogmatical judgment arises from the difference between the feline and canine *species*. Notwithstanding their arduous labors, the class is enjoying itself generally, only wishing Spoon Exhibition would come that they might take their girls to see it.

We are waiting anxiously for the Sophomores to come out with their Biennial hats. Hoping they will soon give us an opportunity to discuss some renowned exploit of theirs, we pass them hurriedly by, fearing to disturb their cramming.

We learn that the Freshmen are almost disgusted with Yale. Their sufferings during the first term they could endure, but the idea of giving up Powwow seems in the eyes of many, a sacrifice of their most cherished hopes. While we condole them, we would advise them to do nothing rash just to show their daring. The attempted suppression of "Burial of Euclid" was at first considered as an uncalled for and tyrannical act on the part of the Faculty, but the better and larger portion of College approves it to-day. Although we do not consider Powwow as vicious in itself, yet every man's observation bears witness that it is assuming a more and more objectionable character every year; taking more time in its preparation, more money to carry it on, and attended, as we believe, with a greater amount of dissipation than formerly. Students often speak of the Faculty in no flattering terms, yet we allow no one, not a Yalensian, to speak disparagingly of them.

The fact is, we all know that our instructors have the best interests of ourselves and the College at heart. While our Freshmen friends, then, may justly feel sorry to give up their jubilation, we honestly believe that they will, not many years hence, consider it as an honor to their class that they did away with one of our College barbarisms. We cannot help wishing that we had more opportunities of having a good time, such as Presentation and Spoon, and we think that one or more such legitimate public play-spells for each class, would do more for College morality than all the "Blue Laws" put in force again.

Trusting we shall have a pleasant voyage together throughout the year, and that you will not forget to walk up to the Captain's office and settle when the bell rings, we are your friends,

THE EDITORS.

EXCHANGES.

The usual exchanges have been received. We recommend "The Atlantic" and "Vanity Fair" as peculiarly suited for College reading.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Several articles, designed for this number, have been remitted us at too late an hour for publication, and will appear in our next issue. Soliciting your articles for the Lit., we yet would kindly insist on receiving them during the third and first half of the fourth week of each month.

28 First Commencement 1680
Commencement of Class of '83

VOL. XXVIII.

NO. VIII.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens greta manet, nomen laudis in Yalensse
Cantant Supplex, unanimique PATRES."

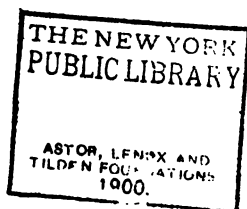
JULY, 1863.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII.

JULY, 1863.

No. VIII.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '64.

M. C. D. BORDEN,

L. GREGORY,

S. C. DARLING,

G. S. MERRIAM,

A. D. MILLER.

Here and Hereafter.

I CAN write no essay. Thirty years hence, perhaps, but not to-day. To all my follies let not *this* be added. Several simple, valuable thoughts on a subject quite complex and important; thoughts, perchance, getting their worth from very commonness.

Entered at the academy, a student sincerely feels and says "Here," and from that very instant, even before his first recitation, thinks of Yale or Harvard under the dim guise of his "Hereafter." Graduated from the academy, we find him in the cars for New Haven or Cambridge, and now upon a scale, smaller but no less perfect, the same fact is true. At every mediate town, he inwardly remarks "Here," and thinks several hours ahead of his "Hereafter," the place of destination. Entered at College, he experiences the same feeling, and through a vista of seven years, looks into the window of a lawyer's office, at the bedside of some weak one, or over the heads of a crowded auditory, at himself in Pulpit. This his next "Hereafter."

To what principle, now, shall we refer these visual lines of Hope, emanating from every college window, before, behind, from South to Divinity—reaching villages and cities in every State—intersecting almost everywhere, at almost every angle, and with almost every

velocity—the tangled network of Ambition in six hundred warm, young souls—covering the continent more completely than railway or electric line ?

They are the manifestations and proofs of an universal principle within the soul ; a principle both destructive and formative, both help and clog, success and failure. In the matter of mere worldly success, I believe it leads to the latter rather than the former. It *most certainly* does, if by failure we may understand our lack of realizing the fullest and most legitimate results of our ability. Thought, purpose, desire, are always ahead of genuine labor. The former calls for only so much exertion as a sluggard can easily put forth, in the interval of noon naps, without moving an inch. The latter is the energetic avowal of that man who sees Life and Eternity one and the same.

Workers are the only individuals who may reasonably hope, and rarely are their aspirations over-heated. They work patiently and intelligently. By and by they learn the true guage of their strength and its largest possible rate of increase, and even then, if, in an enthusiastic moment, they exaggerate it a little, they yet will never distort their expectancy into superhuman and abnormal proportion. They paint a life-picture which would form but *shading* to our *glaring* portraiture. In every department of industry this may be predicated with surety, as a comprehensive rule, that the more we labor, the more rational and relative become our expectations. Mental and physical development necessarily reveal, in clear and well-defined light, the respective degrees of their power. The methodic gymnast will tell you, with considerable accuracy, how much he may expect to gain in physical power, within a certain period. He has faithful data, drawn from close observation upon past endeavor. Yet will he never overleap in hope the fixed limit of bodily tension. Though with a Winship he may press hard upon a ton, he will not picture himself dragging along an iron church by the steeple thereof. Men of toil, then, constitute the only class who have a right to look forward to a fair, and perhaps extraordinary future. They alone will form a rational and legitimate estimate of their "Hereafter."

In college, however, the case is quite reversed. The majority of us are unwarranted in anticipating a very powerful or peculiar life. For the proof of this fact, we are referred to the lives of alumni ; lives of great respectability and influence, it is granted, but yet quite meagre and disproportionate when compared with what they ought to have been, and most of all so, when contrasted with that ideal which they had formed for themselves during their college course. Here

most surely the exception proves the rule. But not to call in external evidence, what is the complexion of *our* general college life? Judging from that rightful principle alone, present deportment, what conclusion shall we, or rather *must* we draw? If the sum total of our future, be like that of our past career, the world need not look to us as the originators and guards of any popular reform. They need not expect other than that, in the quietude of a moderate life, we shall all be gathered to our graves.

At this point I would not be misunderstood. The fault rests only in a lack of application. Brain enough there is. Head-works capable and furnished. Only no foreman. It is generally understood among the uneducated, and not perhaps without considerable good sense, that every one who enters upon a collegiate course, comes at the instance of discriminating friends, who see in him an ability which is at least slightly more than ordinary. "Scholarship and a cultured literary taste," say they, "may be a pleasurable accompaniment of tailoring or boot-making, but little do we urge these graces as necessary qualifications. To college for a profession not for a trade. To college those, who, of a superior order of mind, are meant for a higher employment, and this not to the disparagement of us tradesmen and merchants. Fools would we be to calumniate ourselves." The unanimous averment of the world, and those who, by our lack of twenty-one, have the right to send us here, is that we are qualified by our intrinsic endowment, after seven years' *drill*, to be of great blessing to the communities in which we shall reside.

Three causes of this inactivity press upon our attention. The first, our excessive contemplation of others. Not that we can help looking at them. The mind must be conscious of some kind of excellence, external to itself, and wonderful wisdom is displayed in this aptitude. The best and quickest way of belittling a man is to keep his mind turned inward upon himself. Flatterers are more dangerous than assassins. Comparatively few men will have their lives endangered by the latter class. Nearly every man, by the honied poison of the former. It is a common fact, that whenever a truly great man is thrown into their company, as soon as he perceives his neighborhood, he either quits or removes it. It is absolutely necessary, then, that we should direct our attention, to a certain extent, upon others. The only fear we may have, is that we shall be unable to determine the exact degree and manner of such regard. If we look not at all, we are self-swallowed. If we attend to them exclusively, we are absorbed wholly in them, and losing our own individuality, become the mere instrument

of their life, their retainers. Liveried, we drive them about and exhibit them. We are only 'homines;' they are 'viri,' around whose persons we revolve submissive satellites, possessed in no degree of the checked enterprise of our brethren in the solar system, who have at the least, a little centrifugal force, and would rush off on their own responsibility, if they could. But we have at last no such impulse, and gradually, by mean passivity, lose that independence which we received at birth, until approaching nearer and nearer to our sun, we rush pell-mell to his surface, and ten chances to one, settle not upon the mountain-top of a virtue, as we had expected, but upon the pestilential bosom of a marsh, stagnant with vice and ingratitude, a profitable squatter to his solar majesty. Yet there we are, and must ever remain, ultimately sharing in no degree that friendship which our regard for him should have merited.

In scholarship and literary ability there are indeed those, within the college-pale, who should receive the respect and esteem of their fellows. Not a single one, however, who should exclusively command the thoughts or regard of any of us. We are all, even the best of us, under a preliminary and disciplinary course of instruction. We hardly are out of the limits of mental boyhood, and are only in the veal-period, as an English doctor expresses it. With respect to students and Israelites, it won't do to worship calves. They would have made a golden *ox*, I sincerely believe, had they cared to spare the gold and undertake a larger job. Yes, while we are worshipping, let us have the whole figure; worship a Milton, a Shakspeare, not a Sophomoric prize-man, who most of all, if he be reflective, feels himself to be a prose pigmy in comparison. Instead of wasting our time in thinking what some of our fellows are doing, what lightning rushes they are making, what faultless models of composition they produce, even in an hour's mental 'bumming,' let us have a higher pattern. I lingered of a summer evening at the doorway of an Indian wigwam. Far out over the sea which encircled the isle where he had lived for nearly a century, hung a cloudlet claspt in caresses of silver moonlight. In the converse of a single hour, a lesson was imparted, which should never be forgotten. I had asked him what lent his bow its strength and why he made his arrow so long. Pointing to that cloud, the aged Passamaquoddy replied, "me make 'em for cloud." Truly suggestive was the reply. Shooting at cloud or zenith, our arrow shall overcome the tree-top.

With a firm hand, and a keen-edged knife, then, let us perform a most delicate act of self-surgery, and separate ourselves from others;

living in the bonds of warm friendship and respect with them, but proposing no closer ties. *With* them and yet not *of* them.

A second cause consists in a false conception of the purport of collegiate education, and indeed for this error there seems to be somewhat of an excuse. The early period at which very many of us enter college is one characterized by very indefinite views of certain subjects. Among these is that of the relation existing between the early and later stages of life. In reality, the former portion should partake more largely of hard labor and stern regimen than the latter. Then must there be that rough and painful inworking, which shall destroy many a favored conceit and joyous fancy—which shall contradict our self-judgment—which shall quite entirely change the constitution of the mind itself—wisely and rigorously constraining it into channels of freest and most effectual activity. A working which we shall *feel*, as the weeks slip away. But the outward manifestations of inward power and aptness, are later. The ball is not fired until the cannon itself be first cast. College life, then, is the inmost, most radical, corrective, and intense phase of human life. It should attach to itself all the sacredness and awful responsibility of the truest reformation. Into the hands of experienced masters we commit our minds. In four years shall those minds receive impress for eternity. Just what we make of ourselves while here, or just what we let be made of us, we shall, in the main, continue to be hereafter. Few however of us realize, in any adequate degree, the sanctity of this relationship. We look upon the time, in too many instances, as so many weeks or months through which we must avoid expulsion, studying enough for this purpose and no more. We forget that each hour, relatively, may shape the character and issue of a whole week in the future. We come here to obtain, at the least possible exertion, a diploma, which may prove as a letter of recommendation for us, if we are obliged to seek any position in after life; or if there be no need of that, and we can live in ease, that our previous course here may cast a scholarly and liberal reputation upon us. That such is the result of a degree, we admit. A great help is it to a man to append A. B. to his name, or to have an envelope thus directed to him. But this is mere external gain. Trash it is in comparison with a well-ordered mind. So long as we dwell upon collegiate education as the means to the one, we must fail of appreciating its true import with reference to the other. Were we impressed, however, with the solemnity of mental development, in its relation to future success and happiness; could we feel ourselves as thus sporting with tragic issue, the hand would oftener

turn the leaf of the lexicon, and we should attain, at length, the dignity of true and earnest labor.

The only remaining cause to which we can now allude, lies in our misconception of a failure in recitation. A rush, we will suppose, has its excellence abruptly displayed by an unequivocal fizzle, or a downright flunk. The seeming unfortunate desponds. That brilliant recital has made him believe what he should *not* believe. It has, perhaps, confirmed his despair of ever reciting well. He feels that he must have some inward defect or inaptitude of mind which utterly precludes success. A very rash though common influence. But who may tell us that the former student has derived more benefit from the recitation than the latter? I will believe no fair and candid scholarship capable of casting the accusing stone. If the poor reciter has devoted hard and patient labor to the preparation of that lesson, and then by some untoward circumstance has failed of giving a clear and satisfactory exposition of the result of that labor, what *serious* matter is it? The criterion of merit, by which alone a judgment of recitations, in their effect upon the scholar, should be rated, is the degree of careful study which has been expended upon them. Many have left this college with a low appointment, who have derived more benefit from their exertions than some who received high orations. Their internal improvement has been greater. For this reason they have had a larger influence upon their world. They had been quiet and studious, unmarked by any scholarly grace, but silent labor stamped them nobly with its honest glory. No disparagement is here offered inactive genius. I have but adverted to a fact too often overlooked by many of us, in our moments of despondency.

A mere glance at the causes to which reference has been made, will reveal much for our encouragement. They are by no means essential or permanent in their nature, but are wholly transient and extrinsic. A resolute student will throw off the habits they have been inducing upon him. The noble and powerful countenances of great men, looking down upon him while at his labors; of men who once learned their alphabet but did not *stop* there; who tugged and wearied and resting toiled again, until a forceful culture compelled the slow approval of an opposing world; an earnest, honorable sense of inward defect and of inward remedy too—these will be among the first influences to lift him up out of that dishonorable and inert monotony which may have heretofore marked his life.

Thus, imperfectly, have we seen the irrationality of that Hereafter which we paint for ourselves from the pigment of present laziness, and

have investigated several prominent causes of the inactivity which alone renders that picture unreasonable. May no one of us suppose then that that chasm of character which coldly divides our Real from our Ideal, may be overleapt in the twinkling of an eye—that we shall hereafter come to the realization of our hope or purpose as uninterruptedly and easily as we do in mere thought. Pillars, walls, roof, are never automatic. Never will they spring, of their own accord, from the crude pile, into a Temple of Life.

S. C. D.

Carlyle and His Religion.

(Concluded.)

Carlyle's spiritual history is a realization of the palingenesia of his great German teacher—the process by which the soul is to rise above the objective and learn to satisfy itself with the subjective truths of its position; in a word, the doctrine of self-sufficiency, the religion of self-righteousness. His strong, independent mind eagerly seized and pursued this philosophic plan of salvation. With a mournful interest we see him turn from the old Scotch Kirk of his forefathers, with its immutable God of the Bible and equally immutable articles of belief, to wander in that wild, enchanted desert of skepticism, where, one by one, the stars of his former faith go out, and his doubting, bewildered soul gropes blindly hither and thither for some new Calvary amid the fast gathering darkness of despair. With a painful disappointment, too, we perceive that he counts as his deliverance, not a sense of victory over but a mere consciousness of battle with the powers of unbelief, and that the spiritual world in which he finally rejoices boasts no higher deity than the God of pantheism, no truer revelation than the nobility of work, and no purer worship than a boundless admiration for heroic workers. "Truly," to quote his own nervous, half-prophetic language, "a thinking man is the worst enemy the Prince of darkness can have. Every time such a one announces himself, I doubt not there runs a shudder through the nether empire, and new emissaries are trained with new tactics, to, if possible, entrap him, and hoodwink and handcuff him."

Carlyle, however, considers his spiritual struggles and sorrows as a sort of forty-days' temptation, necessary to the full development of his soul, and from which he emerged, purified through much suffering, disciplined by many conflicts, to commence his great apostolic work. With a fiery, Mahomet-like earnestness, he girded up his loins for his ministry, and forthwith proclaimed his gospel of, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees." He felt that his was not the age to utter glad tidings of peace, which should tickle men's ears and be laid as a delightful unction to their consciences. He saw that the seeds of thought, sown by the encyclopedists and mechanical philosophers, had sprung up in an abundant harvest of skepticism and hypocrisy; that literature was fast degenerating into a vanity fair, where literary hucksters displayed their wares and counted the gains therefrom; that religion was too generally but a Sabbath-day garment, worn as a species of defense against the eternal horrors; that society was a mere imbroglío of frivolities and conventionalities, having for its god Mammon and its bible public opinion. He conceived that his generation had become barren, unspiritual and idolatrous, and that it was for him to appear, like Schiller's ideal artist, "not to delight it with his presence, but, dreadful as the son of Agamemnon, to purify it." This consciousness of a great evil to oppose, and his authority to oppose it, has to this day invested Carlyle with a singular power and energy. He speaks with the bold, startling vehemence of a prophet, fully convinced of the importance and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his divine calling. With his views of the nineteenth century, it is not strange that his writings should exhibit him chiefly as a reformer. He comes, indeed, as a genuine breaker of idols, armed like Thor with a thunder-hammer, and assailing with pitiless strokes the most venerable citadels of superstition and error. Whatever his heart acknowledges as false and inane, his strong arm is instantly uplifted to strike and dash in pieces. Every temple in which no longer the presence of Divinity abides, or the voice of true worship ascends, every creed which is no longer a living testament of men's faith, but a dead formula of men's words, is to him an abomination, fit only for the everlasting burning.

In his fierce crusade against hypocrisy and cant, he denounces all forms, traditions, hearsays and opinions, everything, in fact, upon which the mind is inclined to fasten and acknowledge as absolute truth. He believes in nothing but strong, earnest manhood, and to his mind all these are as filthy rags, which but defile and obscure the divine Image—a threadbare mantle with which an age, whose very

heart is diseased, and whose whole body is fast declining in paralysis and death, is striving to cover itself and conceal its deformities.

Amid his frantic efforts to abolish what he calls the lifeless letter of religion, Carlyle, however, seizes every opportunity to enunciate what he believes to be the vital spirit of religion. He comes not only as a destroyer of old, but, to some extent, as a builder of new altars, though it must be acknowledged that both the inscription engraved and fire burned thereon are of a somewhat questionable character. The evangel that he proclaims, which is after all not so much a peculiar system of faith as detached passages of a peculiar revelation, is for the most part an anglicized version of the Goethean philosophy. He recognizes all religious beliefs as genuine, inasmuch as they have the great element of sincerity, but teaches that only by the union of the ethnic, philosophic and Christian can a complete religion be evolved.

Though denying the absolute nature of truth, and the sufficiency of any formula of faith to endure for all ages, he strenuously insists upon man's spiritual necessities, and his constant responsibility to an infinite God. With prophetic earnestness he attests the awful significance of life as a brief moment snatched from eternity, fraught with high duties, encompassed with stern necessities, and determining to every man immortal destinies.

With somewhat of apocalyptic splendor he unfolds the wonderfulness of nature, with its deep-hidden, resistless forces, its many-voiced waters, and starry depths of immensity. With deep, sincere reverence, also, he alludes to that "noblest Godlike form of man," and that "worship of sorrow, whose temple, founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures; nevertheless," he continues, "in a low crypt, arched out of fallen fragments, thou findest the altar still there and its sacred lamp perennially burning." Notwithstanding this and a few similar passages would betoken a devout prostration of soul before the Author of our faith, yet we discover in his writings no recognition of the incarnate life-word of God, no acceptance of the atoning sacrifice of Calvary. The sum total of Carlyle's absolute belief may, we fear, be embodied in a single sentence—*This transient existence, this changing universe, is a divine, inexplicable mystery.* Exhorting the world to stifle its aspirations after more important truth, and recommending as an outlet to its devotional instincts, the adoration of heroes, he proclaims this as the one immutable verity, and the end, therefore, of all spiritual excellence.

We can not close this imperfect sketch of Carlyle's religious growth

and opinions without adverting in a few words to his present position as a religious teacher. That the influence of his writings is great, almost unexampled in the history of modern literature, must be acknowledged. Although their furious attacks upon received forms and doctrines have alienated nearly all believers in the Christian revelation and the established systems of philanthropy, yet their peculiar depth of insight, their vivid paintings of character, their earnest pleadings for the spiritual, and fearless denunciations of all insincerity and epicurian morality, have made them read and admired, if not accepted by men of all sects and conditions. Their glowing thoughts have already burned themselves like living coals into the very heart of our literature, while their bold, vehement utterances are fast becoming the inspiration and the watch-words of nearly every class of modern progressionists.

Notwithstanding all this, we believe that the Jupiter Tonans of Chelsea occupies but a temporary throne. His thunder-bolts have been skillfully forged and hurled with terrible promiscuousness, but be it remembered that the crown is decreed, not to the destroyer but to the reformer and upbuilder. If Carlyle would become a teacher of the nineteenth Christian century, he must present us a nobler mandate than "work thou in well-doing," a sublimer life-song than Goethe's "Mason Lodge," a more satisfactory creed than that which wrings from the soul of the Laureate-doubter the bitter confession—

"I falter where I firmly trod,
And, tolling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God,
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

Carlyle's Gospel of Negation, with its sincerities, chivalries, immensities and eternities, may do much to strengthen and enforce, but can never supersede that ampler, holier, and "more sure word of prophecy." While his influence may prove pernicious to those who have never experienced that higher knowledge which he refuses to recognize, it can not in the least undermine the true spirit of Christianity, which rises far above the clouds that limit his vision, to that serene region where doubt is lost in triumphant faith, and all is glorious with the rays of the Sun of righteousness.

W. W. B.

THE DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.

*Loyalty to the State and Allegiance to an Individual
Compared.*

BY LEANDER TROWBRIDGE CHAMBERLAIN, WEST BROOKFIELD, MASS.

ANALYSIS.

- I. Origin and true conception of Loyalty to the State.
- II. Origin and nature of Allegiance to an individual.
- III. Adaptation of each to the wants of a progressive Civilization.
 - (a) As shown by speculative analysis.
 - (b) As illustrated by History.
- IV. Power of each in National Crises.
 - (a) Decline in Patriotism and Public Spirit.
 - (b) Resistance to oppressive Government.
 - (c) Factious conspiracy and rebellion.
 - (d) Attacks of foreign power.
- V. Allegiance to an individual not an essential element in a permanent and prosperous State.

ORATION.

THE nature of man is the foundation of the State. Antagonisms which lie at the very basis of our being, rise by a Divine appointment to find in social and political order their harmony and natural working. Man commences his rational existence with an individual character which he can by no possibility lay aside. Intellectual and moral personality is his distinctive honor. But not less essentially is man a social being. His instincts and his necessities, forbid isolation. And thus because he cannot forego his personality, yet must remain in intimate relationship with men free and responsible like himself, there arises the necessity of mutual restraints. The liberty of each must be made consistent with the equal freedom of all. In this natural, inevitable relation of rational beings is involved a recognition of Rights. The individual, retaining his preferences and independent will, demands, with an instinctive sense of fairness, that these be subjected to limitation only so far as the Public welfare actually requires. The Public welfare in its turn demands that, thus far, the individual surrender at

•

once his personal claims. This earliest conception of an organized community—this jural society—is the incipient State. Its generic idea is civil rights; its basis is Justice.

To carry, now, the State from potentiality into actual fact, rights must not only be recognized but enforced, and justice must be enacted into law. The State, then, always means Government. Not necessarily this or that specific organization, for individual governments may cease to embody the State; but all governments whose bond is law and whose end is the protection of rights.

Loyalty to the State, therefore, is not devotion to a mere abstraction but to government and established order. And yet loyalty is not a blind submission but a law-abiding fidelity. It is not servitude but obedience. The word itself interprets the service it requires. It has come down through all its perversions to tell us of the old Anglo-Norman *loi* or *law*, and to find again its truest use in the cause of constitutional freedom.

There is, however, another theory of political society offering a different centre of attachment and a different bond of union. It is proposed to make an individual the object of the citizens' allegiance. The doctrine of Allegiance to an individual is derived originally from personal attachment. It lays the foundation of government in the admiring reverence which the possession of superior power or worth instinctively awakens in the human soul. The rights of subjects are, indeed, to be protected—for no society can exist for a moment which does not recognize some principle of justice—but this is to be secured by entrusting them to the care of the sovereign. By many links, or by one, each member of the State is bound in fealty to his person.

If we trace the adaptation of these two theories to the wants of a progressive civilization, we shall find the law of their divergence appearing in unmistakable distinctness. There may be indefinite blendings in their successive development, yet in their culmination they stand forth as the characteristics of separate periods in the great system of progress.

The age in which a people is emerging from the darkness of barbarism is universally an age of struggle and unrest. The awakening forces are, moreover, isolated and conflicting. The imperative necessity in this initiatory period is evidently some controlling power which shall turn anarchy into recognized system. Authority and obedience are felt to be the safeguards of society. In a civilization thus rudimentary, these essential elements are supplied in the superiority which distinguishes certain individuals. Here are the natural centres, around

which the social and political chaos may crystallize into growing order. Restraint by naked force is better than the absence of all control. But such personal Allegiance of the weak to the strong, of the inferior to the superior, is plainly of a more exalted nature than obedience to mere power. It has within it something of that higher element which servitude itself cannot wholly destroy. And yet, even in this earliest stage, the radical evils of the system are apparent. In its theory it commits the grave mistake of confounding personal and political rights, while thus to elevate an individual to a well-nigh irresponsible, though petty, sovereignty, is practically to allow ambition to fortify its power, until it may compel an Allegiance it no longer deserves.

But civilization cannot stop with local order. The Nation, in its integrity and organic distinctness, is absolutely essential. To meet this necessity the sphere of Allegiance is proportionately expanded. By a gradation of oaths and tenures the whole political society is bound to *one* individual. There is now a national system, yet in reality disjointed and insecure. Under the external unity there is virtual disintegration. To correct this final mischief the sovereign may receive from all his subjects an oath of direct Allegiance. Yet the hazards of the system have increased with its simplicity. Let a departure by the sovereign from his pledged faith, or death, annul the compact, and there is no power to preserve the coherence and unity of the State. The prize of supremacy is again thrown open to the fierce competition of personal popularity and personal power.

If, however, we have mistaken the nature of fealty; if the obligation be not thus voluntary, but there exist an original Allegiance due from every subject to his hereditary sovereign—an Allegiance which no change of time or circumstances can revoke—then, from a loose association the national polity becomes a despotic centralism. Civil Liberty is turned to ghastly derision, and the right of resistance, which before might become a veto upon the very existence of government, is now utterly destroyed.

When, therefore, society is contending with the lawlessness of barbarism, or an unenlightened nation is learning by painful experience the nature and practice of self-government, the doctrine of Allegiance finds its adaptation and value. But Christianity and a better civilization, rising to a loftier conception of the character and mission of the State, will seek for it a broader foundation and a more enduring bond. Allegiance with its chivalrous associations may linger to supplement and adorn, but its ruling power will be transferred to other forces.

If we turn, now, to Loyalty to the State, we find its recognition, as

an intelligent principle of action, to be the mark of a progress in which political organization has already become a familiar experience, and the impulse of feeling has been subjected to philosophy and reason. While from the elemental strife of the social forces there has arisen a higher civilization, there has, also, been gradually evolved the idea of the State in its true jural character—that sovereign authority whose command is law, and whose function is the maintenance of order and civil rights. That which in Allegiance was the unconscious or dimly apprehended desire has now become the grand, central purpose. There may still be attachment to a person and reverence for an office, but these are now the accessories of a mightier power—loyalty to that *idea* of which the person is only a minister and the office a type.

The two prime conditions on which civilization itself depends are individual and social well-being. That political principle, therefore, which is destined to co-exist with the march of human progress must vindicate its subservience to these fundamental interests. But the very corner-stone on which Loyalty rests the validity of its claims is the worth of the individual. It teaches that for the welfare of the individual soul, governments have their being; that for this laws are framed and armed with penal power. It bids the citizen remember that it is because he has rights that the State exists. Yet thus exalting man above the institutions of society it hinges their rightful authority upon no mere choice or compact. The State is seen to derive its inalienable sanction from the primal law of man's organization and life. It is seen to be a practical necessity; and not only a practical necessity but a divine provision. Loyalty is, indeed, voluntary, yet the obligation is imperative. While, then, the nobility of man is the central thought, it is made no destructive theory but the inspiration of social progress. On the foundation of human rights is built a government pure and energetic—a State whose activities are blended in that organic union which is the last perfection of strength.

That such is the essential relation between civilization and the contrasted principles of Loyalty to the State and Allegiance to an individual, appears as the verdict not only of speculative analysis, but of universal history. The legends of early Greece afford us glimpses of a society in which the Hellenic tribes were gathered about a few central personalities, with no bond of government save attachment to their chiefs. But all that wondrous civilization succeeding the Heroic age was marked by devotion to the State, though in the impetuous temperament of the Greek it appeared, at times, less a principle than an instinct and passion. In the days of the Roman Republic the highest

oath of fidelity was to the Senate and Roman people. It was not until under the Empire public liberty had been destroyed and the national virtue corrupted, that Allegiance was to the Emperor alone. Rome bequeathed the principle to her savage conquerors. It found its way to the forests of Germany and the North. It crossed with the Saxons to England. But when its painful discipline had reduced society to coherent order, it everywhere gave way for Loyalty to that State which, under its auspices, had grown into visible distinctness.

But while such is the final teaching of history, it is yet needful to remember that the development of the national life is neither ideally complete nor attained by an undisturbed advancement. The path to perfect civilization is ever through revolutions and reverses, through inward trials and outward conflicts. It is necessary, then, that in these inevitable *CRISES*, the principle which is made the foundation of political faith shall, at once, possess a regulative and inspiring power.

Among the decisive stages of the national existence is that period when a mercenary avarice, or a sensuous refinement, has succeeded to the simplicity, the intellectual and moral earnestness, of an earlier era. In the clear vision of the patriot it is seen to be a crisis whose issues are momentous as the national existence itself. To what shall he appeal to arrest the fatal decline? What re-invigorating power can restore arterial freshness to the currents of political life? Is it Allegiance to an individual? The imperative necessity is rather a return of that genuine public spirit which shall banish factious strife and recreate the nation in fidelity to the public welfare. You remember that when Demosthenes, in the midst of corruption and decline, was pleading for the salvation of Greece, his inspired appeal was to no sentiment of attachment to persons, but to that loyalty to the State, that love of country, which might not only have vanquished Phillip, but restored the fountains of political virtue to their earlier purity.

The crisis, however, may present itself in a different character. Government, under all its forms, is the repository of actual power. It has thus a natural tendency to seek to extend its supremacy to the extremest limit. If, now, this tendency be allowed to culminate in oppression, it will be met, in the last resort, by a resistance whose weapon is force and whose law is necessity. The conflict may be delayed, yet its coming is inevitable. And when it comes there is but one principle which can save revolution from becoming anarchy and lawless revenge. Allegiance to an individual at such an hour of decisive struggle has lost its controlling power. The sovereign who was the acknowledged embodiment of government is now himself on

trial. In the fictions of courtly lawyers he may be incapable of doing or thinking wrong; but Justice pronounces him a tyrant. He may point to statutes which place him above the tribunals of law; yet the public will arraigns him at its bar. In the moment of fiercest excitement society is thus compelled to abandon its cherished theories. But let a people have incorporated the teachings of Loyalty into their daily life; let them have learned in the great school of free citizenship the two-fold lesson of obedience and liberty, order and rights, justice and government; and though oppression be overthrown, the foundation of legitimate authority remains unshaken. It was under the Empire that the doctrine of Allegiance was made a living power, yet the Romans expelled Tarquin, murdered Cæsar, and made the destruction of tyrants an offering sacred to the gods. It was there the wild impulse of outraged humanity, caring less for future guaranties than the satisfaction of present fury.

If we turn from Roman to English history, we find the enunciation of that higher principle which through revolution and conflict has won the triumphs of enduring freedom. When on the banks of the Runnymede the fearless barons met Royalty face to face, and wrested from its reluctant grasp the Great Charter of English liberty, they acted in the strength of a Loyalty to justice and the State, compared with which personal Allegiance was weak and ephemeral. And what is the great lesson taught in that section of English history which bears the impress of the Puritan mind? Amidst much that was excessive and cruel in that bitter contest, Loyalty to the State achieved the victory of popular rights against oppressive power, vindicating its own supremacy as a principle mighty and abiding, planting itself ineradicably in the very heart of the Anglo-Saxon race. An insolent Sovereign could spurn the great religious Poet of his age as "a blind adder spitting his venom on the sacred person of the king;" but how have the ages since turned with delight from the muttering of Charles Stuart and prerogative, to the grand harmony of Milton and Loyal freedom!

If, again, instead of injustice and oppression on the part of a government, disappointed ambition should excite conspiracy against its beneficent control, what power shall be invoked to restore the national supremacy? What but that Loyalty to the State which is the mortal enemy of sedition, and pledged forever to its utter overthrow. Allegiance to an individual, may summon its forces for the speedy and triumphant vindication of the sovereign's insulted honor. But when this chivalrous confidence has met defeat; when conspiracy has grown

to rebellion, and rebellion well-nigh to successful revolution; when the public mind is filled with anxious forebodings, there is need of some stronger, more steadfast purpose, to sustain the long agony of the fearful crisis. Waken now that Loyalty, which in defense of the State counts treasure but dross and life itself a trifling sacrifice; which in the contest with treason knows no possibility of compromise or surrender; and though the struggle be protracted and severe, rightful authority will reassert its beneficent control.

And yet the danger to the State may come from no internal cause. The imminent and decisive crisis may be the attempt of foreign ambition to extend its conquests. A delicately adjusted 'Balance of Power' may do much to prevent encroachments on a nation's integrity, yet there must be at the deep centre of the national life a motive-power which no disaster can overcome. That there is the possibility of such a power, history bears abundant proof. Poland, so long worn and wasted by all the engines of despotism, is still Poland. Hungary, through ages of disappointed endeavor, is yet biding her time, and Italy, after six centuries of misrule, is taking her place among the nations of the earth. What, now, has been the nature of this undying inspiration? Has it been a fond dream of the supremacy brought back to some royal line? Has it not rather been the prompting of devotion to the sacred cause of Right, of Freedom, of the State. Beyond question, it was this lofty purpose which, in earlier times, out of disunited fragments, made Greece a rock of adamant to check the tide of Persian conquest, and, in later days, diked Holland from the ocean, to set it in triumphant defiance against the mightiest sovereign of Europe. Thus, while other agencies have had their influence in sustaining the great crises of national development, Loyalty to the State has been the dominant power. This has been at the center, "stirring like a force and beating like a pulse."

If we have rightly apprehended the nature and adaptations of the forces under review, we must conclude that to the final permanence and prosperity of the State, Allegiance to an individual is not an essential requisite. There is a certain dazzling charm in the theory which contemplates perfected society as rising, in orderly gradation, from the base of ignorant labor to the "Corinthian Capital" of aristocratic refinement, and this as but a magnificent column on which Royalty may rest its grandeur and its power. To minds accustomed to such associations it may be a pleasing illusion to regard an individual as the embodiment of the State. It is, indeed, in accordance with a law of man's nature, that sentiments of attachment and reverence

should gather about his person. For symbols which appeal with vivid distinctness to the imagination and the sight, are a power to which mankind is never insensible. But when the symbol is mistaken for the reality, when the sign puts itself in the place of the thing signified, it becomes a hindrance and an evil. That faith which, under all circumstances, and at all times, abides in living, creative power, must rest on the naked, original truth. The age is past in which government can hope to rule by forms and traditions. If we pierce to the seat of England's boasted strength, we shall find it not in Allegiance to a sovereign who governs only by a virtual pledge not to govern, but in that public virtue and intelligence which, tolerating ancient customs, look beyond them to the great ends of individual and social well-being.

Remove Allegiance to an individual, and is there nothing to engage the affections on the part of the commonwealth? Rather let law become enacted justice; let government be the reflection of the enlightened will and collective wisdom of the people; let the State rise to that sublime ideal whose only possible embodiment is in institutions for the public welfare; and Loyalty will encompass it with a devotion which no sacrifice can appal and no power resist. This is the still central fire, which warms into fruitful life the germs of patriotism and public spirit. This is the dynamic force which, rising to new power with each advance of Christian civilization, gives to the State organic stability for permanence and vitality for growth.

And thus it is that our modern political science, gathering wisdom from the experience of ages, comes back at last to the teaching of ancient philosophy, and takes again for its inspiring motto, "*Principes mortales. Respublica æterna.*"



College Customs.

ACADEMIC life, with its hearty overflow of youthful spirits, its frequent eras, and its constant demands for recreation, must always be rich with peculiar usages and conventionalities. A college destitute of customs is as much an impossibility as a nation without traditions, dialect, or holidays.

What are the conditions of student life which determine the growth and character of these usages? Four are prominent:

1. The shifting nature of College Society;
2. The youthfulness of its members;
3. The tendency toward intense reaction from studious confinement;
4. Morality, and regard for the comfort of the community.

1. To the constant change of relative position among the members of college society and the frequent renewal of the whole, is due in part that tenacity of custom proverbial among students. When the peculiar exigency of some academic era has begotten what seems to be an appropriate observance, this appeals to the next class arriving at the same era with the double force of an attractive occasion and of loyalty to established precedent. No set of men goes twice through the same experience, but each is hurried on to meet the pleasures and disappointments still in the future. So it happens that long after a custom has grown wearisome to the towns-people by frequent repetition, it is still fresh and novel to the participants, who are stimulated to keep it alive by loyalty, curiosity and expectation. Go into any College town and you shall hear ancient spinsters and dyspeptic householders wondering "why those silly students will repeat over and over again the same old jokes and ceremonies which we used to hear when young." And if jealousy or ill-will toward the students be prevalent in the town, this shallow prejudice against their customs will take the form of complaints of disturbance and vinegary protests against their continuance. It is therefore to be expected that *whatever* usages may arise in College, there will be some complaint and a great deal of disgust about them among the towns-people.

But the better class, even of such, will always take into consideration the second and third conditions of student-life—youthfulness; and the intensity of a student's reaction from study. A recent writer in this Magazine, inveighing against Yale customs, has totally ignored both these considerations. When a nervous Burgher forgets that he was once a boy, we remember his infirmity and are silent, but when a young man seems to court such senility of sympathy and opinion, we cannot refrain from expressing our astonishment. It is not only true that "Boys *will* be boys," but that boys *ought* to be boys, and any process which seeks to transform them into "grave and reverend Senators" before their time, not only *must* fail, but *ought* to fail. Freedom to make a fool of one's self is just as normal and necessary part of a boy's training as compulsion to study, and if either must be left off, it had better be the latter. To attempt to reason against the

fun of any species of amusement, shows an entire misconception of the nature and use of logic. It is like trying to kill a musquito with a siege-gun, or disprove a conundrum by logarithms. One's own perceptions of pleasure are ultimate and there is no appeal from them. When any Yale custom ceases to be agreeable it will die without help from "M." and until then no arguments will kill it. Since boisterous jollity is the spontaneous, natural, and necessary manifestation of youthful reaction from study, it ought to be tolerated as one of the incidents of the location of a college here, just as the smell of a gas-factory, or the noise of a rolling-mill are tolerated.*

We have reason to believe that the more thoughtful and worthy citizens of New Haven do make these reasonable allowances for students. Many of them would be glad to see the college removed, but while it remains would permit the students all proper indulgences. They regret to have them excluded from the Green, their former play-ground, and they regret the restraints which other citizens are constantly persuading the Faculty to make. They know well that public exercises and noisy fun are the negation of private carousals and secret vice, and they prefer "Jubilees" to brothels, and "Pow-Wows" to dram-shops. They see that in spite of these grim and quaint customs, the moral tone of College is higher than it was years ago, and that morality is a controlling influence in all public performances. And they are willing to sacrifice some of their comfort occasionally to the reasonable freedom and moral well-being of these guests of the city.

On the other hand, they have a right to demand, and they do demand, that the *Fourth* condition alluded to in the beginning of this article be duly observed. Let the students refrain from immorality and malicious mischief, and they will keep the indulgent sympathy of the best citizens. But when any so-called custom wantonly outrages their rights of property, or the laws of decency, they are justly incensed. The paltry and laborious folly of stealing gates and signs is of this sort, totally inexcusable and unworthy of any man of honor. The crime of "hazing" Freshmen is also of this kind. I call it a *crime*, for no milder epithet can be applied to a practise which is malignant in its spirit, brutal in its design, cowardly in its manner, and

* It would be well for the keepers of a certain Hotel, who have made complaints against the annual noise of Pow-Wow, to remember that their bar-room is tolerated by the citizens as incidental to a Tavern, *though kept in defiance of the law and of public morals*, and hereafter to exercise more liberality toward mere inconveniences arising from our beneficent and venerable University.

indecent in its operation. Those who are guilty not only of committing it themselves, but of contributing to make it perpetual, by giving it the sanction of class custom," ought, if caught, to be handed over to the civil authorities, to be dealt with according to the full rigor of Municipal Law. Lenity in such cases is not mercy but weakness.

It is because the real customs of Yale are not radically objectionable that we hope to see them continued and improved, year by year, with such modifications as ingenuity may suggest and good sense approve. Whoever asserts that "Pow-Wow is a synonym for Barbarism, and Biennial Jubilee for Drunkenness," reveals by the remark either the infantile freshness of his College experience, or an aptitude at seeing evil in everything, which is far from creditable to his moral intuitions. "To the pure all things are pure," and if "M." is the exemplary youth we fondly hope, we are sure that he must have derived his information from men who saw through eyes either bloated with impurity, or half-closed with official blindness.

As the presumption is always in favor of an established custom, it would be yielding quite too much to admit that "M's" unsupported assertions, contrary to observation and experience, are strong enough to call for a vindication of the usages attacked. Yet it may be well, for other reasons, to show briefly their nature and objects.

Pow-Wow is a torch-light masquerade and procession to express the joy of a class at the termination of its Freshman year. That it does not occur at the exact time of such termination, even if it were undeniably true, would prove nothing against its propriety. Do we not often celebrate our National Birth-day on the *Fifth* of July? But Presentation day *is* the most appropriate time for such a celebration. The College course is not quite four years long, and the deficiency should be reckoned in the first year which is the least pleasant, rather than in the last year which is the most so. The Seniors, on Presentation day, listen to farewell addresses and attend the Alumni Dinner, and the other classes are then all advanced to superior seats in Chapel, showing that in the judgment of the Faculty the new rank is already attained. At this time the Secret Societies initiate their new members, and the Literary Societies begin their campaigns. All the responsibilities of Sophomore life come then upon the Freshman, while during Commencement week there is no sign of any transition and no proper time for such a performance as Pow-Wow.

Presentation day is therefore the proper occasion for holding this *fête*, which essentially consists in fancy dresses, good music, witty speeches, torches, and serenades. The din of horns is not an integral

part, but has been adopted to drown out the interruptions of the Juniors. If the police or the Faculty, instead of stopping Pow-Wow, would discourage these interruptions, there would be nothing to prevent this celebration from being the most amusing, unique and attractive annual occasion in any college on this side of the Atlantic.

Biennial Jubilee is an excursion and dinner in the country, by the new Junior Class, to celebrate the completion of its first Biennial Examination. Music, speeches, songs, pipes, and lemonade, contribute to make the occasion one of unrestrained jollity and unmingled satisfaction. The savage virtue which is "obliged to confess that this is bad," because of a rare instance of over-drinking in connection with it, is of the same style as that which prohibits music and dancing as works of the devil, because they are sometimes abused. Drinking is not only no part of the Jubilee, but is to a very great extent *prevented* by it. Many a fellow who is ashamed to lose his self-control on a public excursion with his classmates, would, if there were no such occasion, celebrate the close of Biennial by a day of unrestrained license in the worst places. The writer has resided in New Haven for nearly a quarter of a century, has witnessed many Pow-Wows and Jubilees, and he fully believes that on these occasions *not half* as many of the participators have indulged in drinking or other dissipation, as would have done so had no celebration occurred.

And this is to his mind a conclusive reason why these customs should be retained until better ones shall not only be suggested, but be fairly in the way of success and continuance. The real Devil of College life is not he that comes in the garb of an imp with hideous horns, but the figure of a smiling strumpet holding in her hand the wine bowl. Every restraint put upon the open, demonstrative, and boisterous jollifications of students, every outlet of harmless fun closed, is another door opened into the dens of pollution and the vestibules of Hell. Gratified parents have told us with joy in every feature, how nicely the Harvard Students behave; that the "gentlemen" there go to recitation in kid-gloves, and address each other as "Mr.," and never collect in groups, and all that; but if they could once see the other side of the picture, they would be glad to welcome back the good old days of boisterous merry-making and athletic sports and broken shins and "barbaric" virtue.

And now a word to the Faculty. We do not expect to enlighten these gentlemen on the subject of College government, for they are older, wiser, and better men than we. But we would have them know how many of the students feel respecting the gradual changes going

on in College discipline, that they may be better able to meet those thoughts and feelings as Christian gentlemen as well as College officers. We have at heart, as truly as they, the interests at Yale of sound scholarship and manly virtue, and we cannot feel that those interests will be advanced by the multiplication of such restraints as are being thrown around every avenue of college life. One of the most important principles of parental government is "judicious neglect." When a boy comes toward manhood it first irritates and then destroys his self-respect to be continually coming in contact with requirements which, if unasserted, courtesy would have taught him to observe, but being thrust against him pride prompts him to violate.

The time has gone by at Yale when the personal supervision of a boarding-school can or ought to be maintained. Even if a system of espionage complete enough to detect the purposes and character of every student could be devised, it would be folly to adopt it. Such a course would at once array the sympathies of all the students against the Faculty, and give rise to a spirit of defiance which must lead to endless mischief. The sentiment of reverence for superiors and of honorable obedience would become almost extinct, and the miserable instruments of the system, whenever detected, become its wretched victims. We hope and presume therefore that no such system is intended, and if so, does it seem wise to multiply regulations which cannot be enforced without its aid? All experience shows it to be better to have mild laws rigidly enforced, than a severe code which cannot be fully executed. We do not deprecate any degree of severity or firmness which may be thought necessary to uphold the authority of College officers, or the scholarship and morals of the students. But is it not at once beyond the power and beneath the dignity of the Faculty to attempt to control the *manners* of five hundred students, in matters having no relation to their collegiate character? May these not wisely be left to the discipline of social life and the workings of municipal regulations?

As Yale steadily moves upward, year by year, toward the position she is to occupy as a great University, advancing her requirements for admission, and thus the age and nativity of her students, as well as their number, it does seem as if a corresponding advance might be made in her discipline. The University code, instead of being founded on the assumption that all under its jurisdiction are rebellious boys, required to prove their innocence by a probation before being matriculated, might gradually mount up to the honorable and honoring faith

that young men are not wholly bad and may generally be judiciously treated with respect and confidence.

Whoever shall contribute to bring about this generous system at Yale, will earn for himself something of that affectionate veneration which we all associate with the name of "dear old Dr. Arnold of Rugby."

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

Tennyson. His characteristics as a Poet.

BY HORACE WEBSTER FOWLER, UTICA, N. Y.

TRUTH, beautified by fancy, intensified by passion, resplendent with imagination, constitutes the highest poetry. All the beauty, all the intensity, all the splendor, find their true value in exalting and impressing the truth; and fancy, passion and imagination are infinitely degraded, when forced to lend delusive charms to the untrue. And while there are hearts to feel deeply, minds to think earnestly, error to be overthrown, truth to maintain; while men are oppressed and oppressors, poetry shall find its highest office, and be the most powerful instrument in elevating and purifying the world. The poet is more than the representative man. He not only receives a character from his age, but he gives its character to it. The great poet is the leader of his age; its most universal instructor; its wisest and most faithful teacher;

"And bravely furnished all abroad to fling
The winged shafts of truth."

We claim for Alfred Tennyson a place among great poets. Possessed of a keenly metaphysical mind, he is a worthy example of that late school which devotes itself to the solution of the darkest questions in human philosophy. It is here that he has exposed himself to the severest attacks.

It is charged that the truth he would evolve is often obscure, and sometimes altogether hidden; but it may well be doubted whether the

fault is not more with the reader than with the poet; for many of those poems which at first appeared so dark, after study glow with light, and the words that seemed so empty, come laden with the richest thought. They who would receive the benefit of Tennyson's hard study, must prove themselves worthy, by their careful attention. There is a deep suggestiveness in his poetry, which no mere surface reading can manage to sound. And there is especial value in such poetry, for it not only transmits the thought of another, but it is the fountain of thought. In the *Lotos Eaters*, the deep repose is not broken, the false philosophy is not answered, yet none the less bright appears the truth, that it is vile

"To rust unburnished; not to shine in use
As though to breathe were life!"

And throughout his poems the gravest questions are started, and we are put in the way of truth, rarely led as thoughtless followers through all the shining path.

While Tennyson's thought is strong, and that of an earnest man, his feeling is never blindly violent, but strong with reason and governed by it, it comes from the innermost soul, deep and intense. It is manly passion, not ungoverned emotion. We are conscious of the struggle of the passions, but we are also conscious that they are held subject to the reason and the will. We feel the tremendous force that is held in reserve. It is the giving away of one that would not yield, and is therefore to the violent ranting of others what the weeping of a man is to the crying of a child. This is manifest, even in the burning passion of *Locksley Hall*; and in Arthur's farewell to *Guinevere*, while all the emotions that stir the noble master of the Round Table, are represented with marvellous power, and while we feel that the king's soul is agitated to its deepest depths, we yet recognize the workings of the strong will that checks all violent outbursts; and the manly power that enables him to say, while yet thinking of his love betrayed and ruined hopes, "Lo! I forgive thee as Eternal God forgives."

In representing the softer passions he has been equally successful. How sacred, how noble is his sorrow at Arthur Hallam's death. In delineating the sweetest passion that moves us, how delicately pure, how elevating does he make love to be. He makes us believe that there is

"No more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,

Not only to keep down the base in man
But teach high thought and amiable words,
And courtliness and the desire of fame
And love of truth and all that makes the man."

Undoubtedly the prime essential to the poet is imagination. This is the most Godlike of our intellectual endowments. It is akin to that power by which we believe the Omniscient, without reasoning, knows all things—the intuitive perception of truth, which makes the poet always the philosopher. It is the unifying power, and therein is beyond fancy, which stops with comparing. To the fancy objects are alike; in the imagination they are the same. Fancy is cold, while imagination is charged with feeling and passion. It is the animating soul of reason. With a word it reveals the truth, and flashes light through darkness. Tennyson, certainly beyond any other modern poet, possesses this faculty. Most beautifully does his imagination present to us pictures from nature, whether they be of a neglected garden plot, or of that "Vale in Ida, lovelier than all the valleys of Ionian hills."

In every sphere, his imagination is fertile and fervent, from that sweetest line, itself a poem,

"The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,"

to that bold verse—

"—— Behind the valley topmost, Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning."

Tennyson's versatility, too, is worthy of remark. It is not the fickleness of a mind that knows not where to rest. It is the strength of the oak that, taking deep, enduring root, shoots forth its branches in every direction. It is evidence of that same power that enabled Shakspeare to give us the fairy fancies of "The Midsummer Night's Dream," and the dark horrors of Macbeth; which made Milton the author of L'Allegro, and of Paradise Lost. So, too, it is one man who has told of the "golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid," with a magnificence of diction and a beauty of imagery that more than equals our most oriental dreams; and has told the story of Dora with the severest simplicity. In the "In Memoriam," he has written the noblest elegy that ever enshrined undying sorrow, or ever hallowed a dead friend's memory; while in the "Talking Oak" and "Miller's Daughter," he has clothed pure love with the lightest fancy and the brightest thought. There is tender pathos in the "May Queen," and righteous, fierce indignation in "Locksley Hall" and "Maud." He has written ballads and songs with exquisite delicacy of expression

and beauty of versification; and he has shown the power of an epic poet in the "Morte D'Arthur" and "Idyls of the king." Yet in all this variety he has never shown himself a bungler in his art; but rarely has he touched what he has not adorned.

Another evidence of his power is found in the perfect adaptation of his diction and versification to the subject which he treats. There is the luxuriance of words which pervades the "Recollections of the Arabian Nights;" and the plain Anglo-Saxon, which so befits the narration of the legends of the Round Table, he uses with such masterly skill, in the *Idyls of the king*," that it would be vain to seek his equal among poets who have written since the English language has assumed its modern character. It has also developed the full capabilities of the metres he has employed. So skilfully has he used them, that his deepest thought and lightest fancies, the outpouring of his sorrow, his wrath and his love, often find perfect expression in the same metre. And this skill is the result of the care with which Tennyson always composes. He takes no other than the exact word which will every way express his meaning, and then puts it in its proper place. Searching through the language, he often revives a beautiful word, which had almost been lost; and he forces our stiff English into compounds, which, if not always happy, often produce a most graceful effect. He does not claim the name of a fast writer, or of an impromptu poet, but his works are the product of careful, anxious elaboration. He spent twenty years in writing the "In Memoriam," and the result is, that by word and metre he has conveyed to us the full burthen of his sorrow; and has raised a monument that shall make Arthur Hallam's name immortal, and shall secure the author's fame forever.

We have now briefly noticed some of the characteristics which, possessed so largely by Mr. Tennyson, make him worthy to rank as a great poet; let us see how he has made these gifts valuable to his age, by developing truths and inculcating lessons worthy of the poet's art.

Beginning his career as a poet with a high notion of the dignity and power of his art, we believe Mr. Tennyson has labored conscientiously and well to fulfill his ideal. The turmoil and fierce conflict which attended the times of the French Revolution has given way to calmer thought and calmer reason, but there still remains among thinking minds the earnestness, the honest seeking after truth and progress, of which that great upheaving was the precursor and preparation. There are everywhere attempts at reform, a desire to overthrow evil and inaugurate good, little respect for antiquity, and a hearty hatred of old iniquities,—a spirit sometimes bearing fruit in noble projects for

the welfare of mankind; sometimes springing up in visionary theories which, proceeding from honest hearts, yet threaten to destroy the dearest edifices of our civilization. But, with so much that is noble, there is much evil; and one pervading, absorbing vice is ever opposing the progress of the world, commanding it to stand still. Every worthy project, every progressive reform is measured by a golden standard.

“Every door is barred with gold and opens but to golden keys.”

The poet of this age, to fill well his part, needs no common judgment and wisdom. From the infinite diversity of theories and opinions, he must select the good and reject the evil. In the endless varieties of reforms and projects, he must uphold the right and bear down the wrong; his voice must be upraised against the iniquities of the land, and be heard in behalf of its downcast and oppressed. Alfred Tennyson is another example, showing how large an ingredient common sense is in the character of a great poet. A poet of hope and of the future—one

“—That held it better men should perish one by one
Than earth stand still at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon.”

he has not yielded to the fanatic theories which lure so many poets on to ruin; nor has he indulged in idle dreams of impossible ideals and a golden future; but gladly rejoicing in the world's progress, earnestly watching for a happier time, he is still intent upon the present and its possibilities, that through them he may reach forward to that happy “golden year.” He preaches what we may accomplish, not what we may dream. By present action, by honest labor we do our part—

“—And well I know
That unto him that works and feels he works
This same graud year is ever at the door.”

But especially is he strong in the denunciation of the tyranny of wealth. All the sympathies of his heart are given to the oppressed poor; and the vials of his wrath are opened and poured out against the “narrowing lust of gold.”

Tennyson has made the world better by his pictures of female character. He seems endowed with Shakespeare's versatility and Spenser's grace in delineating them. Each description is perfect, and each character is distinct in its individuality, yet all-womanly. He has raised the ideal of woman; and through him she becomes like Godiva, “clothed on with chastity;” like the Prince's mother, “all dipt in Angel instincts, breathing Paradise.”

The Princess is a wonderful example of his power in representing female character, and wonderful, too, for the subtle analysis of womanly feeling. Few poets could have maintained the Princess in a true, womanly character, throughout her experience. But through "all the crust of iron moods," we ever catch a glimpse of the woman. The exhibition of the Princess' various moods, the gradual development of her affection for the Prince, deepening from pity into love, and the final liberation of her woman's nature from the false position in which she sought to place it—all these illustrate his thorough study of female character, the results of which he has beautifully summed up in the Prince's eloquent exposition of woman's true part and place in the world.

But it would be impossible to enumerate all the lessons Alfred Tennyson has sought to impress upon this age. It is not alone in combating the peculiar wrongs of the time that poetry is valuable, but in presenting noble ideals, whose contemplation elevates and refines; in exhibiting those universal, general principles of love, truth and charity, which are as undying as man; and which, received and acted upon, purify man of vice—it is in virtue of these that poetry is immortal, and that the poet influences all ages for good. And it is for these qualities, for the general elevating tendency of his poetry, that Tennyson deserves especial praise. His pages are blotted by no impure morality. He seeks to make virtue everywhere beautiful; vice always abhorrent. But above all, this poet, whose imagination is so fervent, whose words are so deep in feeling, so laden with thought and truth, is a Christian poet. The world does not ask that every poem should be devotional, but it does demand that respect should be paid to the eternal truths of religion; and how soon it spurns those who strive to undermine Christianity, the dead fame of Shelley and Byron's dying popularity bear witness. Tennyson has the spirit of a devout Christian. His Christianity has purified his thought and feeling, making them free from dross, and beautiful. He shows his belief in the pathetic conclusion to the May Queen; and in the "In Memoriam," most beautifully does he look, through his sorrow, up to God, in humble resignation to His will, with full faith in His justice and goodness, and praying, "in Thy wisdom make me wise." Yes, this is the shining, crowning glory of Tennyson's name; that while so many of the poets of his age and school have left at best a doubtful record of their faith, his testimony is clear and emphatic. Worthy of the laurel, he is fit to succeed him who, a few years since, laid down the poet's wreath, to receive a Christian's crown.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

"RARE and radiant" is the gift of genius. It creates new worlds, new peoples, new wants, new enjoyments. It is the melting and flowing of thought, detaching us from the old moorings, and urging us into the beautiful sea of Infinite Life. It floods every cranny and crevice of life, and shows virtue, utility, divinity, where the common mind could not discover them. A man's mind may be *talented*, that is *weighted* with rich and varied learning, but all his works are born of labor. He knows what each stroke cost, how much brains, how much physical effort; but the thoughts and works of genius are the outflow of the soul, as natural and easy as the flowing of rivers. To the genius every thing is vivid, impressible, and clearly defined. He can talk while others stammer, write while others blot, paint while others daub. In a word, he has the divinest of all gifts—*expression*. This noble endowment we think Hawthorne possesses in no mean degree, and therefore the American Novelist, or rather Romancer, merits a position beside the American Poet and Historian,—beside Longfellow and Motley, and whatever other original minds our country can boast.

There is a peculiar originality about Hawthorne's works which mark him at once as a master among his fellows. His thoughts run parallel with human nature. It seems as if every breast was clear as crystal to his eyes, and that he merely read its life and set it down in his pages. It is thus that old thoughts,—honest, natural thoughts,—are constantly breaking the pretty hypocrisies of to-day, and are called original. To be natural is to be original. The best, the sincerest that is in you, will always be new and vivid. The simple, homely pathos of Burns was original, because sincere, and it has made the rude Scottish dialect classic and beautiful forever. Shakspeare and Goethe were original, because they were what the Germans call "manysided men." They were the sincere children of the ages through whose minds flowed the secrets, aspirations, despairs and joys of the race. Hawthorne has, in a degree, this same intimate knowledge of human life, so that he can bring from it, as from a treasury, "things new and old." The style in which they come forth is the expression of his well-formed mind. It is clear as crystal, and singularly free from word vanity. He gives the thought in simple marble and does not load and daub it with the distasteful paint of an author's egotism. His transparent expressions compare, with the tangled, rainbow sentences of many modern writers, as the simple marble statues of an-

tiquity compare with Gibson's painted Venuses. There is grace and polish, but no vulgar straining to say fine things. Whatever may have been the rough scaffolding to his thought, he has the good taste to remove, not only the rubbish, but the artist, before the frescoes meet the public eye. He knows well that the secret of art is to be artless. Who that has read the *Scarlet Letter*, will ever forget the livid portrayal of guilt; secret, yet unconcealable guilt? Were the workings of sin ever more perfectly idealized into character? A heavy oppression of guilt lies like a leaden mountain on the soul. The secret of blood forever haunts the conscience. An unconfessed war is waged with society. The same deep-colored, mysterious thread runs through the *Marble Faun*, the same heavy-spirited being wearing away life under some unexpressed care and deep-hidden remorse. The *Scarlet Letter* again, though physically unseen, flames on the heart of the walking mystery. This is delineated with masterly touches. The Beatrice Cenci is painted on every page with her heart-breaking sadness and retreating eyes.

We have many coarse and appalling pictures of remorse to which the dark brush of Girodet could scarcely add a deeper tinge. All that is tragic and infernal is used as horrid accessories to heighten the effect. Hawthorne, leaving the atmosphere of the theatre, paints remorse to the very life, not in death's heads and physical contortions, but in its terrible workings in the conscience and character.

The pure and innocent are strangely dragged into the guilty circle, and suffer vicariously. The Passion of Christ, the Atonement which innocence makes for sin, is felt throughout humanity. We cannot enjoy or suffer alone. Invisible nerves connect us together. When one is touched, the thrill runs in stronger or fainter influences through the race.

Underlying Hawthorne's romancing there is always a great moral. The lesson is continually taught that moral truth is sure to triumph, because it has a friend in man's own heart. There is a purifying element in every character, though it be sin itself, working out his salvation under Supreme direction. The acknowledgment of guilt is the voice of virtue. In the most hardened nature guiltiness is not esteemed above innocence. Crime upon crime, blood upon blood, through a long degraded life, cannot wipe out the perception of virtue. Remorse, silent or expressed, preserves humanity. As long as man suffers, he is man.

From the outside Hawthorne's works are miracles of art, of singular grace and gothic beauty, but to appreciate them fully one must live in the author's thoughts, must be at home in the inner circle of

his feelings. From this center his writings deepen and glow in their strange life. We see something of the process by which he idealizes a passion. His characters are not such as we see on the street. They are rather incarnations of sentiment, passion, humanity, in the abstract. They are ideal and spiritual, perhaps to some grotesque, but nevertheless artistically real and morally symbolic.

Hawthorne is not only an artist in writing, he is an art-critic in painting and sculpture. His acquaintance with the pictorial literature of marble and colors has doubtless greatly aided him in putting his thoughts in words. Art is so intimately connected with the history of the thoughtful soul, that every writer should be, in feeling at least, an artist. Art aspires. It calls into being the poetry, enthusiasm, religion, and all the finer sentiments of our nature. It begets a glorious unrest of the soul, a going out, farther and farther, into the region of eternal truth. We have in us the elements of a true life, but they need to be trained and purified. There is as vast a difference between marble as the ribs and pillars of the hills and the Corinthian column and springing arch. This is the difference between rude being and cultured life. What art does for the marble it spiritually does for us. Art enters the eye and arms it with power of observation. It sees nature in a new and sacred meaning. The Andes are greater because Church has painted their Heart. The miracles of English scenery possess new interest and beauty because Turner has put them on canvass. Art enters the heart and teaches it reverence for sacred things. Only less than the influence of the Bible itself has been the influence of those enshrined pictures, those painted Bibles—the Nativity, the Last Supper, the Descent from the Cross, the Holy Family, and others which are among the world's holiest treasures. From art, then, and kindred studies, thought and expression must flow. An author must be an artist, not necessarily in execution but in conception. Ruskin, Hawthorne, are examples. Both have acknowledged their indebtedness. Excepting the volumes of Ruskin, in no book has the spirit and poetry of the fine arts been so nobly embodied as in the Romance of Monte Beni. Rome has a new and livelier meaning since the Marble Faun was printed. There is a picture called the "Land of the Lotus Eaters." It is a magical bit of canvass, Tennyson's thoughts in colors. When you gaze long upon it, the canvass and picture-frame fade away. You have eaten the magic fruit and stand off the verge of the rich poetic Lotus-land. It is a half-waking, half-dreaming reality. In this same poetic light we see the treasures of Italian art. Thus has Hawthorne painted the Ideal Rome of the ar-

tist. There is genius in the book and every book of genius will live, for it has its roots down deep in the divine.

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed."

There, in a single line, you have the miracle of Cana of Gallilee. In the Marble Faun you have a symbol of the world.

Hawthorne has now grown to a rich, intellectual manhood. He has the finest culture, a warm perception of the Beautiful, and deep acquaintance with human nature. The world is eagerly waiting for the next production of his slow but gifted pen. *

Memorabilia Yalensia.

ELECTIONS.

Yale Missionary Society.

At a meeting of this Society, held on Monday evening, June 8th, the following board of officers was elected for the ensuing year:

E. M. WILLIAMS,	'64,	<i>President.</i>
H. A. STIMSON,	'65,	<i>Vice President.</i>
J. W. TEAL,	'64,	<i>Librarian.</i>
J. L. EWELL,	'65,	<i>Secretary.</i>
L. LEWIS,	'66,	<i>Treasurer.</i>

Beethoven Society.

At a meeting of this Society, held Monday noon, June 22d, the following gentlemen were elected for the next year:

F. E. GOODRICH,	'64,	<i>President.</i>
J. WILLIAMS,	'64,	<i>Vice President.</i>
C. G. ROCKWOOD,	'64,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
A. A. BARROWS,	'65,	<i>Secretary.</i>
F. V. GARRETSON,	'66,	<i>Librarian.</i>
S. SPEAR,	'66,	<i>1st Pianist.</i>
H. D. PAINE,	'64,	<i>2d Pianist.</i>

Glyuna.

Wednesday, P. M., June 17th, the following officers were elected:

L. STEVENS,	'64,	<i>Captain</i>
J. L. PARKE,	'64,	<i>1st Lieut.</i>
W. R. BACON,	'65,	<i>2d Lieut.</i>
H. D. CLEVELAND,	'66,	<i>3d Lieut.</i>
A. H. BUOK,	'64,	<i>Purser.</i>

Varuna.

Saturday noon, June 20, the following officers were chosen:

S. C. PIERSON,	'64,	<i>Captain.</i>
F. E. GOODRICH,	'64,	<i>1st Lieut.</i>
B. C. RIGGS,	'65,	<i>2d Lieut.</i>
E. COFFIN,	'66,	<i>3d Lieut.</i>
L. F. WHITIN,	'64,	<i>Purser.</i>

Nixie.

Friday noon, June 26, the following officers were elected:

O. PAGE,	'64,	<i>Captain.</i>
T. B. HEWITT,	'64,	<i>1st Lieut.</i>
W. STONE,	'65,	<i>2d Lieut.</i>
F. BROWN,	'66,	<i>3d Lieut.</i>
L. C. WADE,	'66,	<i>Purser.</i>

Appointments for Commencement.---1863.

Leander T. Chamberlain, Valedictory, West Brookfield, Mass.

David B. Perry, Philosophical Oration, Worcester, Mass.

George E. Lounsbury, Philosophical Oration, Ridgefield.

Willabe Haskell, Salutatory, Buckport, Me.

FIRST ORATIONS.

Henry F. Dimock, South Coventry.

Orlando F. Bump, Baltimore, Md.

George S. Hamlin, Sharon.

William G. Sumner, Hartford.

Egbert B. Bingham, Scotland.

Jacob Berry, Clarence, N. Y.

ORATIONS.

Erastus New, Philmont, N. Y.

{ Horace W. Fowler, Utica, N. Y.

{ Samuel Hollingsworth, Zanesville, O.

Joseph F. Gaylord, Norfolk.

Cyrus W. Francis, Newington.

{ Horace Bumstead, Boston, Mass.

{ Thomas H. Fuller, Scotland.

Edwin H. Cooper, Henderson, Ill.

{ Edward B. Glasgow, Warminster, Pa.

{ Robert G. S. McNeille, Philadelphia, Pa.

{ William C. Reed, Hampden, Me.

{ Thomas A. Emerson, South Reading, Mass.

{ Wilbur Ives, New Haven.

DISSERTATIONS.

Henry S. Pratt, Meriden.

Josiah Jewett, Buffalo, N. Y.

- { George W. Banks, Greenfield Hill.
- { George H. Bundy, Boston, Mass.
- { Benjamin Eglin, Athens, Pa.
- { Thornton M. Hinkle, Cincinnati, O.
- { Joseph Naphtaly, San Francisco, Cal.
- { Howard Kingsbury, New York City.
- { George W. Biddle, Philadelphia, Pa.
- { Charles C. Blatchley, New Haven.
- { Charles M. Gilman, Godfrey, Ill.

FIRST DISPUTES.

- { Joseph F. Kernochan, New York City.
- { John H. Butler, Groton, Mass.
- { William B. Dunning, Peekskill, N. Y.
- { Dwight Marcey, Union.
- { Frederick J. Barnard, Worcester, Mass.
- { Henry H. Ingersoll, Oberlin, Ohio.
- { Lewis A. Stimson, Paterson, N. J.
- { Charles S. Sheldon, Brockport, N. Y.
- { Samuel A. York, North Stonington.

SECOND DISPUTES.

- { Morton W. Easton, Hartford.
- { John H. Peck, Norwich.
- { John B. Doolittle, Terryville.
- { Samuel Huntington, Hartford.
- { John H. Leek, Althea Grove, Pa.
- { Joel T. Wildman, Guilford.
- { Albert S. Garland, Gloucester, Mass.
- { Thomas Young, Franklinville, (L. I.) N. Y.
- { Samuel Throckmorton, San Francisco, Cal.

THIRD DISPUTES.

- { Alexander H. Wright, Boston, Mass.
- { Joseph P. Cook, Honolulu, Hawaiian Isles.
- { Henry E. Cooley, Newton, Mass.
- { George L. Curran, Utica, N. Y.
- { Edward L. Keyes, New York City.
- { Henry W. Scott, Southbury.
- { Frederick F. Thomas, Waverly, N. Y.
- { George W. Allen, Worcester, Mass.
- { Henry B. Waterman, Belvidere, Ill.
- { Julius Twiss, Meriden.

FIRST COLLOQUY.

- { Cornelius W. Bull, New Haven.
- { Julius Emmons, West Chester.
- { Artemas W. Gates, New Haven.
- { Henry C. DeForest, Madison, Wisconsin.
- { Edwin Macomber, Oakham, Mass.
- { Daniel M. Brumagim, New Haven.

John H. Bishop, Smithsburv, Md.
 George B. Curtiss, Southington.
 Cortland Whitehead, Newark, N. J.

SECOND COLLOQUY.

Jonathan Edwards, Troy, N. Y.
 Harvey H. Bloom, Norwich, N. Y.
 George W. Osborn, New Haven.
 { John S. Fiske, Watertown, N. Y.
 { William C. Whitney, Cambridge, Mass.

Prizes.

At the close of Chapel Exercises, Presentation Day, June 24th, the following prizes were announced by the President:

For Excellence of Eng. Composition, Class of '65.—

	1ST DIVISION.	2D DIVISION.	3D DIVISION.
1st Prize,	T. F. Caskey,	J. L. Ewell,	{ H. A. Stimson, W. Stocking.
2d Prize,	J. A. Bent,	M. R. Gaines,	{ S. S. Martyn, P. Merrill,
3d Prize,	{ T. Bulkley, J. Dalzell,	C. S. Kitchell,	C. E. Smith.

Prize for Poem.

C. H. Smith.

Woolsey Scholarship, (Class of '66.)

F. N. Judson.

Hurlbut Scholarship, (Class of '66.)

H. Cole.

Prize extraordinary for Excellence in Latin Prose Composition.

C. M. Southgate, Class of '66.

Mathematical Prizes. (66.)

1st Prize.—R. S. Peck.

2d Prize, { M. Bowen,
R. E. Smyth,
E. Kingman.

Spoon Promenade Concert.

The regular Promenade Concert, under the auspices of the Wooden Spoon Committee of '64, occurred Monday evening, June 22d. It was a perfect success—a compound of four needful elements; select programme, select attendance, select ventilation, and select length of exercises. The first, a little further on, speaks its own merit. Of course the 22d N. Y. Reg. Band, under the direction of Helmsmüller, rendered the pieces with rare and exquisite effect. Again, every student and townsman will swear to the existence of the second of these essentials, as far as himself and lady were concerned, and therefore taking their united testimony, the proof is irrefutably established. The third and fourth find their support in the facts, that no one is reported to have caught cold by coming from an oppressive

into a more open atmosphere, and that the ladies and gentlemen left the hall at the close of the exercises, with undisguised reluctance. We cannot regard a large number, in the case of a promenade concert, as contributing to its success, in the view of those who attend, although it undoubtedly is in the estimation of those under whose management it takes place. Crowded sets are no felicity to the dancers themselves, yet undoubtedly they bring pecuniary advantage. At this concert, however, both parties, managers and participants, were very admirably suited. Every one drew from this initiatory pleasure, a delightful inference respecting the other exercises of the week, which were yet to occur, and they were not disappointed, as we shall see.

Programme.

PART I.

1. OVERTURE, "Nabucco," Verdi.
2. SELECTIONS FROM THE NEW OPERA, "Ione," Petrella.
3. ROMANZA, from "L'Eclair," for Corno and Flute, Halevy.
4. GREEN SEAL, (Galop Characteristique,) Lumbye.
5. TRIO AND FINALE, from "Lucretia Borgia," Donizetti.

PART II.

1. LANCERS, "Un Ballo," Helmsmüller.
2. POLKA, "Twilight," Bergman.
3. WALTZ, "Good Natured," Massak.
4. QUADRILLE, Melodien, Strauss, Jr.

PART III.

1. GALOP, "Ione," Helmsmüller.
2. LANCERS, "Orphée aux Enfers," "
3. POLKA REDOWA, "Sailor Boy," "
4. QUADRILLE, "Monstre," Strauss, Jr.

PART IV.

1. POLKA, "Cuckoo," Herzog.
2. GALOP, Extratour, Helmsmüller.
3. QUADRILLE, "Tutti Frutti," "
4. REDOWA WALTZ, "Il Bacio," Arditti.
5. GALOP, Hurrah Sturm, Béla.

Wooden Spoon.

Twenty-five hundred, if not more, crowded Music Hall on the evening of Tuesday, June 23d, to witness this ceremony of the Nine in behalf of the One Hundred. Now, for the first time, were seats reserved for each member of the Junior Class. Previously, the cochleareati, in the exercise of a lofty and awe-inspiring prerogative, had reserved them for themselves alone. But now, over five hundred seats were reserved for friends of the Junior and other classes. It is reported that a few of these, held the respected forms of our late fellow-students. Our friend, however, probably mistakes, since we feel quite sure that '63 was there to nearly a man. Most of them, too, were *quail-ing*, undoubtedly because a good position favors such demonstrations. With a philanthropy which has always marked celebrated men, in their youth, one of your Editors resigned No. 1 *W*, and went up to bacheloric No 2, *B*, from which point of view, the exercises, if we may trust him, were close at hand, while distance lent enchantment to Helmsmüller's strains. The opening load was the product of an imagination both deep and singular. The "rosy" splendor of the scene only heightened the pleasure with which we recognized in the disclosure, the form of a respected classmate. What a grand thing would it be, if all things rose in *roses*? The Latin Salutatory of our *bob-bing*

friend was delivered, as might have been expected, with a most finished and graceful elocutionary power, and was very decidedly the success of the evening among single parts. The first colloquy, entitled "A new *Per*-version of the Alcestis of Euripides," was personal and piquant. Well-conceived, it was rendered with a slightly disproportionate degree of action. Alcestis was a little too nervous. Admetus hardly enough. Mein Heer Kules was at home in his German character. "No. 13" very accurately represented the dress and demeanor of our effective police. This colloquy was characterized by an excellence, which rarely marks such productions. It was of just such a length as to leave the audience in that state of dissatisfaction at not receiving more, which is always a most desirable end. "The American Indian" spoke for himself, amply sustaining, however, that peculiar mark of the Savage, taciturnity. The second colloquy, "Freshman Prize Debate," did not tire the audience, and pleased the students by its naturalness. To describe the Philosophical Oration, in its own simple style, it will suffice to say, that it was a grandiloquent electrophorous asseveration. It was finely declaimed. The last colloquy, "The Initiation," was perfectly startling, in its novelty, to all but the students, and was not, we think, as several remarked, unfitted for public representation. The Presentation speech was quite relative in matter, and in some passages very touching. The Reception speech was brief and moving, as it could not but be. Both were very matter-of-fact. No one called for the historic development of the ceremony, and there was no invasion of the Metaphysical into the realm of the Social. True feeling will not parade itself in words. It did not upon this occasion. The songs were the productions of no meagre or stunted poetic genius, and but for the absence from town of several principal singers, during the period of rehearsal, would have been well sung. The Class of '64, notwithstanding, confesses to an *undisciplined* musical talent. The Exhibition, as a whole, was superior to any which has transpired during our past three years "in this little town," and very probably may bear away the palm from all its predecessors.

Presentation Day.

At half past ten, Wednesday, June 23d, the Senior Class were marshalled into Chapel by Senior Tutor Hutchison, to listen to a poem from their poet, Mr. George S. C. Southworth, and an oration from their orator, Mr. Wm. C. Whitney. The church was well filled with an appreciative audience; among them the venerable form of one who, to a large extent, has given Yale her glory. As with uplifted eye he gazed in admiration upon the speakers, we traced more than a mere professional pride and affection, and could not but wish that the scene should have a marble life. The poem was a rare result. Eloquent and impassioned, its distinctive heads would have seemed too abruptly connected, had not the poet, by a measured pause, signified the transition.

The oration was marked by close, logical thought, and was a very clear and thorough exposition of the normal relation and subsequent encroachment of the three separate elements of Republican government. Two untoward circumstances considerably marred its effect—lack of rhetorical ornament and indifferent delivery. Perhaps they, relatively, are of minor importance. With most audiences, however, they are of major interest.

After the oration and poem, the parting ode of the Class was sung. It was composed by Mr. J. S. Fisk.

In the afternoon, the Class of '63 gathered under the old elms for the last time. Provision, more ample than usual, had been made for the seating of friends, and we did not see a *single* lady in lack of a fine view. The Band of the 22d New York Regiment opened the exercises with impressive music. The pipes of peace and future remembrance were scattered, and amid fumes of smoke, roars of laughter, and clapping of hands, the Class histories were read by the historians of the four divisions, Messrs. Barnard, Cooper, Johnston, and Southworth. They were very interesting, and in some cases quite witty. Many of the Class had left College for the war, and of the many who yet remained, there were not a few whose jolly student-life afforded ample material for joke and fun. Next came the parting, which was most affecting and public. The ivy was then planted beside the Library wall, after which the Class proceeded to bid farewell to the various Colleges.

And now they had only to withdraw from the procession in small groups, breathing silently their hopes and purposes for the future, and the Class of '63 were done with their College life.

Speaking for the DeForest.

On Friday P. M., June 26th, at 2½ o'clock, the six gentlemen, of the Class of '63, who had received Townsend premiums for excellence in English Composition, spoke for the DeForest Gold Medal. The programme of exercises was as follows:

- I. Tennyson. His characteristics as a poet.
HORACE WEBSTER FOWLER, *Utica, N. Y.*
- II. Loyalty to the State and allegiance to an individual compared.
LEANDER TROWBRIDGE CHAMBERLAIN, *West Brookfield, Mass.*
- III. Tennyson. His characteristics as a poet.
SAMUEL WILLOUGHBY DUFFIELD, *Adrian, Mich.*
- IV. Loyalty to the State and allegiance to an individual compared.
GEORGE WALTER ALLEN, *Worcester, Mass.*
- V. Loyalty to the State and allegiance to an individual compared.
WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER, *Hartford, Conn.*
- VI. Loyalty to the State and allegiance to an individual compared.
GEORGE SCOVILL HAMLIN, *Sharon, Conn.*

After consultation, the Faculty awarded the Medal to Mr. LEANDER T. CHAMBERLAIN. It is fitting that in the pages of that Magazine to which he was a valued contributor, notice should also be taken of the fact, that the reward of highest scholarship in his class, was also won by him. The essays were of an uncommonly high order.

Glyuna Presentation.

At a meeting of the Glyuna, held June 17th, a magnificent present was made Mr. H. Wallis, the late efficient Capt. of the Club, consisting of a pair of field-glasses, elegantly mounted, valued at \$60. Mr. Wallis had always protected most faithfully the interests of the Club, and was rewarded not only by this proof of their grateful regard, but by the fact that Glyuna now holds the champion flags, for her supreme excellence in barge and shell races.

Admiral Foote's Burial.

Yale helped bury a hero, on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 30th, and here records that high privilege. It was the most magnificent pageant New Haven has

ever witnessed. So said the oldest citizens. The remains of the late Admiral Foote, at half past 10 A. M., amidst the firing of cannon, were laid in state at the State House. There was scarcely a student who did not go over, and from the peaceful countenance of the Christian soldier, gain sweet though mournful assurance of approaching victory. "Surely, a war bereaving the country of *such men*, *must* end in the triumph of the Right," said all. It seemed as if he were an intimate relative of every family in the city. They all came and bid his loved form a tearful farewell, until, in the Renewal at the Last Day, it shall arise in glory incorruptible. At half past 2 P. M. the Funeral Services commenced at Dr. Bacon's church, of which the Admiral had been a member. It was filled to its closest capacity. The body of the house was reserved for the various dignitaries, who were to comprise the procession. All the South aisle was reserved for the Faculty and Students of Yale. The exercises were conducted by Drs. Bacon, Dutton, Cleveland and Harwood. At the close, the Burial Tune of New England's dead, was sung. Its deep, pathetic inspiration, as it mournfully surged forth from the inmost recesses of sad hearts, there gathered together, and as in slow and measured tone, it left the church, to carry comfort to the mourners without, has stamped itself, ineffaceably, on every one who was present. After the exercises, the procession formed, amidst firing of cannon and tolling of bells. It was at least a mile long, and marched through the principal streets of the city, to the Old Cemetery, where, with the usual salute, his remains were committed to their kindred dust.

Editor's Table.

A crowded Memorabilia has forced us to a brief chat with you. We have no celebration of Pow-wow to record for this year, although the city papers have been snarling over it. We have however but a word to say with reference to the custom: that although we do not approve of, or recommend certain of its past characteristics, yet, as an institution, *we will not*, as far as in us lies, *give it up*. The common sense of this custom is irrefutable, its *proper* observance sacred upon the Freshmen, and we need only add that our most hearty and sincere approval and support attend the masterly argument for its continuance which the pages this issue present. Comprehensive and mature thought has there nobly devoted its strength in defense of the usage. We trust that the article will provoke the attention of the college world, and that we shall soon have the pleasure of inserting some propositions of reform.

We have only a word more, and our monthly labor is ended, and that—pardon us—is with respect to ourselves. We allude to it in this place, because as yet we see no especial reason for taking more distinctive notice of it. It is but due to every board of Editors, that the College world should have an accurate knowledge of the limits within which rests their responsibility. The present board would have it understood, then, that each Editor is responsible alone for the article which appears over his own initials, and for the Memorabilia and Editor's Table of that number of whose publication he may have the management. For the remaining matter of each Magazine, the whole board become accountable thus far; the articles shall be, in their collective opinion, at least worthy of insertion.

EXCHANGES.—Our usual Exchanges are received.

ERRATUM.—The time of the Glyuna shell, in the late race, noticed in our last issue, was incorrectly stated,—it should have been 19 m. 4 s. instead of 19 m. 44 s.

Statistics of 1889

VOL. XXVIII.

NO. IX

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum deus gratia manet, nonne laudamus Yalenses
Cantabunt SOBLES, unanimique PATRES."

AUGUST, 1863.

NEW HAVEN:

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THE
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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '64.

M. C. D. BORDEN,

L. GREGORY,

S. C. DARLING,

G. S. MERRIAM,

A. D. MILLER.

Stray Thoughts on Conversation.

CONVERSATION is generally admitted to rank among the fine arts. Some men who have won high honors in fields of literary labor, have gained their greatest reputation in this. Dr. Johnson's sturdy strength shone out brighter in the [every-day talk chronicled by Boswell, than in all his ponderous essays. Many of Coleridge's best things are in his "Table-Talk." Probably not many of us will be Johnsons or Coleridges, either in conversation or on paper. But while it is to be trusted that few of us will help to crowd the world's literary population with the productions of our brains, it is very certain that we shall all spend a good many of our mundane hours in conversation, of one kind or another. So some straggling ideas as to how conversation should be conducted, may be not without interest; and, for obvious reasons, I shall speak of the subject more particularly with reference to our situation as students.

First, as to matter. Now we are boys, or at most in the transition period; so we neither expect nor desire to have as high or as wide a range of topics as fully developed men. Even among these last too, except in very rare cases, comparatively trivial things must absorb a considerable part of their thoughts and words. Men are so

formed and placed by Providence, that it cannot be otherwise. Certainly then no one can expect us, at our age, to devote all the hours not occupied by our regular duties to the discussion of the great problems of Religion, Society, and Politics. Relaxation, recreation, is one of the most legitimate ends to be sought in our social intercourse. Recitations, societies, all the trifling occurrences of our daily life, may fairly claim a considerable share of our notice. Innocent gossip and idle fun are by no means to be tabooed. And they certainly are not likely to be. We are in much more danger of running to the other extreme, of neglecting higher and worthier matters for these lesser ones. Let us not be afraid of introducing into our freest and most familiar talk, subjects of permanent interest and weight. If we are good for anything at all, we must sometimes think of greater things than rushes, or prizes, or jolly times. Life is not all play, and we know it. Why then should we be afraid to recognize the fact in our intercourse with each other? I do not speak of religious matters, or questions of personal duty. There are a hundred subjects, less sacred than these, but much above the ordinary level of our talk at the table and under the elms. Studies, books, politics, our national affairs—why begin to name the fields for thought and discussion that open before us? We need not discuss them as philosophers or savans, but as persons of ordinary intelligence and common-sense; and even from this point find far more of pleasure in them, to say nothing of profit, than from the trifles that generally form the staples of our conversation.

It has always seemed to me that one of the worst symptoms, as to the tone of thought and feeling among us, was to be found in the flippant, trifling way in which we habitually discuss almost every subject that comes before us. There is a very strong tendency to treat grave matters in a very light fashion. A stranger who should chance to overhear a fair sample of our ordinary conversations, into which questions deeply concerning the welfare of mankind, or of our country, were introduced, might well be astonished, and ask, "Do these young men lack heads or hearts, that they seem to view these things, that merit their most careful consideration, simply as matter for jest and repartee?" I think no thoughtful student can have failed to notice this fact, and to be painfully impressed by it. At the very time I write, for example, when the whole country watches breathlessly for the throw of the die in Pennsylvania, which may forever decide the fate of America, we—to our shame be it spoken!—speculate apparently with cool unconcern as to the issue, make bets on the result, and dis-

cuss the chances as though the opposing generals were two rival pugilists! Undoubtedly our words do our hearts some wrong; but after making all due allowance, the tone of our conversation in this respect must be the index of some radical evil in our common habits of life and thought, for the removal of which every true man among us ought to strive.

There is one variety of conversation which most of us are in little danger of neglecting, but whose advantages we perhaps hardly realize. I refer to Argument; the Argument of the debating-society as carried on between individuals. It ought only to be practiced at the right time and in the right way. If protracted to any extent, and entered into with spirit, it becomes work, agreeable and exciting often, but yet work, and not to be introduced when simple rest or amusement is the chief object sought. There are numberless occasions when it is out of place and impertinent. Few characters are more disagreeable than the man who, whatever be the mood of those around him, can never let pass a chance to air his logic; who seems to regard all conversation as a warfare, and can let no stray remark or idle fancy stroll unpretentiously forth in peaceful garb, but he must meet it with hostile challenge and imposing display of bristling arguments. Mortal foe to all happy union of intellectual and social enjoyment is such!

But "there is a time for everything," and it is no reproach to Argument that it is subject to this universal law. When your mind is fresh and bright, with a companion whose mental strength is about equal to your own, sitting comfortably in your chamber, or, better yet, taking a vigorous constitutional—then, O fellow-student, is your time for one of these intellectual wrestling-matches! Then may you call out all your energies, and supple and toughen every mental sinew in the grapple and sway of the encounter! Debating-societies are very well to give fluent correctness of language, and ease when on the floor; but for severe training of the argumentative faculty itself, I maintain there is nothing equal to the close work which combat with a single adversary demands.

Two or three things need to be observed, to conduct a conversation of this kind to the best advantage. It is very desirable that at the outset the exact point in dispute should be clearly stated and agreed upon; otherwise will come vexatious misunderstandings and waste of strength. Of course the question should be one which springs up naturally in the free course of conversation, that it may be one in which both parties are interested. The necessity of keeping one's temper throughout, need hardly be insisted on; everyone acknowl-

edges it, and almost everyone sometimes finds difficulty in so doing. It may be said, however, that a good way to secure this end, and in several respects an agreeable variation in the manner of proceeding, is, to make the party consist of four, evenly divided in numbers, and if possible in ability. This lessens the severity of the strain on the mind, and so in one direction diminishes the advantage gained; but there is some compensation for this in the greater scope and variety which is secured to the discussion. Certainly it is very pleasant, in this as in other things, to have a partner with whom to exchange good offices of support and assistance when hard pressed, and to double the pleasure of success or halve the chagrin of failure.

One thing above all—be honest and straight-forward! Regard all quibbles and evasions with hearty contempt. They are bad every way, frustrating the object of debate, cultivating no power but what is undesirable, and as truly blunting the moral sensibilities as any other form of dishonesty. If you find yourself fairly beaten, either on a subordinate point or the general question, the best way is to frankly acknowledge it. This is no easy thing to do, especially as in this game any one of tolerable ingenuity can generally find some pretext to avoid acknowledging a check-mate. But any one of several considerations ought to make you do it. In the first place, it is only just to your antagonist. He has fairly won a victory over you, and it is not honorable to try to cheat him out of it. You can much better afford to own yourself worsted in an intellectual encounter, than to resort to a subterfuge to avoid the confession. Besides, your opponent can hardly fail to see that the advantage is on his side, and he will respect your ability none the more, and your honesty all the less, for any attempt on your part to ignore the fact. And finally, the ability to honestly and handsomely confess one's self mistaken, is itself worth taking no little pains to acquire.

One thing is worth remembering in conversation; viz: that almost every person has one subject, perhaps more than one, on which he can talk better than on any other. Perhaps it is adventures or travels of his own; perhaps some particular branch of science or literature; perhaps the business in which he is engaged. At any rate it interests him, and he can probably give you some new facts or ideas in regard to it. These will very probably be of real value, as increasing your stock of general knowledge, and perhaps introducing you to entirely new fields of thought and investigation. It is therefore well worth while, even when talking with a person of less than ordinary ability, to try to ascertain what is the subject on which he is most at home.

Quite possibly you will find that here he is interesting and instructive, perhaps even eloquent, when his thoughts on other subjects are shallow and common-place.

Real wit is one of the brightest ornaments of conversation, and there are few topics in connection with which its display is inappropriate. In talk on ordinary affairs, a really good joke is not often out of place. And far be it from us to say that even poor jokes should always be frowned on! There are some occasions when every one is disposed to enjoy and be amused with the merest trifles. This happy frame of mind is especially frequent at our time of life, and in circumstances with so little real care or trouble as those of most of us. If at such times we can have genuine wit to amuse us, so much the better; but if not, an inferior article will often answer every purpose. Alas for us if we were only to laugh when it could be logically proved that something really laughable had been said or done! We should lose many bright hours that we enjoy now, and shall enjoy remembering hereafter.

But on the other hand, the habit of introducing poor jokes into all conversation, upon the slightest provocation, is a detestable one. A man can often endure to have the thread of his argument broken, or the effect of his grave speeches destroyed, by a witty saying that causes more pleasure than it mars. But to crowd a wretched pun or senseless jest into an earnest discussion of grave subjects, is an offense against good taste, and an insult to those engaged in the conversation.

One more remark, and I will bring this rambling article to a close. The freedom and familiarity that in so marked a degree characterize our student intercourse, along with many advantages, bring some evils. One of these is, that we are in danger of forgetting those little matters of courtesy and consideration, which seem unimportant, but really have so refining and elevating a tendency. In our peculiar circumstances, we can well afford to dispense with many mere formal observances which we should feel obliged to regard elsewhere. But we cannot afford to neglect anything which a nice consideration for the feelings of those around us would dictate. The true gentleman is a gentleman everywhere; and though his manners may be adapted in form to his circumstances, the spirit that moulds them must ever be the same. That spirit is the spirit of Courtesy, and true Courtesy is but one of the forms of the great Christian virtue of Charity.

G. S. M.

Sermons and Pictures.

THE other day I saw a child put its hand through the palings of the garden, and pull a magnificent tea-rose. The boy seemed to know that he was doing wrong; for he looked about him guiltily, and paused for a moment, but his morality was not stern enough to resist the witchery of the beautiful creature, so he secured his prize and made off with it speedily. In plucking that rose this little iconoclastic flower-thief had completely demolished the popular Unitarianism which says that Religion and the Sense of Beauty are one. Here, you see, on the contrary, there was a struggle between Morality and the Sense of Beauty for the mastery. His Esthetics wanted to pull the rose—his Ethics told him he must not. But, just then, the dainty tint and the dainty perfume were more attractive than his decalogue. So Beauty won the day, and the homely "thou shalt not steal," suffered an ignominious defeat.

It is against this indistinct conception of the Esthetic and the Ethical—this theoretic confusion of Taste and Morality, and the consequent practical confusion of the pulpit and the picture-gallery, that I wish to protest.

By morality I do not mean the sense of moral Beauty, for moral Beauty is as much within the realm of Taste as any other kind of beauty. A wrong action might jar harshly upon a poet's sense of universal harmony, and yet might not touch his conscience in the least. I might think virtue very beautiful, I might paint only Madonnas and write of none but Evangelines, but when virtue lays its hand upon my Bank-account, or demands the sacrifice of my carnal appetites, I might deny her claims without being guilty of inconsistency. Dr. Johnson's "Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat," is not a whit more absurd than the supposition that a man who writes beautiful morality must himself be moral. An immoral poet will see much more of beauty in morality than a saintly prosaist, because he will see more beauty everywhere. Not only so, indeed, but I rather think that the poet's immorality is more an aid than a hindrance. You can discover nowhere in the language a more complete collection of tasteless trash than you will find in our hymn books. Much the greater number are written by religious men; but the most tender and touching, if not the best, is the work of Tom Moore. Cowper, a religious poet and a man of nobler genius than Moore, has also a hymn in the collection, which is much inferior to the production of the wicked and rollicking Irishman. This looks as if the religion of the one was a hindrance, while the immorality of the other was an aid.

If Taste and Morality were dependent upon one another, we should expect to find the highest state of moral culture where the sense of Beauty is most developed. The Esthetic sense reaches its culmination in the city, but does morality find its culmination there? God made the country—man made the town. I cannot reconcile the city with the idea of the millenium. Yet if the world lives long enough, it will, of course, become one great city, and how the voice of the turtle is to be heard amid all that rattle is a mystery to me. In the city we see man among the palaces which he has made. In the country we see him in the shadow of God's own mountains. Cultivated society is the charm of the city, but the meanest part of the country is the people. In the city, we see man as the great weaver at this world-rushing loom of commerce; the builder of warehouses, churches, and orphan asylums, the painter of pictures and the carver of images. In the country, he is a much less interesting creature than the cows and sheep he is tending.

There is also this difference between country-religion and city-religion. The man in the country has the Esthetic elements of his religion always about him, while the city man has not. The cultivated New Yorker attends his church twice on Sunday. Its windows are of stained glass, through which the shadows, grouped about pillars, and hiding beneath arches, are drenched in streams of gold and violet and crimson. A preacher "with a liberal mouth of gold" discourses from the desk. From the choir pour floods of music, rich and glorious as the showers of transfigured light, and mingling with the dyes of sunset by some such divine alchemy, that one cannot tell which is color, or which is music. Here he has at one end an eloquent preacher, and a rich basso and a soaring soprano at the other; and so, between these two opposite oars of Rhetoric and Music, he is to be rowed across the stream that separates Time from Eternity. Whether the stern Ferryman will recognize the establishment as legitimate, I cannot say; but it certainly does not lack that admirable characteristic of most Boston inventions, comfortableness. It is, beyond doubt, a very nice thing to sit in church while the organ is playing, to see beautiful women in lace and rustling silks float in under the carved doorways—to hear mellow music pouring in sweet sensation through every avenue of the soul—to hear Melody, like a snow-white dove, scatter, from wings dipt in fountains of inspiration, the crystal dew-drops on every brow—all these are beautiful. It is so nice to feel that the God-ward side of them touches you, and that your hope in humanity is as young as ever, and you chuckle inwardly when you say to yourself that, after all, if

Heaven is any such place as this, it must be a very desirable locality. This is eminently comfortable. Tennyson says,

"Comfort, comfort scorned of devils,"

and I think that men show their sense superior to that of devils in not following their example. But, nevertheless, it must not be forgotten, that music and eloquence are not always about the cultivated New Yorker. Will the tones of the organ, or the rich cadences of the preacher's voice, penetrate the walls of his counting room? What will become of all these "pure emotions" where the "dim religious light" is exchanged for the mottled sunshine of "Down Town?" On Monday morning he walks back into the world as from moonlight into sunlight. How much of moonlight will remain after six days of sunlight? Six parts of wine in the goblet will easily overcome one part of water. The moonlight nothing which flowered so beautifully on Sunday will fade and die when brought into the atmosphere where thrive the hardier plants of the week; for he cannot transact his business under the cathedral arches. An organ will not always be thundering at his heels.

But this is not so with the countryman. He has the Esthetic elements of his religion ever with him. He drives his cattle along the fragrant roads in June, sauntering under deep canopies of beech and chestnut. He stops in the middle of the country stream, that the thirsty horses may plunge their noses deep into the rippling water. That feeling of intense solitude which one has by the banks of noisy streams—that essence of stillness, of which sound itself seems to be an element, is his. The translucent air, the delicate contrast between the emerald softness of the new-mown meadows and the darker green of the trees, the world of enchanted verdure dancing everywhere,—these are always with him.

But you may say that countrymen are very often stupid people, and do not feel Nature as do we, whom Keats has taught to love it. I doubt that. Peter Bell I believe to be a fiction. Wordsworth wanted to find his own exact contradictory, when he wrote of this man. There is a species of self-pluming about it—a good deal of "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men," a prayer very common among us, and one which, in many cases, is very justifiable. "See," he says, "this Peter Bell, to whom 'a primrose by the river's brim' was nothing more than 'yellow primrose,' while it is far more to me, Mr. Wordsworth. See this man 'who never felt the witchery of the soft blue sky,' while I, Mr. Wordsworth, do." There is many an honest rustic who feels a far deeper sympathy with the beauty of the July harvest than the conceited prig who sneers at his insensibility, albeit the one calls it "waving gold," while the other calls it "crops."

The yellow harvest, river, vale, and wood, are always about the countryman, while music, eloquence, painting, arches, and domes, are not always around and above the man of the city.

Not long ago a young man went to a party in a great city, and there he met Saffronia, who told him that he must sit in her pew next Sunday at the —— church, and hear her “magnificent Mr. Ellerton.” He went, but did not get there until Mr. Ellerton was about to begin. After a nod and a reproachful glance from Saffronia, he seated himself to listen to the sermon. A large and cultivated audience had assembled to see the clergyman raise the ecclesiastical kite, which he immediately proceeded to do.

The frame-work of the kite consisted of three exquisitely carved cross-sticks, delicately fitted into one another. Over the whole was drawn a sheet of beautifully tinted and variegated tissue-paper. He tied the string to some verse of Scripture, and after that passing tribute of respect, the Bible was treated with distant veneration, as if, apparently, the maxim, “familiarity breeds contempt,” applied to that as well as other things. The kite rose slowly and grandly before the eyes of the congregation, until she was fully “up,” and then, oh, how she did soar! Don’t understand me to say that it was tawdry or watery or vulgarly spread-eagle. The severe taste of the cultivated Saffronia could never have been attracted by that. To me, indeed, the sermon was a decided relief. In our orthodox churches the majority of the ministers read the pamphlets, sermons, commentaries, etc., that are floating up and down the country, until their minds become theological sponges, thoroughly saturated by long series of soakings in Biblical fountains. This sponge the orthodox minister squeezes twice on Sunday, and, though it sometimes trickles rather feebly, he can generally coax out enough to slake the thirst of his flock. This was a sort of preaching to which I had never been used. It was not the *Pilgrim’s Progress* style, which, after laying down the head, begins each division of the sermon with “See that young man.” It was not the *exhaustive* style, which argues a self-evident proposition, until people begin to doubt its truth. He did not say, “Like the mist before the morning sun,” nor “around which cluster so many delightful associations.” When an ordinary orthodox minister can get through a sermon without using either of these expressions, I honor that man’s heroism above all the hierarchy, living and dead. Mr. Ellerton said none of these things.

The main idea of the sermon was, that as God is the perfection of Wisdom and Goodness, so is he the perfection of Joy. The preacher

said that no one could enjoy a work of art so much as its author, because no one could conceive so completely what was meant by it, and that Imagination was just as necessary to the reading, as to the writing, of a poem; to the understanding of a painting as to its conception. He who would understand and enjoy *Paradise Lost* completely, must be the complete equal of Milton. He must not only make his own the conceptions which Milton had given him, but he must go beyond that, and must feel and see what Milton felt and saw, but could not, if he would, disclose to the common eye. He must see that those things which Milton says are but the mountain peaks of a land rich with lovely valleys, are but the outsides of caverns, within glittering with stalactites of gold and diamonds and rubies and precious gems unheard of. He must feel that they are but islands in the midst of seas stormy with fierce sensation. Is the joy of us who see but the outside comparable with theirs who have beheld the inner glories, and have lived? Is the blessedness of those believers who have hung about the outer courts to be mentioned with the joy of those High Priests of Nature who have seen her inner secret—those who have

“Gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,”

and have not fled affrighted? Aye, there is where Painting has the advantage of Poetry and Music. The painter has his background, while the poet must leave to the power of the reader to paint a background for himself. Think you, that the ladies of Vienna, when the music that rushed from Mozart's soul through his fingers, caught and held them as the glittering eye of the Ancient mariner held the wedding guest, saw and felt what Mozart felt in those painfully rapturous moments? Keats has told us that the “nightingale sings far up on the topmost bough,

And ne'er conceives

How tiptoe Night holds back her dark-gray hood,”

and Mozart was far away, hovering over the source of that mighty Nile, which there had overflowed the souls of the high-born listeners. If Milton's blessedness was great when he fashioned Paradise, if Mozart had been borne away to other realms on the wings of music, what must be the happiness of him who had written his poem in characters of mountain, vale and river, what must be the joy of that divine composer, who felt forever flowing up through a universe of Thought and Flower and Star the swellings of his symphony!

Thus did Mr. Ellerton discourse for half an hour or more. And when he closed his manuscript a universal breath of admiration rose

like incense in the preacher's nostrils. The general impression which Mr. Ellerton and the choir and the stained glass seemed to convey to the congregation was, that the devil was a defunct institution, and, like witchcraft and other abominations, a relic of superstitious ages. At any rate, if he did happen to make his appearance, all one had to do was to point at him this wand of mingled music, eloquence, and color, whereat he would instantly scamper away, never to return again. The congregation, in turn, seemed to be very thankful to Mr. Ellerton, the choir, and the stained glass, for the impression.

As the rapt Saffronia emerged from the pew into the aisle, she exclaimed, "Is he not magnificent," whereupon her attendant went through the usual ritual of delight quite creditably; but as he left the lady at her carriage door, and turned away, he could not but recall Sandy Makaye's mutterings over his fire, after hearing Mr. Windrush's lecture.

"An' sae the deevil's dead," said Sandy. "Gone at last, puir fallow!—an' he sae little appreciated, too. Every gawk laying his ain sins on Nickie's back. Puir Nickie! The world 'll seem quite unco without his auld-farrant phizog on the streets. Aweel, aweel—aib-lins he's but shammin'—"

When pleasant Spring came on apace,
And showers began to fa',
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them a'.

At any rate, I'll no bury him till he begin to smell a wee strong, like. It's a grewsome thing, is premature interment, Alton, laddie!"

E. S. N.

The Class of 1863.

It seems after a heartless fashion to write an obituary notice before the subject is quite done for, but for the satisfaction of the relatives and friends of the deceased, we submit the following particulars.

The class of Sixty-Three entered with an unprecedented number of members, and graduates with but one superior in point of size. The age of its members, too, is worthy of notice, being as it is greater by

one month than that of Sixty-Two, and five months more than Sixty-One.

On the Catalogue of Freshman year there were an hundred and seventy-three names; seventeen new names appeared in our Sophomore list, but thirty-eight had dropped, unripe fruit; Junior year, nine new names graced our roll, and forty-one had dropped untimely. Senior year, appeared ten more, and seven disappeared. Three, whose names are on the Senior list, do not graduate. From first to last, ~~there~~^{there} hundred and eight names have been numbered in the Class, of whom one hundred and nineteen graduate, and of these ninety-five have been with us from the beginning. There have come to us from other classes; one from '59, one from '60, three from '61, eleven from '62. Fifteen have come to us from other Colleges and Universities.

Of those who have departed prematurely, forty-two have been in the army of the United States, and three in that of the Southern Confederacy. Among these have been one Colonel, one Major, and Captains and Lieutenants almost to the extent of the number.

The Class has lost six members by death. Jacob Seitzinger Louder, was drowned in the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, Dec. 25, 1859. William Henry Harrington died at New Haven, April 7th, 1860. Samuel Ward Dobie died at Hartford, May 23d, 1860. Francis Kern Heller died in New York City, of wounds received at the battle of Fair Oaks. Frederic William Matteson died at Corinth, Tenn., Aug. 28th, 1862. Arthur De Neufville Talcott was killed at the battle of Antietam.

Of those who have left us, two have committed matrimony. One of them is to be found in each of the contending armies.

The following are the localities represented Freshman year and Senior.

	Freshmen.	Seniors.		Freshmen.	Seniors.
Maine,	5	4	New York,	36	26
Vermont,	2	0	New Jersey,	6	3
Massachusetts,	27	18	Pennsylvania,	10	6
Connecticut,	61	43	Maryland,	2	3
Delaware,	1	1	California,	3	2
Virginia,	1	0	Louisiana,	1	0
North Carolina,	1	0	Missouri,	1	0
Florida,	1	0	Michigan,	0	1
Tennessee,	2	0	Wisconsin,	1	1
Ohio,	5	5	Iowa,	1	1
Illinois,	7	7	Ireland,	1	0
Hawaiian Islands,	0	1			

The average age of the Class of Sixty-Three is twenty-two years, six months, and five days. The oldest is bowed by the weight of twenty-eight years, six months, and twenty-two days, while our babe has seen but eighteen years and ten months.

By half years the ages are :

28½	1	23	10
28	2	22½	13
27	4	22	13
26½	1	21½	10
26	2	21	17
25½	4	20½	6
25	5	20	2
24½	9	19½	2
24	6	19	1
23½	8		

There were fourteen born in August, fourteen in September, twelve in October, thirteen in December, eleven in January.

The average height of the Class is five feet, nine and two-tenths inches. Two are of the height of six feet two inches and a half; fifteen measure six feet and upwards. The shortest is five feet, three and eight-tenths inches.

The average weight is one hundred and forty-one pounds. Our most ponderous body has waxed to two hundred and seven pounds. The smallest balances one hundred and six.

Divided according to hairy appendages, we have :

Moustaches,	-	-	-	-	-	-	18
Moustache and Goatee,	-	-	-	-	-	-	17
Moustache and sides,	-	-	-	-	-	-	8
Sides,	-	-	-	-	-	-	14
Full beard, whiskers and moustache,	-	-	-	-	-	-	9
Goatee,	-	-	-	-	-	-	1

Wearers of eye-glasses,	-	-	-	-	-	7
“ “ spectacles,	-	-	-	-	-	7

The names of 63 are mostly simple common names ; the four designations of George, Henry, Charles and John comprising more than a third of the whole. Twenty-three have but a single Christian name, while four revel in the abundance of nomen, prænomen, cognomen, and agnomen, though one scorns to take advantage of his friends, and omits to print one.

There be six G. W.'s and four J. H.'s, each of which last designates one of a couple.

Nicknames are abundant, but are confined in use to intimates. A few, that are more universal than the rest, are Sog, Soldier, Rex, Aged, Millie, Deacon, Dutchy, General, Purser, Doctor, and Boops, though some contend that this last is no nickname.

A tendency to matrimony, latent and developed, is apparent to this extent. There are,

Married,	-	-	-	1	Would be engaged but for	
Engaged,	-	-	-	7	Paternal indisposition,	1
"	<i>fuerunt</i> ,	-	-	3	Seriously thoughtful on the	
					Subject,	- - - 33

'63 has always been largely a Linonian Class. A majority of thirty Freshmen has however been reduced to one of twenty-one, at graduation.

We have seen the abolition of statement of facts. We rather regretted that, as we were in the habit of participating quite freely on these occasions. We have seen, too, the origination of the collection of the taxes on the College bill, and, it is said, the extinction of the Society debts.

The new system of Boat Clubs, by which the Clubs are made perpetual and systematic, was put in practice by the Class. Its success is very apparent. The separate Clubs are highly prosperous, and through their exertions a new Boat House is being built, commodious and convenient of access. Let us pray heartily for a renewal of boating spirit, that will bring about a return of the College regattas.

The system of prayers was reformed at our entrance into College.

The Freshman Society called Sigma Delta, died in the Class.

We carried through a Burial of Euclid which was considered to be final, but there is talk of bringing it to light again, as if the last "wake" had not been properly conducted.

The morality of '63 needs no comment.

The scholarship of the Class is up to the average. At least, if it isn't, it might be.

The Class devote themselves to the following pursuits :

Law,	-	-	-	-	48	Liberal Study,	-	-	2
Theology,	-	-	-	-	16	Civil Engineering,	-	-	2
Medicine,	-	-	-	-	10	Farming,	-	-	1
Business,	-	-	-	-	11	Country Gentlemaning,	-	-	1
Teaching,	-	-	-	-	7	Uncertain,	-	-	21

No other Class has ever graduated with already two children. The future is to be looked to.

"Seldom has a Class taken such firm hold on the sympathies and love of the remainder of College. Its great numbers, the advanced age of its members generally, the real talent hidden under a careless exterior, has won a respect for '63 that will prevent its being forgotten for years yet. Nobly has it lived up to its motto; "Ὅδον εὐρήσω ἢ ποιήσω.""

B. & C.

Brooks + Cooper

College Justice.

It is becoming with some a settled opinion, that college favor, secured by such suspicious arts as they too often are able to criticise, is no safe criterion of real merit, and that dependence for simple justice, upon a class of men so swayed by groundless prejudices, is both weak and fruitless. That this serious charge against so numerous a company of men is supported by strong evidence, no one, even of a year's stay, will deny; but that it is or can be clearly proved upon general principles, is here questioned. While the force of the individual instances is granted, it may yet be interesting, to some peculiarly convenient, to investigate the grounds of belief in College Justice.

The opening years of college life are governed by certain constant laws, which do not cease their influence upon the subsequent period. In an institution which, more than any other, measures the man by the severest and truest tests, there result immediately upon entrance, the laudable desire of deserving, if not of gaining, the respect of our classmates, and, from an appreciation of the ordeal and the manly aim, a diffidence among the large majority of the class, which may arise from a desire to quietly observe the relative strength of others. At this time, upon some, urged not less by natural tastes than by the impulsive support of differing societies, devolves the duty of defending party interests. It is when their various plans conflict, when adherents of the respective organizations press their most strenuous arguments, that

bitterness and jealousy begin to creep into the hearts of all, in some degree, to color with unpleasant traits the most honest actions, and to attribute the worst motives to the simplest conduct. But within the circle of each of the hostile bands, these very men, whether active or silent, disliked without, may disclose the virtues of a rare and estimable character, and enlist the affection of even the least demonstrative. The peculiar constitution of political society, then, in the first years of the college course, precludes the attainment, outside the society, of undivided and general affection; while yet, the possessor of manly and attractive qualities may still enjoy, within the body he has selected as his friends, the very end he had originally in view, and win all the respect which is his just due.

Nor does this position afford much advantage to one who would, from this ground, advocate the abolition of college societies, because they raise unnecessary, unjust, and dangerous distinctions. It is from considering these bodies that belief in uniform justice is especially confined. That distinctions, which are observed in general society, are also noticeable here, arises simply from the fact that it is the same human nature virtually in each; and the history of every college which has abolished societies, and even the solitary year in Yale in which there is but one society, attest that by creating large parties upon creditable bases, there is avoided the existence of innumerable party cliques, ten-fold more dangerous to hearty fellowship. College societies are founded upon grounds of wise and practical philosophy. The system itself depends for its continued life upon the intelligent conviction of all, both in authority and in actual enjoyment of their privileges, that since association, intimate and powerful, is inevitable, it is just to all to generalize its benefits, and to preserve the upright character of the few who are likely to err, by the inspection and guidance of the many congenial acquaintances, who, to save the reputation of the body, must care for the healthful working of all its members. But, aside from the justifying conditions of the system of college societies, in the collection of members subsequent to the first division there is continued proof of the general rule of justice.

It is allowed that cruel injustice has often been shown, discreditable as much to the standing of societies as to the character of their individual members, and that too often a warmer regard for political prejudice than justice can approve has been displayed; yet, in the main, the transpositions are equitable and pleasing. If the strength of societies depends, in great measure, upon the harmony of their elements, the nature of the greater part of their members must be consulted in the

admission of the separate constituents. If a doubtful connection is found uncongenial for some reason to many, and yet is insisted upon, why upon another ground may not there be a similar successful appeal? If upon such various and conflicting qualifications, societies become organized, where, with an understanding among all of their admirable endowments and a consequent pride in defending their value, is there much prospect of an harmonious union, and of that strength which is its natural result? For the purposes for which they were founded, in accordance with the convictions of the members themselves, the changes in societies are fairly made. And here again the beauty of the system is to be observed. The after fittingly supplement the former organizations; and by judiciously rearranging associations according as time and culture develop in different degrees, the members of a class perform, in a public manner, an act of justice to all. Jealousy truly may ensue, but it is little more than was naturally arising from the steady shifting of companionship, independent of distinctive societies.

But yet there remains one feature of college life, to which some are pleased to point as conclusive evidence of class injustice. While it may be conceded that the constitution of societies is based upon just grounds, it is yet urged that, in their working, they obtain an undue and even criminal influence over matters involving the welfare and happiness of the private members of the class. As a specific instance they refer to The Coalition!—that mysterious agency which galvanizes into metallic life inanimate politicians, and which like Jonah's gourd is the creation of a night. It is held indeed by some, suspected of some acquaintance with the wires of that powerful battery, that all political action in college is of the nature of robbery; and that to enjoy the spoils is conditional upon connection with the theft. The worth of this argument may be denied, as not only due to the truth of this subject, but also in justice to some of those, who, in partaking of the fruits of such combination, must rightly be little thankful for the dubious compliment paid in their defense. Let us take, for example, the coalition which is formed for the election of the Wooden Spoon Committee. By arrangement, two of the three societies of the Junior Year, secure the choice of the most worthy candidate in one of the uniting societies. Now what is the design of this institution? To set over against the pride of scholarship the honored character of the gentleman—the man:—not to throw discredit upon the former, nor to intimate any natural antagonism between the two, but to show that while we appreciate his worth who shall educate and lead society, we also es-

teem him who shall grace and ennoble it. Is there dissatisfaction after the choice of the nine is announced? Do not all acknowledge the fitness of the tribute? Is there not at the basis of the coalition a deep sense of duty to some deserving man? How then can one raise a charge of injustice in this connection? While the usual and controlling motive in these unions must be justice, there may be supposed a case in which after justice is satisfied in the choice of one, injustice may take to herself the credit of the many companions. Suppose there may be some who have enjoyed in a high degree the affection of all their classmates—an affection justly felt for unmatched virtues of head and heart; but also may, to satisfy the grasping and unbecoming avarice of a very few, be supplanted by those, who, with no doubt many amiable qualities also, have not perhaps succeeded in sufficiently displaying them beyond a very limited circle, as to excuse a palpable and painful act of injustice. In such a case the matter passes from the selfish control of any society into the hands of a disappointed and indignant class. Of what character is the audience before which a whole class sends a chosen few as representatives? The most refined and cultivated assembly of the year, drawn thither from all sections of the country, personally interested in the success of the occasion, and anxious to compare their ideal college heroes with the actual; moreover, graduates filled with memories of former glorious festivals; an expectant class, having tried their best to show what men they have to boast of and to feel an honest pride in; and lower classes, critical, and in great measure able to leave behind the verdict upon the value of the whole class, derived from its partial exhibition. It is a question for each candid man to take home to himself,—how far am I responsible for the good name of the class? There may be some who come to this University to negotiate treaties, to appease a prurient itch for public notice, to cast firebrands of hatred and envy among a small collection of men; but there are many more who, before entering public life, with its corroding cares, its unkind and selfish struggles, would, if they might, gather here a little treasure of esteem and respect, to become hereafter a refreshing memory. The fact that similar sentiments became the common language of the whole college, and that to offset them, arguments, in confession, are made, to prove that latent is better than patent worth, attest the natural and ruling love of justice which is the principle of college life.

In conclusion, in college life, independent of societies, of all social and political distinctions, men generally are fairly estimated. It is true that where good qualities are, from any reason, withdrawn from public

notice, a lower judgment is passed upon them than they merit; but upon all who challenge general scrutiny, a reasonably impartial verdict is bestowed. There is about the same sense of justice here as in the world, and hence, it must be a governing principle here, for no one distrusts the instinctive and universal love of equity which controls and dignifies society at large. Should fairness ever be held in somewhat more esteem than now, perhaps the old days of energy and enthusiasm would return, for high positions, then filled, not merely occupied, would contain those who would add to the union displayed in support of college institutions, the ability to defend them, and thus relieve many from the necessity of apologizing for the decay of college spirit.

My Search for Health.

No sooner did a certain distinguished friend of mine, editor of the *Lit.*, behold me returned to these classic scenes, than he begged me to make public the heroic deeds which he thought that I, *pro mea virtute*, must have performed during my absence. In his suppositions he was correct, for my nature, ever hostile to repose, has with irresistible impulse urged me to the accomplishment of feats compared to which the piling of Ossa on Pelion, and rolling on Ossa "leafy Olympus," was but a trifle.

When deified *Æsculapius* ordained that I should leave for a while the fields of my many collegiate triumphs, I retired to L——, a town that boasts itself the crowning wonder of that all-beauteous State, New Jersey; where I was received with greater honors than the cities of old bestowed upon the Olympic victors, for while a breach was made in the walls for their entrance, I entered in a pair of breeches.

Our family medical adviser enjoined upon me to take exercise, and accordingly my father procured a horse, recommended especially for his meekness; not that I am in the least timid, but the state of my health forbade excitement.

Early one morning the intelligent quadruped was dragged up to the door. Never shall I forget his appearance. The careless grace of every movement, the philosophical indifference to things around him expressed by his half-closed eyes, and the horizontal sway of the

ears about that intellectual forehead. Like another Alexander approaching another Bucephalus, I marched to his side, took hold of the saddle with both hands, and was about to mount, when the small boy in attendance remarked sub voce, "T'other side, Sir." I am averse to unnecessary exertion. After a moment's thought as to whether it would be shorter to go round his head or round his tail, I concluded to take the middle course and crawl under him. I now placed my boot in the stirrup, but was interrupted by a "T'other foot, Sir." The suggested change was made, and my first effort to get up resulted in an abortion of a hop. "Charles," said my father, "before you put your leg over the horse, you had better lift it from the ground." The force of this observation struck me, and having essayed another hop, I managed to raise my foot a little, when it most unaccountably swung under the horse, and I found myself in a fine position to enrich science by observations on shooting stars. Miss Parson's female seminary turned the corner at this moment. My chivalrous devotion to the sex inspired me with a new energy. Mustering all my strength, with a prodigious spring I plunged desperately over the steed, caught my toe in the crupper, and hung across him like a meal bag, till, by a sort of circus feat, I wriggled into an erect posture, and after a minute of serene triumph, proceeded to insert my boots into the stirrups. "Turn the stirrups t'other way," said the boy. "Wherefore?" said I, justly incensed at his continued impertinencies. "Coz then if you falls off, you a'n't so likely to hang and drag." Not so likely! Then there's a possibility of it in either case! In great emergencies I am always self-possessed. "Hold this horse," I said, calmly but decisively, "I'm going to get off." My father hit the animal with his cane and he started off toward the advancing school-girls. I don't think his horizontal motion would have produced any sensible change in the aberration of the fixed stars, but the way he went up and down was uncommon. Remembering a picture of a certain jockey of repute who was represented as leaning forward, I leaned forward and thought I'd try if I could reach round his neck. Oh horror! He directs his course on to the side-walk; I hear the shrieks of the terrified females; some one says something about reins, but in times of peril, when one is preparing himself for another world, what has he to do with reins? I am conscious of being in the midst of the fair creatures, of gradually slipping from my seat, and am conscious of nothing more till I find myself on my own bed. I have never seen that horse since, and I don't want to see him.

The word *exercise*, though apparently a harmless tri-syllable of re-

spectable parentage, became to my ears a frightful bug-bear. It was the burden of entreaties, threats, and expostulations, aimed at my distracted head, until finally father bought me a fowling piece on condition I should use it every pleasant day. On the first pleasant day, therefore, he urged the fulfillment of my promise, and I resolved to gratify him. Just over my window, under the eaves of the house, was a swallow's nest, where a feathered matron was superintending the diet of six or seven young ones. I loaded both barrels, and having adjusted the gun scientifically on a chair, carefully sighted it through the blinds, attached a string to the triggers, passed this through the key-hole of a clothes-press, shut myself therein, pulled, and fainted away. When I came to myself I was the center of a group of distressed relatives, in whose minds the prevailing impression seemed to be that, having shot myself, I had crawled into the closet to die, for they had materially disarranged my morning's toilet and were seeking for a wound. "Where is it, Charles? Where is it?" they exclaimed in agonized tones. "Is it gone?" said I. "The wound, Charley, the wound?" "Well," I replied, "I fired both barrels at once, and at pretty short range, and I guess if there's anything left it's mostly wound." Saying which I gracefully held up my pants with one hand while I cleared my way to the window with the other, and thence contemplated the absence not only of the swallows and nest, but also of about a yard and a half of roof. There's a gun locked up in my father's closet, which he will sell at half-price.

About a month afterwards I found a copy of Walton's Angler in the library, and was so much pleased with it that I resolved to become a fisherman, and I indulged in several blissful day-dreams about meeting milk-maids and getting them to sing for me. The subject (minus the milk-maids) was discussed at the dinner-table, and father, influenced, I think, mainly by the consideration that I couldn't blow up the house with a fish-pole, equipped me throughout after a picture of an angler in our tailor's fashion plates. The coat, with its innumerable pockets, was pleasing to look at, and wonderful as an exhibition of human ingenuity; but it had its disadvantages. I didn't wear it when I went fishing, and as its history is altogether a thing by itself, I will relate it here. When I had distributed a gross of Limerick's among its countless receptacles, I tried it on. I couldn't put my hand into a pocket except at the risk of lock-jaw. I couldn't sit down for fear of fish-hooks, I couldn't turn round for fear of fish-hooks, I felt generally like a porcupine with his quills struck in. When I took it off it dragged all my other clothes with it, and as no one dared touch the brist-

ling mass, it remained in the middle of my room until house-cleaning, when it was taken up with the carpet, and after a futile endeavor to shake it off, the carpet was laden with stones and thrown into an adjacent pond, from which the fish departed instantaneously, leaving it deserted from that day forth.

The tailor, being an expert in the use of the rod, volunteered to accompany me on my first expedition, and we started off one morning in high spirits, I, for my part, especially pleased by the reflection that the resemblance between our mutual relationship and that of Izaak's Venator and Piscator, was strengthened by my recent sporting exploit.

You would scarcely believe me if I should recount all I caught in the first half hour after we commenced fishing. First I caught an apple tree, then I caught a currant bush, next a rail-fence, then the tail of my coat; at last I grazed my companion's eye, carrying away his hat and spectacles. After this he insisted upon separating, he to take one stream, and I another. Accordingly, our dinner having been eaten, I walked along alone, firing stones into the brook to see if there were any fish, and scaring out two or three, but though I lashed the water in a manner calculated to gratify the ghost of Xerxes, I got no bites. Sol was now as near overhead as he ever cares to be in New Jersey, when I espied a grassy promontory overshadowed by a spreading pine tree. Here I reclined my manly limbs, and pictured to myself an interview with a milk-maid. I should address her with bland condescension; she, blushing and confused, would reply; I should re-assure, and finally she would sing Kit Marlow's "smooth song." The dream was interrupted by a suppressed cough, and springing to my feet I saw a pretty young woman. My first feeling was one of dismay; then I remembered the milk-maid, and strove to speak. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. Somehow or other we had got our parts reversed in a very aggravating way. After a short pause she addressed me. "Have you caught any fish?" "Yes, ma'am," said I—deuce knows why, but I couldn't help it. "Let's see them," said she. I was afraid to deny her, and with trembling hands I opened the basket, and displayed for her inspection a few fragments of meat anointed with mustard. "Why, I don't see any fish!" said she. "No, ma'am," said I, my hair beginning to stand on end, and a cold perspiration breaking out on all parts of my body. "Well, where are they?" said she. "I haven't got any, ma'am," said I. "Then what made you say you had? You students are awful story tellers." "Yes, ma'am," said I. Then there was an awful pause, which I spent in alternately dropping my hat and

picking it up. "Is it vacation, now?" she inquired at last. "Yes, ma'am—no, ma'am, I mean." "Then why a'n't you at College? Oh, you are suspended, a'n't you? That's splendid. Did you bother the poor little Freshmen, or did you break your tutor's windows?" "Bless me! no, ma'am," said I. "Well, what was it? I guess you lost your voice and couldn't recite." "Yes, ma'am," said I. "Oh! oh!" she shrieked, rushing against me as if frightened out of her wits, "there's somebody coming." "Where?" said I, letting go of her and running behind the tree, "which way?" "It a'n't anybody, after all. But, my gracious, I wouldn't have anybody see me here with you for all the world." "I guess I'd better go," said I. "Well, go then—do. I never saw such a stupid student before in my life." I gathered up my effects and fled the scene. I ran a mile and a half in half an hour, and I might have been running now if I hadn't been stopped. I don't like to recall the circumstance that stopped me. It was near a dog kennel. It was big and brindled. It had a head like a horse-block, and a mouth like a healthy old alligator's. I managed to walk home afterwards, but my constitution had received a terrible shock. I was confined to my bed for several weeks, and when I recovered sufficiently to walk out, my horror of dogs was such that I had a relapse after every excursion. A.

Cumberland Valley.

A land with milk and honey flowing,
A land of July-ripeness full,
Where flower and waving wood and harvest
To summer dreams the rivers lull.—

Upon this land of bird and blossom
Has come the blighting breath of war;
The trumpet clangs where ne'er did discord
The valley's native music mar.

I've walked its woods of darkling chestnut,
I've lain in shade where cattle feed,
When noon-day bees around the clover
Were humming in the sunny mead.

I've seen the gentle sunset country,
When, gushing from the valley's rills,
Sweet sounds were heard, and gold and sapphire
Melted upon the emerald hills.

Ah, land of meadow, stream and sunset !
Ah, land with happy summers fraught !
Your hills are dearer now than ever,
Since there was Freedom's battle fought !

Above a thousand soldier-heroes
Freshens the valley sod new-lain ;
Oh, fold them gently to your bosom,
Who conquered for you, and were slain.



Our Student Character.

No intention of bewailing the present state of morals or religion within the manor precincts of our college world, is designed by the title before you. In both of these respects, it is not presumptuous to say, we are at least abreast with the rest of our fellows, and of our manifold delinquencies we do not conceive it within our special province here to speak. One or two practical thoughts, suggested by honest, if not purely original convictions, with regard to our character *as students*, is all which it is proposed to offer. And first, let me premise, in order to anticipate the animadversion which this and kindred articles are likely to provoke, that its avowed spirit and purpose is one of unflattering and perhaps of disparaging criticism, designed only to incite us to the consideration, and better, to the correction of the existing defects in our student character ; and justified, I think, amply, not merely by the importance of the theme, but also on the plea, that in our College Magazine, which should be only the mere exponent of college sentiment, it behooves us never to be sparing either of criticism or of censure, provided, always, that the one be dealt honestly and the other deservedly. First and foremost, then, I would call attention to the prevalent misconceptions of the *nature* and *worth* of true scholarship, and, more explicitly, to the indisputable fact, that in our notions of the one and our estimates of the other, we are striking-

ly and culpably at fault. For a proper apprehension of the truth, we need but look at the position which the standard of sound scholarship does and should hold in the estimation of the students at large. Are we, I ask, adequately imbued with the spirit of accurate scholarship, for whose encouragement every educational institution in the land was originally chartered and endowed? Is that element of college life, which should preëminently center upon itself the interest and efforts of us all, receiving more than the tithe of its deserts at our hands? In support of my unhesitating answer No, I propose not merely to appeal for confirmation to your individual consciousness of delinquency in this respect, but also to certain marked indications capable of being detected by the keen observer in others as well as ourselves.

One noticeable indication of this wide-spread error is the flippant and almost contemptuous way of speaking, which the majority of us have, of everything which characterizes, or is intended to encourage, genuine scholarship in our midst. That many, perhaps most of us, utter sentiments on this point of whose utter falsity none are more conscious than ourselves, and that there actually are many things in the system of study imposed on us tending rather to make "digs" than scholars, I firmly believe; but with all due allowance for this and other motives for dissatisfaction, there is still a deal in our common expressed opinions on the worth of scholarship, that is at once heart-felt, mistaken, and reprehensible. How generally, when we meet with a study or even a recitation unusually tedious or difficult, do we all declare, and some of us seem actually to be persuaded, that it is a mere bundle of dry minutiae, abstractions, facts, (and sometimes) fallacies—in short, requiring only the mechanical effort of the memory without any aid from the intellect, and as such utterly undeserving of our earnest attention. How often do we mistake the zealous and faithful student for the mere crammer—"the man who studies for an appointment, or to gratify a doting mother, or an ambitious 'governor.'" In fine, how generally and how willfully do we shut our eyes to the fact that there is, there must be, in some of these five hundred of us, an earnest, at least, of the true spirit of scholarship, an honest and determined desire for the acquisition of sound and useful learning—and that, too, as contributing pleasure rather than power to its fortunate possessor. There are men among us, shamefully indolent as the majority of us are, who apply themselves not merely from a sense of duty, but from some sense, at least, of gratification in so doing. Let us surely, then, do them the justice to acknowledge it.

Another indication of the mistaken character of college sentiment,

with reference to the worth and aim of sound scholarship, is shown in the fact that so few of us even pretend to enter into the *spirit* of those authors which the major part of us confessedly read with no interest whatsoever. Now although it is, indeed, possible that a man may, merely by diligent application, obtain as accurate a knowledge and as much mental discipline, even, from the study of some branch of education uninteresting, or even distasteful to him, as another would to whom the study is a hobby, it nevertheless is true that the first neither entered into nor accomplished his work with aught of the *animus* of the true scholar, and accordingly that he will reap but half the pleasure and profit of the latter. And not only is this truth applicable to our individual and relative progress in scholarship, but further, the simple fact that we can look back on those master-pieces of heathen literature, with which we have been conversant, with indifference, or an actual sense of relief, is evidence presumptive, indeed, but conclusive, that, however scholarly our habits may have been, the spirit of the scholar has been wanting, and though as the result of our four years' stay here, our minds shall have been more or less stored with learning, we will certainly not be proportionably qualified to appreciate its worth or profit by its acquisition. Those of us who find in our classics little else besides puzzling constructions, and vote mathematics a mere useless collection of demonstrations and formulæ, must certainly allow those who have mastered and acquired a taste for them to vote us incapable judges and unjust calumniators. Our chief delinquency as students lies, I think, in a deficiency of interest in our themes of study, rather than in a want of application to these studies themselves. Whether it be the fault of our text-books, our instructors, or but the natural order of things, that such should be the case, I confess my uncertainty; but that the best of us are apt to be deficient in, and the rest to lack entirely, any interest in our daily tasks beyond that of uniformly obtaining satisfactory marks for their recitation, is certainly a sad fact, and loudly pleads for a reformation.

What now is the natural and actual effect of our misconceptions of the worth and character of genuine scholarship, and our corresponding neglect of them, upon the standard of scholarship here at Yale? Most deleterious, certainly, in tendency, if not in degree. For not only do we underestimate our duties as students, and impugn the motives of the few who faithfully discharge them, but these mistaken sentiments react with telling effect upon our own individual practice. Thus, the majority of us not only denounce, but totally discard, all investigation beyond that actually required in our daily preparation for

the recitation room. All scholarly ambition and even scholarly tastes we resign without compunction to men who, we say, "take to study because it is the only department in which plodding industry can achieve for a man a college reputation," and some of us seem actually to think it the last item in a class's roll of honor to be called "scholarly." If there be, however, but a grain of truth in the whisper we occasionally hear lisped, that liberal education is becoming with us but artificial *cram*, it is, to my mind, the foulest reproach which could possibly be urged against the name and fame of our Alma Mater.

The comparative status of our scholarship can perhaps be viewed in no better light than by noticing the conduct of prominent individuals in this respect. Thus we see all about us men of the highest reputation, and exceedingly jealous for its preservation, who, on the society floors, or at composition readings, are, indeed, "stars of the first magnitude," but in the other, and certainly not less exercises of college, systematically fizzle, and frequently fail, with the same imperturbable nonchalance. Men there are, all about us, who will talk largely (and sometimes borrow liberally) of the world's statesmen, essayists and poets, and who will also, with the utmost effrontery, and coolest complacency, successively rise and fall before the point blank interrogations of the instructor. If men of character and standing, and often of real ability, can systematically pursue a course so ruinous to all mental discipline and progress, must not and does not their conduct exert a sadly pernicious effect upon the scholarly character and disposition of the college at large?

And not only this, but such a course is contrary to the whole theory of a college education. The college, in distinction from the counter, the desk, or the primary school, is designed rather to enlarge the general *capability* of the mind for work, than to store it with a mere practical knowledge of men and things, and nothing under heaven but earnest and steady application can accomplish this end. But here in America we seem woefully to misconstrue the purposes of a liberal education. Mushroom "colleges" multiply and eke out a sickly existence throughout the length and breadth of our glorious Republic, "affording gratifying indications of Western intelligence and enterprise," and occasionally inveigling into a proximate residence some unsophisticated person in search of a *literary atmosphere*. And even in institutions of some character, where scholarship is a presence and not a myth, a taste for politics, chicanery, and "brass," are too important departments of education and too prominent acquisitions of graduates. Such is certainly not the case across the water, and we should

not be above imitation, though we are inimitable. Take the English University, its system of instruction, its handiwork in the persons of its alumni, and its position in the state, and we may learn a thing or two of the real nature and importance of sound scholarship. Is the student at Oxford or Cambridge ashamed to be called a "reading man," or, as we would term him, a hard student? Do the class there, who go with us by the appellation "fast," actually parade their dereliction of duty in the faces of their fellows, and at last march boldly up to receive from their instructors certificates of scholarship, when they have not a scholarly taste or habit in their composition? Hardly. Acquisition of the sound thoughts of others, and not exposition of the crude fancies of their own, is with them the theory and practice. The studious (as indicated by the spirit manifested, and not merely the amount of time spent) are there the rule and not the exception. Such being the state of things at the Universities, the nation looks first, as a matter of course, to them, not only for her scholars, but her statesmen, theologians and literati; and her position in these several departments of human thought is the best certificate we can ask of her propriety in so doing.

Can we not have more of their spirit here, is the practical and inferential question to ask ourselves. If our method of instruction is a mistaken one, let those in authority replace it by a better. If a proper attention to scholarship and to public speaking are, as some maintain, incompatible, let the one to "go to the wall," by all means be the latter. A nation of scholars is certainly preferable to a nation of talkers. But if, as is more likely, our *indolence* blocks our progress, let us for our own sake, and our country's honor, away with it. And if, after all, our practical, time-serving American character is so inimical as to be actually implacable to the spirit of painstaking study, we can at least wait in patient expectation for our national taste to make some desirable strides in the right direction.

Nor is the prospect of an advance on the whole discouraging. Here at Yale, under the guidance of one whose meed of praise is best to be found in what he has done, though all delight to pay tribute to what he is, we can justly boast of a standard of scholarship which, though it may yet lack in earnestness, is at least comparatively free from the charge of shallowness or artificiality. We all know, and most of us are proud to say, that a man who predicates his stay and his graduation here upon his dexterity at "skinning" and shirking, to say the least, rests his hopes on a very precarious foundation. But there is yet abundant scope for progress, and perhaps for alteration.

It is not the number of authors we read, the amount of mathematics we wade through, or the rigor of Biennials that is to raise us to the true standard of excellence. It is when scholarship is more popular that it will be more prevalent; and when, if ever, we cease to look on books as *bores*, and recitations as "necessarily endurable incurabilities," that our student character will be far advanced toward perfection.

A. D. M.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Our Volunteers.

A meeting of the students of all classes was held in Linonia Hall, Wednesday, July 15th, for the purpose of raising volunteers for a battalion of 500 men, to be formed in New Haven, for thirty days' service, to assist, if necessary, in suppressing any disturbance which the enforcement of the draft might occasion. Col. Pardee, the Provost Marshal, addressed the meeting in a stirring speech; after which a paper containing an agreement to join such a battalion was presented, and signed by one hundred and fifty of the students. The next day it was discovered that, owing to some unfortunate misunderstanding, the period of service had been wrongly stated; the time required being three months, instead of thirty days. Under these circumstances, those who had signed the first agreement were, of course, released from their pledge. Subsequently between thirty and forty of the students joined a company of the three-months men. The terms of their enlistment are as follows: they enter the service for ninety days, unless sooner discharged, and receive the regular army pay and rations for that time; government supplies them with arms and equipments; seven-eighths of them will always have leave of absence, except from four to seven, when they meet for drill, &c.; and their services are only to be employed in suppressing disturbances which may arise within the State of Connecticut. Below we give the names of those students who have volunteered on these terms:

Theological Department.

C. E. Grinnell,
A. Goodenough,
D. Waterman.

Seniors.

J. P. Hoyt,
D. B. Lyman,
E. S. Nadal,
W. E. Norton,
J. L. Parke,
J. B. Tyler,
O. S. White.

Juniors.

C. M. Charnley.
J. Charnley,
W. T. Comstock,
E. H. Converse,
G. S. Dickerman,
J. F. Dryden,
J. L. Ewell,
J. H. Kerr,
C. S. Kitchel,
A. McLean,
P. Merrill,
N. E. Robinson,

C. H. Smith,
W. Stocking,
H. E. Taintor,
W. A. Woodworth.

Sophomores..

C. B. Evarts,

C. F. Hartwell,
T. N. McLean,
C. B. Parkhurst,
R. S. Peck,
H. T. Rogers,
S. A. Wolcott.

Obituary.

At a meeting of the former classmates of Lieut. HENRY V. D. STONE, 2d Mass. Regt., the following Resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, God, in His all-wise Providence, has seen fit to remove, by death on the battle-field, our friend and classmate, Henry V. D. Stone, forever from our company; therefore,

Resolved, That we have heard with pain of the sudden and early death of our genial companion, and that we sincerely sympathize with his family in this, their deep affliction.

Resolved, That the remembrance of his noble spirit, sacrificed in defense of his country's welfare, gives us cause to revere the memory of one whose generous heart and warm sympathies had already rendered him so dear to us.

Resolved, That in token of our sorrow we wear a badge of mourning for thirty days; also, that a copy of these Resolutions be sent to his afflicted family, and to one or more of the Philadelphia and Boston papers, and to the Yale Literary Magazine, for publication.

Per order,

Yale College, April 10th, 1863.

CLASS OF '64, G. C.
Sheffield Scientific School.

Editor's Table.

WE owe you an apology, Reader, for falling somewhat short of the regular forty pages in this No. of the LIT. But if you knew with how much difficulty even thus much was obtained, we know we should have your sympathy.

Just think of the situation of every man who has undertaken to write a LIT. article within the last three weeks! In the doggiest of dog-day weather—an examination looming up just ahead to exact stern recompense for the luxurious laziness of Summer Term—Vicksburg and Gettysburg and New York, to hear, talk, and think about—conscriptions and volunteerings to try men's souls—College besieged, and turned into a perfect arsenal of deadly weapons! Who, under such circumstances, could sit calmly down, and cover twelve pages of commercial note with words of wit and wisdom? We couldn't; and if our contributors could, they deserve no small amount of admiration therefor.

As for ourselves, what with inquiring subscribers, faithless contributors—that should-have-been, and insatiable printers, added to all the distracting circumstances specified above, we have been in a state of mind altogether indescribable. However, it's over now. (Why don't some one write an essay on the world of significance in those two words, "It's over?") When this meets your eyes, our troubles will be at an end. And if we don't devote ourselves solely and entirely to enjoying our *otium cum dig.* to the greatest possible extent for the next few weeks, may we be condemned to make bricks without straw for the rest of our lives.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to tell you, if you care to hear them, our ideas as to one or two of the qualities at which writers for the LIT. should aim. First of all we put *Readableness*. Without this, no piece is good for anything, however great its other merits may be. Its ideas may be the profoundest, and their development the most logical; but unless it is such that those who take this Magazine will, of their own accord, read and enjoy it, it is out of place here. As a general thing, the surest way to attain this end is, to take a subject which is connected with our position as students and Yalensians. Among the four hundred members of our community, there is of course a great variety of tastes, and subjects very interesting to some will not be at all so to others. But there are certain interests, which are common to us all, and thoughts in regard to these, if possessing any weight or originality, will be gladly listened to by every one.

Again, the ideas of any one of us in regard to the things directly about him, will almost certainly exceed in freshness and value any speculations on broader and more abstract themes, of which most of us are capable. Not that subjects of the latter class may not in importance far exceed those of the former, and deserve far more of our serious consideration, now and hereafter. But in regard to these greater matters, we are yet mere learners, finding our way through paths which thousands have traveled before us; and it is pretty certain that any conclusions we may come to in regard to them, have, if of any truth and importance, been long ago hit upon by far abler heads than ours, and given to the world in much better form than any of our invention. So why should we repeat things which, if worth telling, are told much better elsewhere?

As I regard the matter, the sole end of all our labored compositions and orations here, on abstract, historical, and literary subjects, is, to train their writers to habits of correct thought and expression, which will keep them on the right track hereafter. In themselves, these productions are not generally good for much, as the unfortunate audiences of Commencement and Junior Exhibition can testify. The sole interest of nine-tenths of them is, the evidence they give as to the possibilities which the future contains for their authors. But what is expected of a Magazine is, that it will present reading matter in itself interesting and entertaining. And here, in the narrow circle of our student occupations and relations, is a field untouched by others, and with which we are familiar. Here, if any where, should our ideas be not altogether hackneyed and common-place.

If, however, any one has the ability to treat older and broader subjects in an original and forcible way, presenting either new truths, or old truths in a new light, by all means let him do so. The very rarity of such a method of treatment will make it all the more welcome. And if it is applied to such matters as ought to interest thinking young men, attentive listeners will not be wanting here.

And finally, as variety is the spice of life, and especially of Magazine life, whoever shall contribute to our pages any of those two rare commodities, good poetry

or good wit, shall receive the heartfelt thanks of the Editorial Board, and, we may safely add, the gratitude of all their subscribers,

We have dwelt so long on our own affairs, that no time is left us to tell the wonderful tale of last week's excitement and adventures (?). And what need, when it is all fresh in the mind of every one? How, on that memorable Wednesday night, terrible reports were spread abroad, that the "laboring classes" of Broad street and Grand street were going to rise in their might, à la New York, and direct the first fury of their onset against their old friends, the Colleges—how the sons of Alma Mater rushed to her defense with an alacrity beautiful to witness—how, with a rare instinct of generalship, they hit upon the great principle of Concentration, and massed their forces in North and South Middle—how one or two heroes in North and South refused to abandon their homes to foreign invasion, and gallantly held those advanced positions—how old South Middle (*quorum pars fui*) with admirable prudence, barricaded her doors so effectually that they couldn't be got open in the morning; and with magnanimous contempt for the foe, left her first-floor blinds and windows wide open—how revolvers were loaded, stoves and other slight missiles accumulated at the entry windows, and communication established with allies in the next entry, through two convenient coal-closets—how the pusillanimous foe shrunk abashed before such tremendous preparations, and did not show his head—how the sleep of the heroes was unbroken, save by the explosion of two fire crackers—how, in short, our thirst for glory just escaped getting enough to satisfy it for a good while, and the foundations were laid for numberless yarns to be spun to all succeeding generations of our admiring successors—why should our unworthy pen vainly strive to treat of such lofty themes? We are not Horace, and Horace himself could not write an Epic, if we may trust his word for it.

And now, Readers all, accept our heartiest good wishes, as we take leave of you, for your happiness and prosperity until we meet again. May all the bright dreams wherein for a long year past these coming six weeks have shone forth as the beautiful Promised Land, be more than realized. That every cherished scheme of enjoyment may come to a perfect realization; that new friends may be made, and old friends found true and dear as ever; and that we may all return with memories stored with scenes, the thought whereof shall brighten many a future hour—such are our wishes, as we take you by the hand, and bid you a cordial Good-bye!

To Undergraduates.

In accordance with annual custom, the Board of Editors hereby offer for competition the Yale Literary Prize, consisting of a gold medal, valued at twenty-five dollars. Each contestant must comply with the following conditions. He must be a member of the Academical Department, and a subscriber to the "Lit.;" his essay must be a prose article, not exceeding ten pages of the Magazine; it must be signed by an assumed name, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the writer's real name; and must be sent to the undersigned on or before Saturday, Oct. 17th.

The Committee of Award will consist of two resident graduates and the Chairman of the Board, who will carefully avoid anything calculated to throw the least light on the name of a single competitor, until the prize has been awarded.

A. D. MILLER,
Chairman Board of Editors.

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